

# Dracula





# Dracula

## BOOK 1

**WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY**

145 E. 32nd Street

New York City, N. Y., 10016

© 1975 BURU CAN EDICIONES WARREN PUBLISHING CO.  
World rights reserved by "Buru Can" Sociedad  
Anonima de Ediciones, San Sebastian  
Printed and sold in the U.S. and Canada  
exclusively by WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
James Warren, President  
145 E. 32nd Street  
New York City, N. Y. 10016  
(212) 683-6050  
Printed in Spain D. L. NQ 1368-1970



© 1972, BURU LAN EDICIONES/WARREN PUBLISHING CO.  
World rights reserved by "Buru Lan, Sociedad  
Anonima de Ediciones", San Sebastián.  
Published and sold in the U.S. and Canada  
exclusively by WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY;  
James Warren, President,  
145 E. 32nd Street  
New York City, N. Y. 10016  
(212) 683-6050  
Printed in Spain. D. L. NA. 1366-1970



## CONTENTS

### WOLFF

1. The Path of the Dead ..... 1
2. The World of the Witches ..... 21
3. The Sorceress of the Red Mist ..... 41
4. The Night of the Werewolf ..... 61
5. The Lady of the Wolves ..... 81
6. The Manuscript of Rep-Tah ..... 101

### SIR LEO

1. The Thing from the Lake ..... 6
2. The End of a Legend ..... 26

### AGAR AGAR

1. Rendez vous with Aquarius ..... 11
2. The Village in the Sea ..... 31
3. The Harem of Bacchus ..... 111

### FEAR, SWEET, FEAR

1. Eleonor ..... 16
2. Krazy ..... 36
3. Eloise ..... 56
4. Alice ..... 76
5. Karen ..... 96
6. Squadron-Leader Braddock ..... 116

### A WEIRD WORLD

1. The Snake ..... 51
2. The Mummy ..... 66
3. Invasion ..... 86
4. The Viyi ..... 91
5. The Messenger ..... 106







# WOLFF

The Path  
of  
the Dead



AFTER THE "DAY OF DOOM" MANKIND CAME TO A NEW ERA. YESTERDAY'S WORLD HAD DESTROYED ITSELF WITH APATHY. THOSE FEW LEFT ALIVE WERE TOUGH- THEY HAD TO BE. THE CHANGE HAD BEEN SO TOTAL THAT A WHOLE NEW RANGE OF EVILS HAD TO BE FACED. MAGIC, SORCERY AND NECROMANTIC EVIL WERE ROUTINE HORRORS. MYTH BECAME INCARNATE AND REALITY BROKE THE BOUNDS OF THE MOST FEVERED MIND. WOLFF WAS ONE OF THE CHILDREN WHO HAD SURVIVED THAT "DAY" AND WHO SURVIVED THE NIGHTMARE ETHOS TO BECOME A LEADER OF MEN. THE NEW WORLD HAD NEW HORRORS. -BUT IT ALSO HAD UNEXPECTED PLEASURES. HE LOVED WITH WOMEN OF UNNATURAL BEAUTY AND HE FOUGHT IN A THOUSAND BLOODY AND SAVAGE BATTLES TO PROVE HIS RIGHT TO LIFE. IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW, THERE WAS NO MAN, OR WOMAN, WHO COULD MATCH WOLFF FOR STRENGTH AND CUNNING.



WOLFF WAS HOME. THROUGH DAYS OF HARDSHIP HE HAD SEARCHED FAR FOR FOOD. HIS PEOPLE RELIED ON HIS SKILL TO BRING THEM MEAT IN A LAND RAVAGED BY FAMINE. WHY WAS THERE NO-ONE TO GREET HIM? NO SOUND BROKE THE SILENCE OF DEATH. ONE MAN WAS LEFT ALIVE-ONE OLD, OLD MAN WITH HIS TALE OF TRAGEDY.



LEAVE THE DEAD TO BURY THEMSELVES, WOLFF. THERE IS NOTHING LEFT HERE FOR YOU. NOTHING!

IN CROM'S NAME! WHAT HAPPENED, OLD MAN?

FOUR NIGHTS SINCE, THE WITCHES CAME, BRINGING DEATH TO OUR VALLEY. THEY SOUGHT NEW BLOOD AND THEY TOOK ONLY THE YOUNGEST AND THE MOST FAIR. WOLFF, I- I GAZED INTO THE VERY MAW OF HELL ITSELF. THEY ARE GONE -ALL GONE.



WOLFF'S HOWL OF MENTAL AGONY INTERRUPTED THE OLD MAN AND SWIRLED AND ECHOED ROUND THE NARROW VALLEY.



DAMN THEIR IMMORTAL SOULS! MY SWORD WILL NOT SLEEP LONG IN ITS SHEATH. AND MY WIFE AND THE CHILDREN? BRUMA!

WE THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE BUT THE FIENDS FOUND EVEN OUR DEEPEST CAVES.

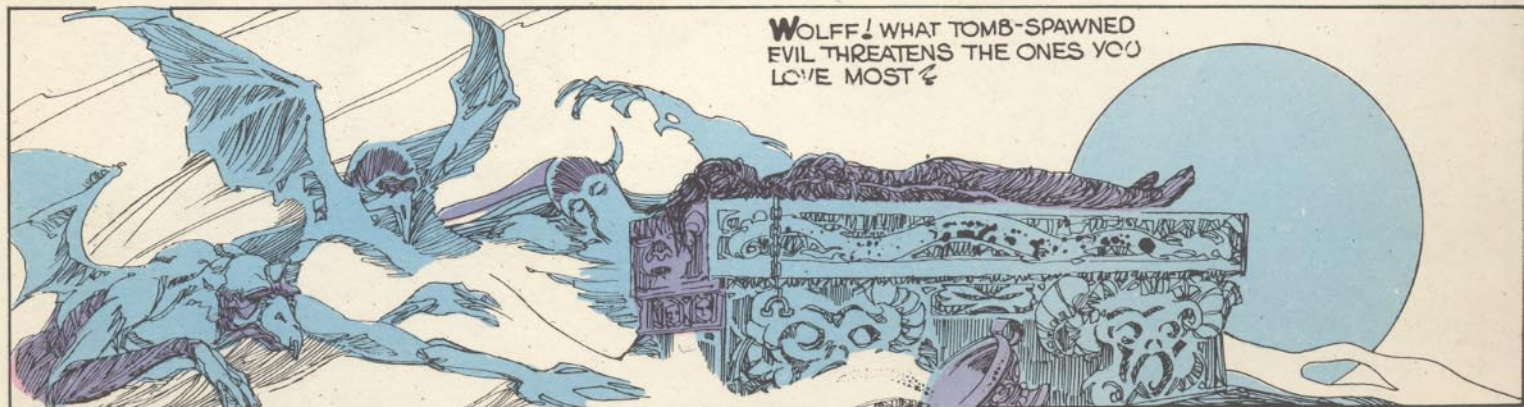


THE OLD MAN SAT AND WAITED PATIENTLY FOR THE GIANT WARRIOR'S GRIEF TO TEAR ITSELF DOWN. THEN HE WENT ON...



IT WAS THEIR SORCEROUS SKILLS THAT BEAT US. YOUR WARRIORS FOUGHT BUT THEIR STEEL WAS NO DEFENCE FOR THE WITCHES' ARTS. THEY FELL, WOLFF, ALL FELL! THE WOMEN AND, AND BRUMA... THEY TOOK THEM ALL, WOLFF. BRUMA WENT WITH THE OTHERS. THEY HAD NO CHANCE.

WOLFF! WHAT TOMB-SPAWNED EVIL THREATENS THE ONES YOU LOVE MOST?





FLEE THIS CHARNEL-HOUSE BEFORE THE SPELL OF DEATH FALLS ON YOU. IF YOU STAY THEY WILL MAKE YOU A SLAVE THROUGH ETERNITY. FLEE!



A SOFT VOICE TUGGED AT THE EDGES OF WOLFF'S MIND. A GENTLE, MUSICAL, SENSUAL VOICE. A VOICE FROM HIS PAST. A LAMENT, A CRY FOR HELP. A PLEA FOR AID, EVEN BEYOND THE GRAVE.

WOLFF.

IT'S NOT BRUMA. WOLFF! LISTEN FOR THE SAKE OF CROM! IT'S NOT YOUR WIFE. FLEE...



NO! YOU BLIND OLD FOOL! YOU DON'T KNOW. YOU CAN'T SEE LIKE I CAN. IT'S HER. IT'S MY BELOVED BRUMA. SHE'S ALIVE! ALIVE!



IT'S NO ILLUSION. I MUST... I MUST FIND HER.

I SAW HER DIE. SHE FELL DEAD. IT'S NOT HER CALLING YOU, WOLFF. IT'S A CREATION OF THOSE FIENDS WHO PLOT YOUR DOWNFALL AND DEATH.

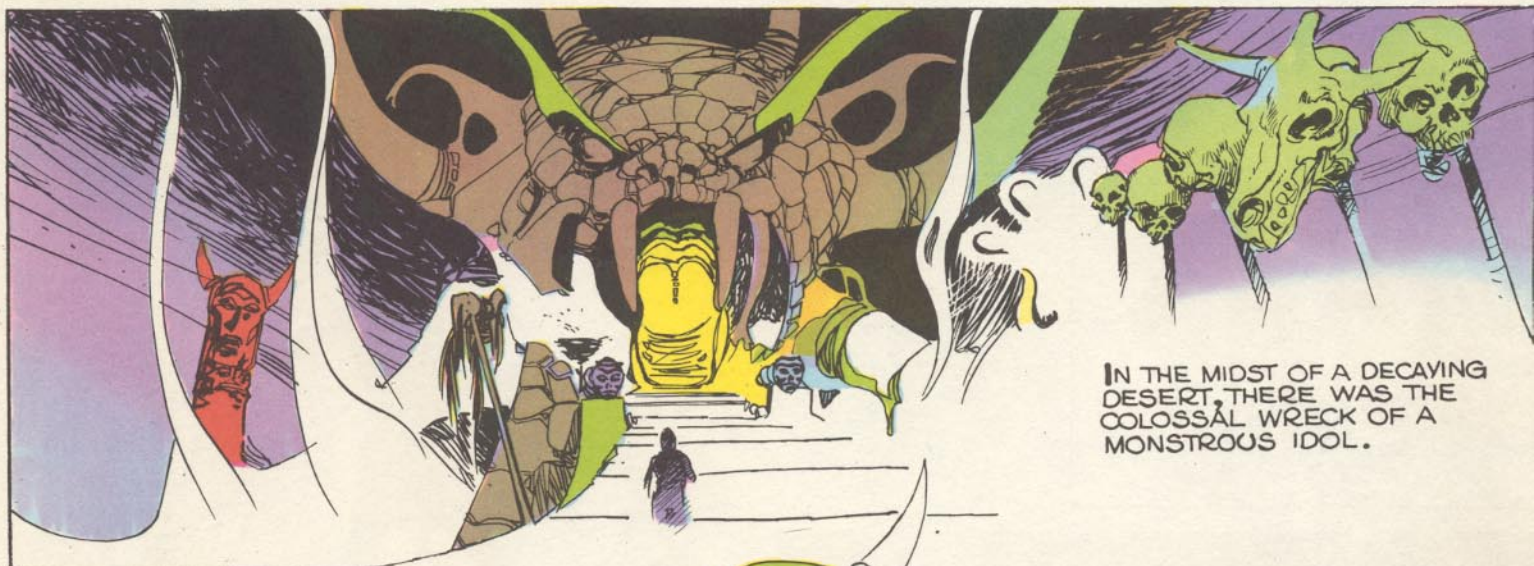
THE SKY ABOVE HEARD THE TERRIBLE OATH THAT WOLFF SCREAMED, AND IT TORE INTO THUNDERING FRAGMENTS OF CHAOS.

I, WOLFF, SWEAR THAT I WILL TEAR DOWN YOUR MAGIC POWERS AND REND YOUR BODIES. WITH THESE HANDS I WILL DESTROY YOUR BODIES AND SOULS UNTIL YOUR SUBSTANCE NO LONGER POLLUTES THIS EARTH!



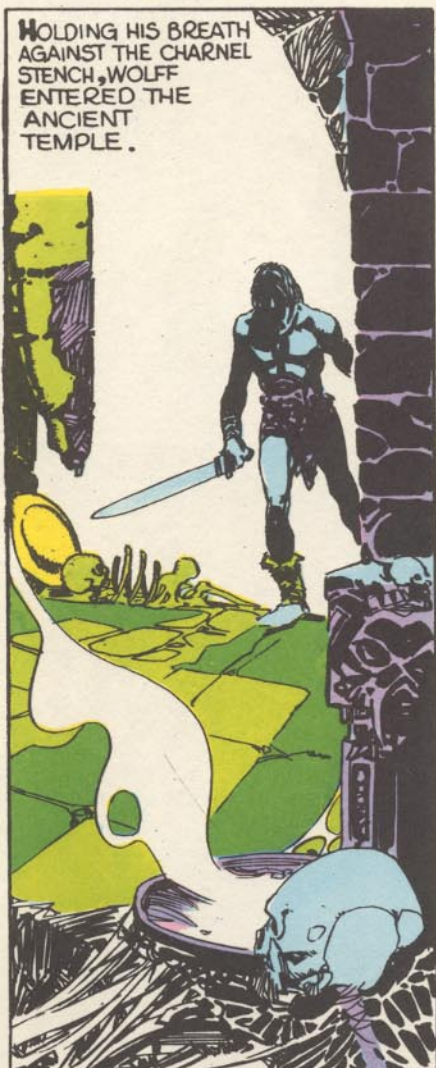


TO SEEK HIS EVIL ADVERSARIES, WOLFF RAN THROUGH NIGHTS AND BETWEEN SHADOWS IN A WORLD OF CHILLING UNREALITY. BRUMA'S IMPLOING VOICE DROVE HIM ON AND HIS HUNTING SKILLS GUIDED HIM FORWARD.



IN THE MIDST OF A DECAYING DESERT, THERE WAS THE COLOSSAL WRECK OF A MONSTROUS IDOL.

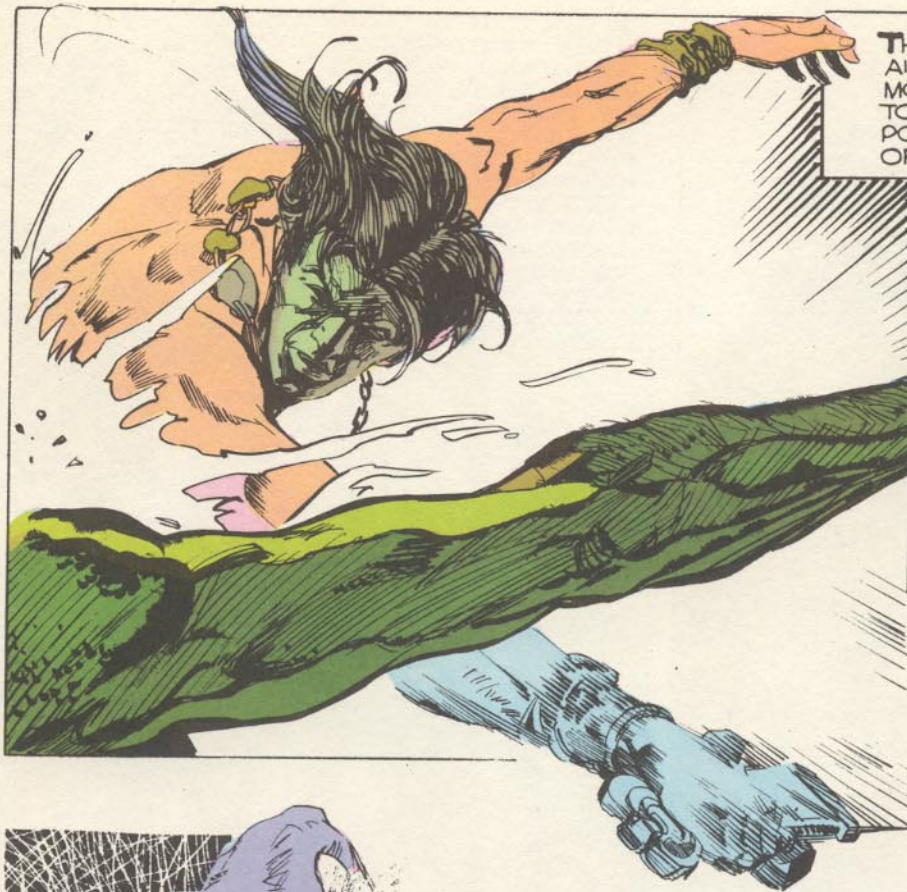
HOLDING HIS BREATH AGAINST THE CHARNEL STENCH, WOLFF ENTERED THE ANCIENT TEMPLE.



SUDDENLY, HE SENSED A FRIGHTFUL FIEND TREADING SOFTLY BEHIND HIM.







THE KEEN SWORD HISSSED THROUGH THE RANK AIR AND, AT THE LAST MOMENT, SLICED THE MONSTER'S HEAD CLEAN FROM ITS SHOULDERS. TO WOLFF'S HORROR, THE HEAD LIVED ON, POSSESSED OF A FEARFUL DEMONIC LIFE OF ITS OWN.



A SINISTER SOFT LAUGH TREMBLED AROUND HIM AND DARK SHADOWS HEMMED HIM ROUND.



Horrors of the Damned! The head of the demon began to change into the face of a beautiful woman. Then, and only then, did Wolff comprehend the full power of his enemies. What chance did he have against the shades of death?



MAN MAY WALK ON THE FACE OF THE MOON YET THERE ARE STILL DARK SHADOWS AT THE EDGE OF REASON WHERE HE MAY FEAR TO TREAD. IMAGINE HOW GREAT WERE THESE REGIONS OF NIGHT IN THE LAST CENTURY WHEN SCIENCE WAS YOUNG AND ONLY FAITH KEPT MAN FROM THE POWERS OF EVIL!



TO CHALLENGE THE UNKNOWN, ENGLAND PRODUCED A RACE OF EXPLORERS AND SCIENTISTS WHO WOULD WRESTLE WITH THE DEVIL AND CONSIDER THE GAME WELL LOST IF KNOWLEDGE ADVANCED BY JUST A FEW STEPS. SUCH A MAN WAS SIR LEO WOOLDRICH, HEIR OF A NOBLE FAMILY WHO REJECTED SOCIAL POSITION AND MILITARY HONOURS TO DEDICATE HIMSELF TO CHALLENGING THE MYSTERIES OF THE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN WORLD. AS THE CENTURY NEARED ITS END, HE TRAVELLED THE GLOBE SEEKING OUT THE BIZARRE AND THE UNEXPLAINED.

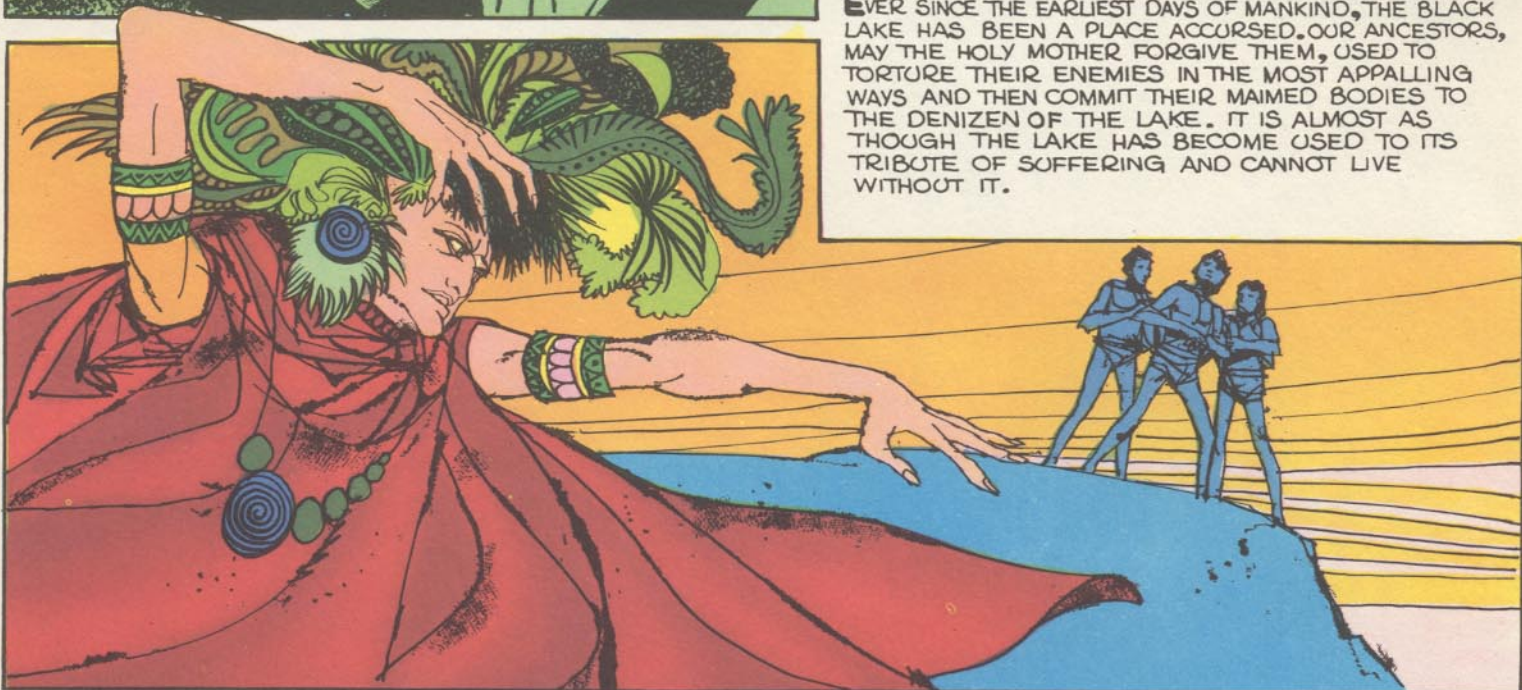


# Sir Leo

## The Thing from the Lake

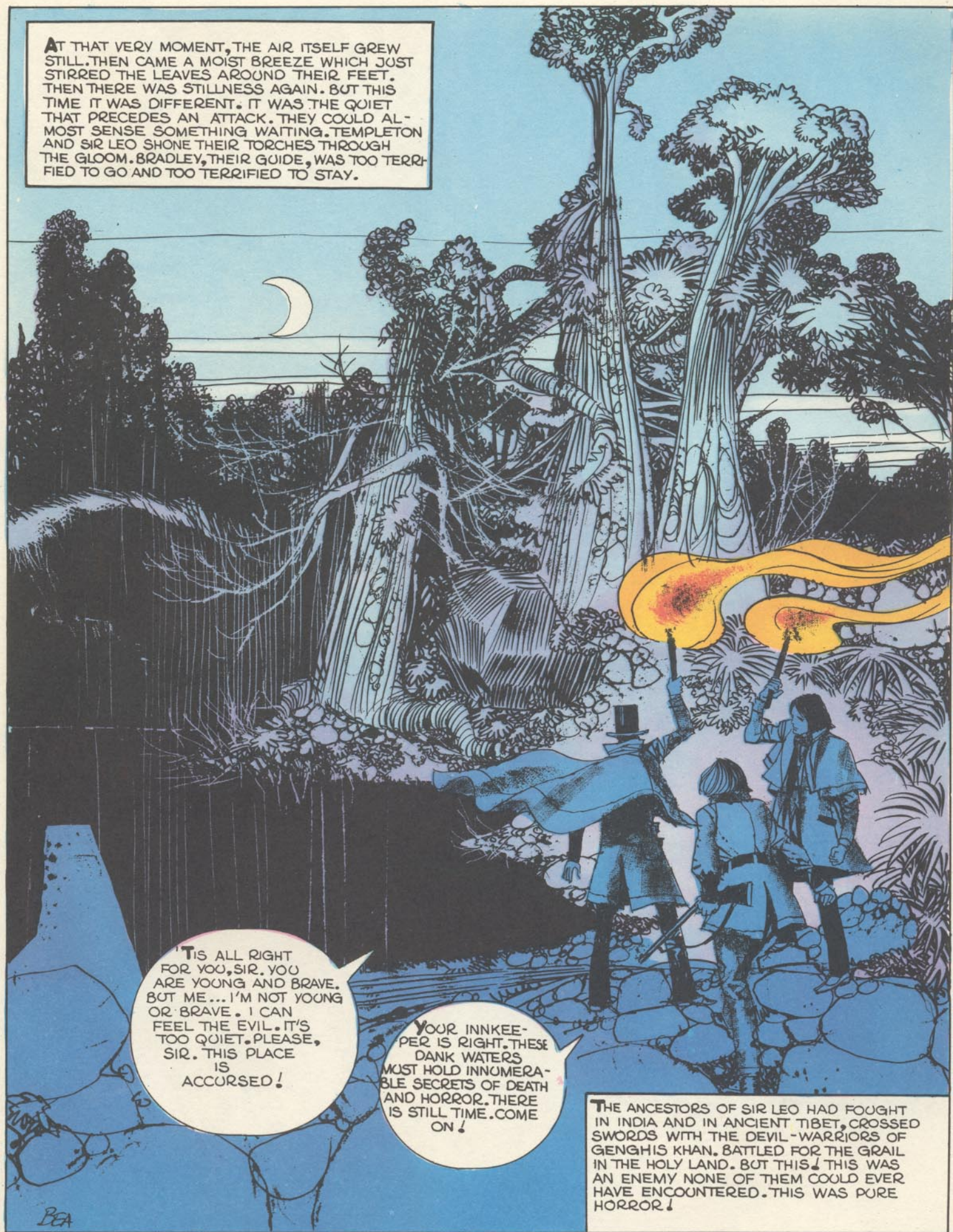








AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE AIR ITSELF GREW STILL. THEN CAME A MOIST BREEZE WHICH JUST STIRRED THE LEAVES AROUND THEIR FEET. THEN THERE WAS STILLNESS AGAIN. BUT THIS TIME IT WAS DIFFERENT. IT WAS THE QUIET THAT PRECEDES AN ATTACK. THEY COULD ALMOST SENSE SOMETHING WAITING. TEMPLETON AND SIR LEO SHONE THEIR TORCHES THROUGH THE GLOOM. BRADLEY, THEIR GUIDE, WAS TOO TERRIFIED TO GO AND TOO TERRIFIED TO STAY.




'TIS ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, SIR. YOU ARE YOUNG AND BRAVE. BUT ME... I'M NOT YOUNG OR BRAVE. I CAN FEEL THE EVIL. IT'S TOO QUIET. PLEASE, SIR. THIS PLACE IS ACCURSED!

YOUR INNKEEPER IS RIGHT. THESE DANK WATERS MUST HOLD INNUMERABLE SECRETS OF DEATH AND HORROR. THERE IS STILL TIME. COME ON!

THE ANCESTORS OF SIR LEO HAD FOUGHT IN INDIA AND IN ANCIENT TIBET, CROSSED SWORDS WITH THE DEVIL-WARRIORS OF GENGHIS KHAN. BATTLED FOR THE GRAIL IN THE HOLY LAND. BUT THIS! THIS WAS AN ENEMY NONE OF THEM COULD EVER HAVE ENCOUNTERED. THIS WAS PURE HORROR!



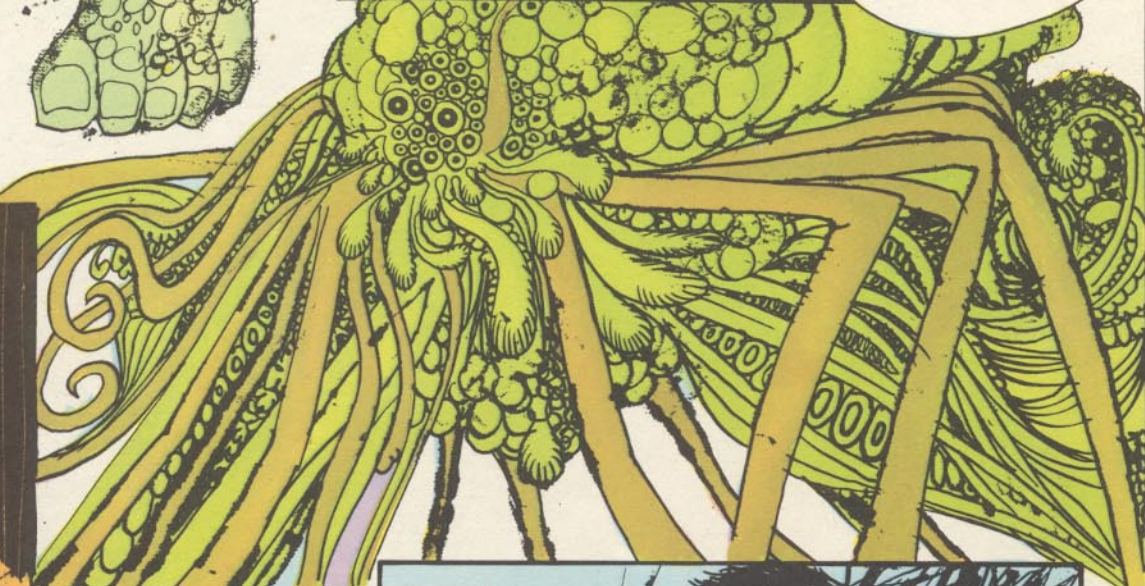


THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY A HIDEOUS ROAR AND THE CREATURE REARED OUT OF THE DARK WATERS, COVERED IN SCALES AND MONSTROUSLY VILE. AS ITS FOETID BREATH REACHED OUT TO HIM SIR LEO SAW, WITH A MOMENT OF STARK TERROR, THAT THE THING HAD THE EYES OF A MAN!




IT'S A CREATURE FROM HELL. A MONSTER FROM THE DEPTHS. SIR LEO, LOOK. IT... IT'S CHANGING.


HOLY. MARY. IT'S SATAN HIMSELF COME TO TAKE US. OH GOD, HELP THIS POOR SINNER! HELP ME!



THE BLASPHEMOUS ENTITY CHANGED ITS SHAPE A HUNDRED TIMES. THEIR EYES WERE DAZZLED BY THE PHANTASMAGORIA OF HORROR WHIRLING BEFORE THEM. IN JUST A FEW BRIEF SECONDS, IT BECAME A MASS OF GLEAMING JELLY. FROM THE MIDST OF THAT NAMELESS MONSTROSITY CAME OBSCENE BUBBLING SOUNDS, LIKE NOTHING EVER HEARD BY THE TORTURED EARS OF HUMAN MEN.



AT LAST. A REAL MYSTERY. THIS THING THAT ROTS AND LIVES AND PULSES BEFORE MY EYES. IT CANNOT BE ALIVE, YET IT... IT LIVES.



IT IS NOT DIFFICULT FOR MORTAL MAN TO FACE AN ADVERSARY OF FLESH AND BLOOD. ONE ONLY NEEDS ORDINARY COURAGE PLUS INTELLIGENCE AND A LITTLE SKILL IN FIGHTING. THIS TIME, SIR LEO NEEDED ALL THOSE AS WELL AS LUCK. THIS WAS AN OPPONENT FROM HADES.

VIM BEA\*



THE THING FROM THE LAKE CONTINUED ITS INEXORABLE, SLOBBERING APPROACH TOWARDS THEM.

COWARDLY DOGS! STAY WHERE YOU ARE. WE MUST STOP IT NOW WHILE WE HAVE A CHANCE.

TALK SENSE. HOW CAN WE STOP IT? OUR WEAPONS ARE PUNY TOYS AGAINST THAT, THAT CREATURE. IF WE STAY, WE MUST SURELY PERISH. THINK OF OUR IMMORTAL SOULS, SIR.

IN GOD'S NAME, MAN. FORGET YOUR DAMNED CURIOSITY AND LET'S SAVE OURSELVES. THAT BEAST IS FROM THE JAWS OF HELL. NOTHING CAN STAND AGAINST IT. WE WILL ALL PERISH!

ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE DEFEND US. WE ARE DAMNED! THE THING IS COMING CLOSER. CLOSER. CLOSER! SAVE US!! SAVE US!!!

GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU DAMNED FOOL! MOVE! THIS GUN WILL KILL ANY THING THAT LIVES. WHEN THESE BULLETS HIT THAT MONSTER WE'LL BE SAFE. NOW!

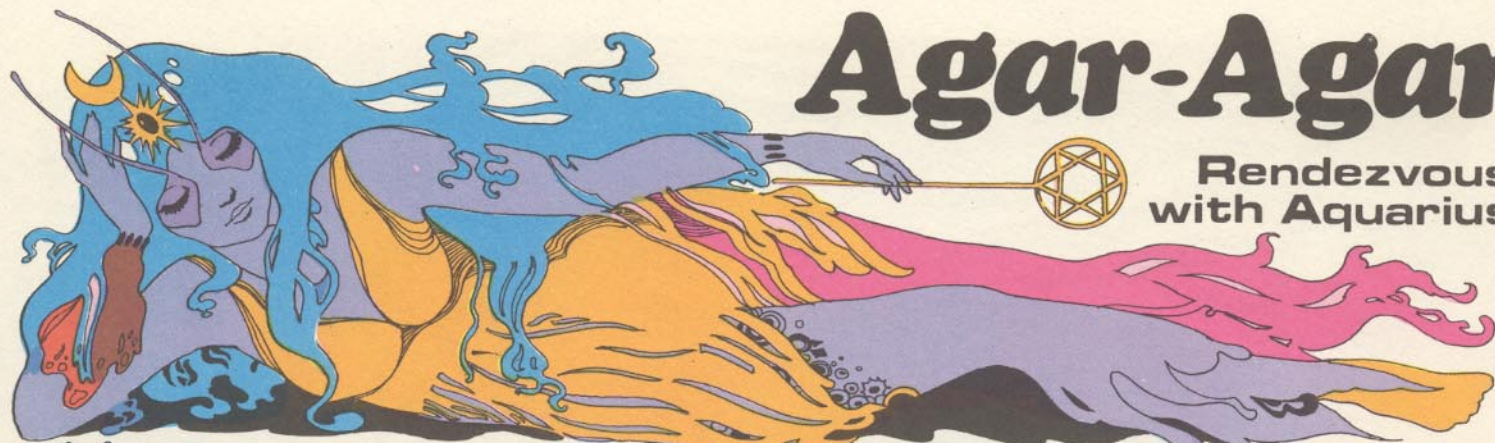
**BLAM**

AGAINST THIS VISION OF MADNESS, THIS CREATURE FROM BEYOND TIME AND SPACE, SIR LEO WOOLDRICH STOOD ALONE, ARMED ONLY WITH A HAND GUN. A SPLENDID PIECE OF NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGINEERING THAT HE KNEW SHOULD STOP ANY CREATURE LIVING. YET HIS SHOTS HIT NOTHING. WAS IT REALLY POSSIBLE? COULD A LEAD BULLET DESTROY A LEGEND OF THE PAST?



# Agar-Agar

Rendezvous  
with Aquarius



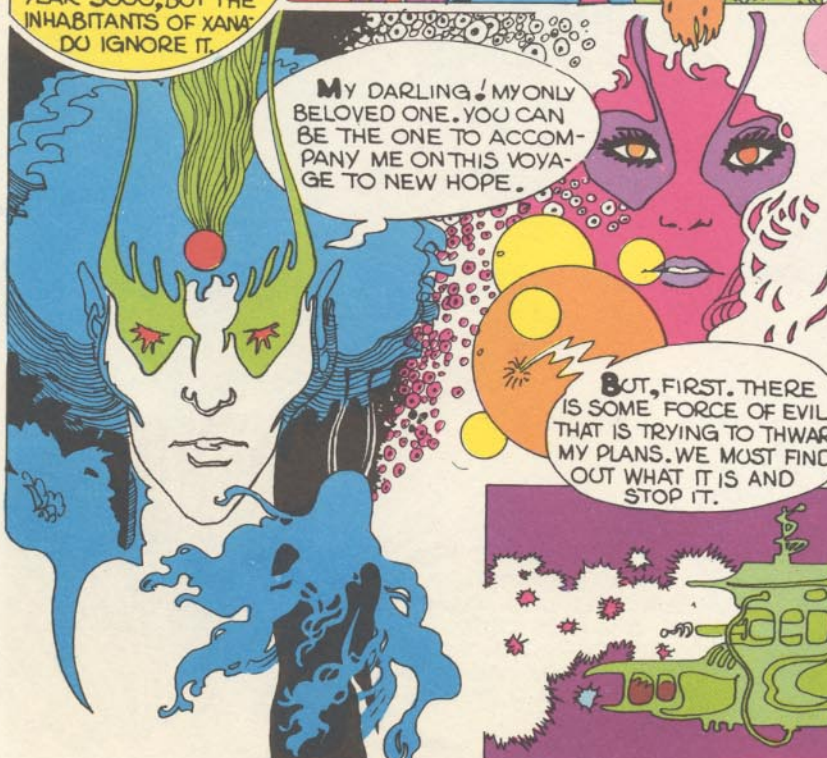
IN THE GALAXY OF AGRAMENTE, XANADU IS ONLY ONE OF THE SMALLEST STARS. IT IS INHABITED BY A RACE OF FRIENDLY ELVES AND SPIRITS. THEY LIVE ONLY FOR LOVE. TECHNOLOGY ADVANCES IN THE YEAR 3000, BUT THE INHABITANTS OF XANADU IGNORE IT.



THE POPULATION IS INCREASING TOO FAST! SOON, SOME OF US MUST LEAVE OUR HOMES AND GO TO LIVE ON ANOTHER STAR.

THE BEAUTIFUL AGAR-AGAR DREAMS OF THE WORDS OF HER CHIEF, NICRON. A NEW WORLD. NEW STARS. NEW RACES. NEW LOVERS!

Solsena



MY DARLING, MY ONLY BELOVED ONE. YOU CAN BE THE ONE TO ACCOMPANY ME ON THIS VOYAGE TO NEW HOPE.

BUT, FIRST, THERE IS SOME FORCE OF EVIL THAT IS TRYING TO THWART MY PLANS. WE MUST FIND OUT WHAT IT IS AND STOP IT.




YOU KNOW THAT ALL OF OUR ENERGY COMES FROM...



FROM THE SATELLITE, MOHR. BUT SOMETHING IS GOING WRONG!







FROM THE ENERGY GENERATED BY MOHR, EVERY INHABITANT OF XANADU HAS BEEN ABLE TO KEEP HIS MAGIC POWERS THROUGH THE EONS. POWERS WHICH CAN BE TRANSMITTED THROUGH MAGIC STAFFS.

OUR IMPERIAL CHIEF, NICRON, HAS GIVEN ME INSTRUCTIONS TO SEEK OUT THE CAUSE OF THE ENERGY DISTURBANCE ON MOHR.

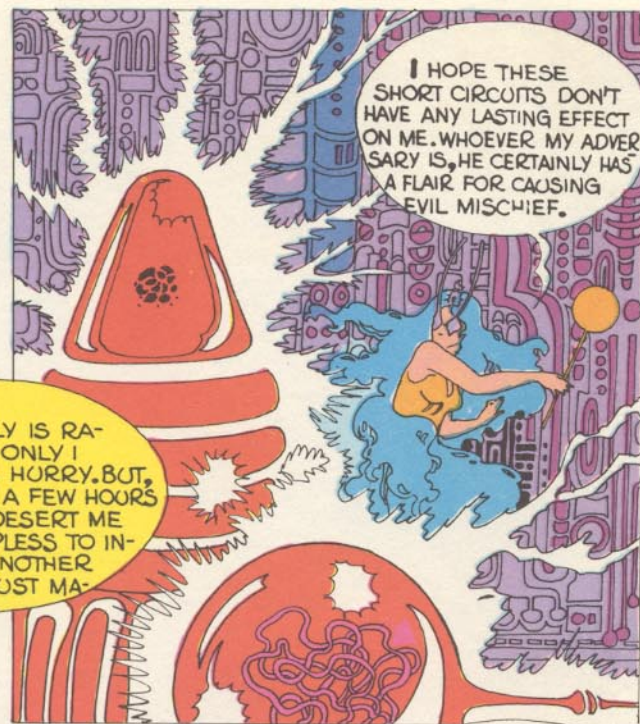
SOMETHING HAS UPSET THE DELICATE BALANCE OF THE GENERATING BRAIN. WAIT! I CAN FEEL SOMETHING. SOME KIND OF MAGIC FORCE THAT IS OPPOSING ME.

THAT SPRITE IS AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS NOISY! HER PATHETIC POWERS WILL BE OF SCANT USE AGAINST THE MIGHT OF AQUARIUS.

I CAN FEEL THE PRESENCE OF A SUPERIOR BEING! I CAN ALMOST FEEL THE WARMTH OF HIS BREATH AGAINST MY CHEEK.

I WAS RIGHT. THERE IS A SPELL LAID AGAINST THE BRAIN OF OUR GENERATOR. WITH THE RIGHT SPELL AND THE USE OF MY WAND I SHOULD BE ABLE TO COUNTER IT.





THE BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DAMAGE IS A VERY YOUNG AND MALICIOUS SPRITE NAMED AQUARIUS. A MERE 18,400 YEARS OLD. SINCE HE ONLY HAS CYCLIC POWER EVERY 500 YEARS, HE ISN'T NORMALLY MUCH OF A DANGER.

SHE REALLY IS RATHER PRETTY. IF ONLY I WASN'T IN SUCH A HURRY. BUT, I HAVE NO TIME. IN A FEW HOURS MY POWERS WILL DESERT ME AND I WILL BE HELPLESS TO INFLECT HARM FOR ANOTHER 500 YEARS. I MUST MAKE HASTE.

I HOPE THESE SHORT CIRCUITS DON'T HAVE ANY LASTING EFFECT ON ME. WHOEVER MY ADVERSARY IS, HE CERTAINLY HAS A FLAIR FOR CAUSING EVIL MISCHIEF.

AQUARIUS! YOU! THE MOST MALIGN SPIRIT IN OUR GALAXY. ALL OF MY COUNTRY'S LEGENDS TALK OF YOU AND DESCRIBE YOU AS BEING TOTALLY EVIL AND HORRIFIC. YET, I FIND YOU...

I AM AQUARIUS. IT IS FUTILE TO TRY AND ESCAPE ME. YOU ARE A MERE TOY IN MY HANDS.



PLEASE, MY DEAR. DON'T BOTHER TO TRY YOUR OUT-DATED FEMINE WILES ON ME. I HAVE EXPERIENCED THEM, AND THEY DO NOTHING TO ME.

WITH INFINITE CONNING THE MALICIOUS AQUARIUS WEAVES A MAGIC WEB OF VINES AND FLOWERS THAT HOLDS HIS VICTIM AS HELPLESS AS IF SHE WERE TRAPPED IN THE WEB OF SOME GIANT SPIDER.

NOW, SHE IS MINE! WHAT A TRAGEDY THAT ONE SO BEAUTIFUL MUST DIE. BUT, I AM AQUARIUS AND I CANNOT LET HER LIVE. BUT...





AQUARUS HAS NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT THE CUNNING AGAR-AGAR HAS CREATED A DOUBLE OF HERSELF AND IT IS THIS DOUBLE THAT HE HAS CAUGHT IN HIS MAGIC NET. SODDENLY, HE REALISES HIS MISTAKE AND BEGINS TO CREATE A FRIGHTENING MONSTER.


COME O DREAD ZAGOR. ATTACK THE SPRITE AND FINISH HER PLANS FOR ALL ETERNITY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? FOR EVER.

BECAUSE I AM ESSENTIALLY GOOD, I CANNOT DESTROY EVEN SOMETHING AS EVIL AS ZAGOR. BUT I CAN CONVERT HIM. NOW HE IS A FLYING DRAGON, OBEDIENT TO MY MEREST WHIM.

ZAGOR, A CREATURE FROM THE MISTS OF ANTIQUITY. THERE IS ONLY ONE SPELL THAT MAY SAVE ME...

PERDITION! YOU ARE AS WISE AS YOU ARE LOVELY. IF ONLY I WERE NOT AN EVIL SPIRIT WHOSE FATE IS TO BE THOROUGHLY BAD, THEN I MIGHT...





AGAR-AGAR REALISES THAT SHE CAN POSSIBLY USE HER BENEVOLENT MAGIC TO AID THE TORTURED SPIRIT. AS SHE BEGINS THE SPELL, SHE WATCHES THE MALIGN FACE SOFTEN AND BECOME MORE GENTLE.

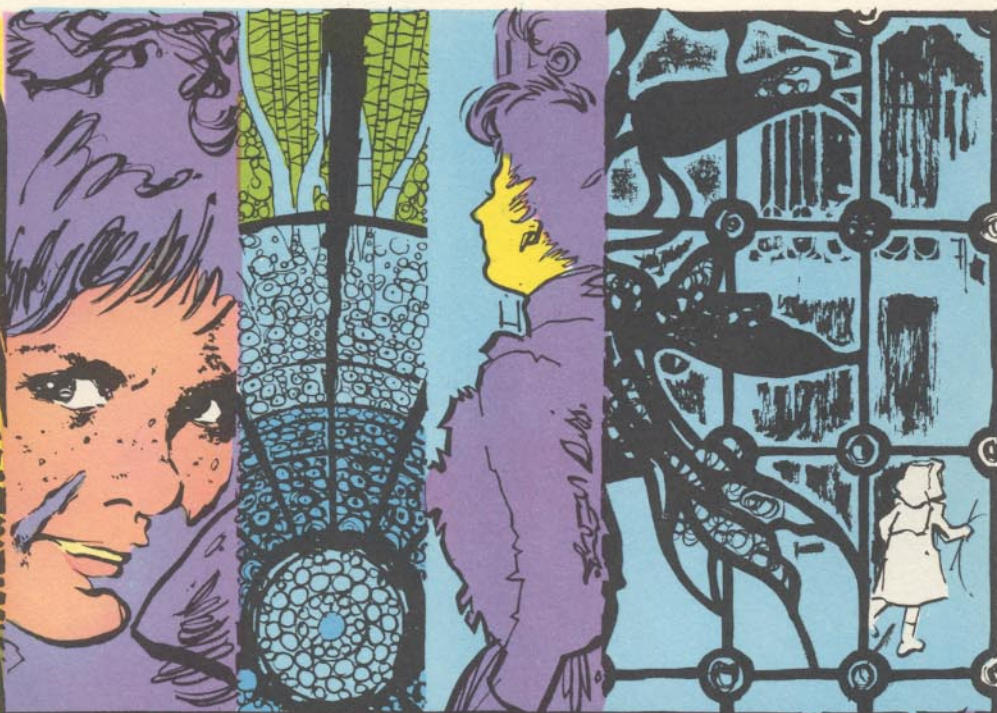
MAY MY LOVE AND NECROMANTIC SKILL CHANGE NOT ONLY YOUR FACE BUT ALSO YOUR HEART AND SOUL. BELIEVE ME THAT THERE IS NOT ONLY HATRED IN THE UNIVERSE—THERE IS LOVE AS WELL.

NOW AQUARIUS CAN TRULY FULFILL A NEW DESTINY. HEALING INSTEAD OF DESTROYING. LOVING AND BEING LOVED INSTEAD OF SPREADING HATRED THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.

THIS IS A NEW FEELING. A FEELING OF FREEDOM. LIGHT. LAUGHTER AND SECURITY IN THE ARMS OF AQUARIUS. THOUGH HE WAS LOST, HE IS NOW FOUND. HE WILL BEAR ME TO NEW ADVENTURES AND TO NEW SENSATIONS. NOT JUST WITHIN XANADU—BUT THROUGHOUT SPACE. THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS MINE!

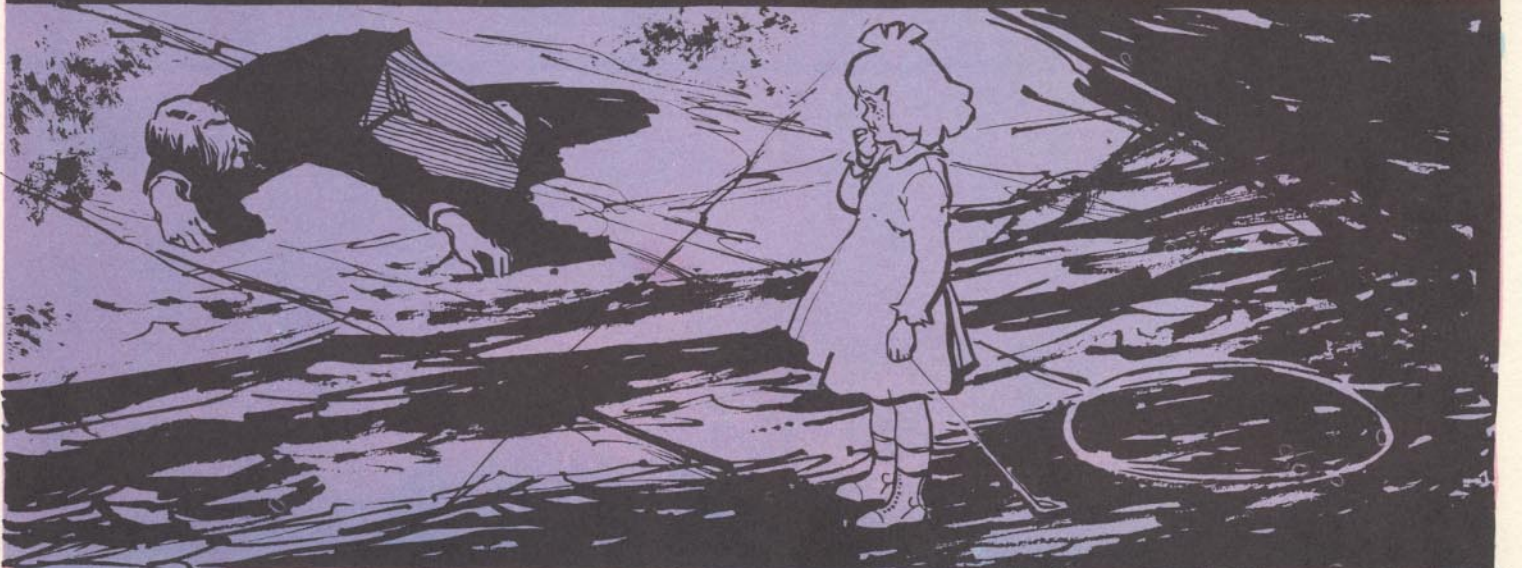
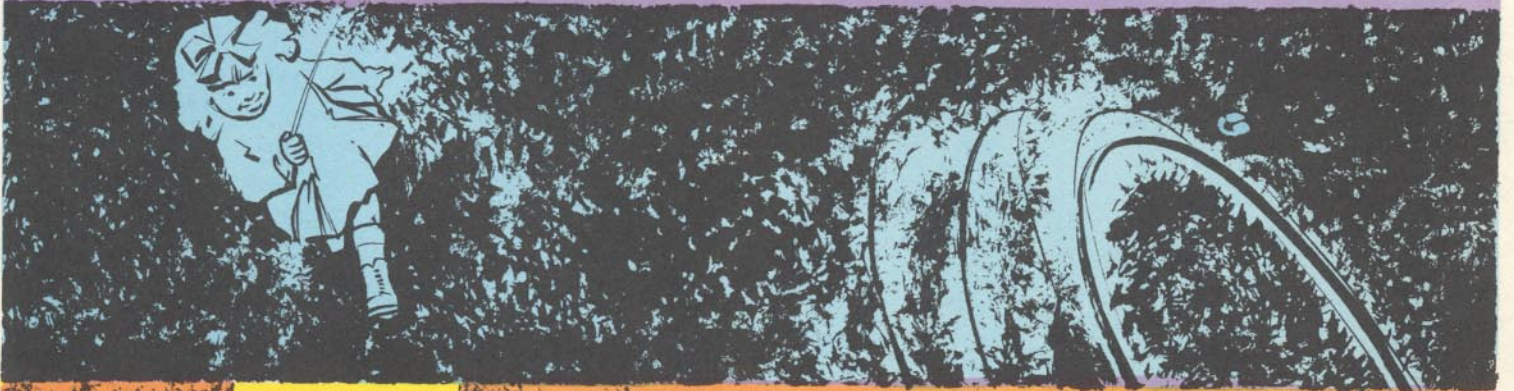
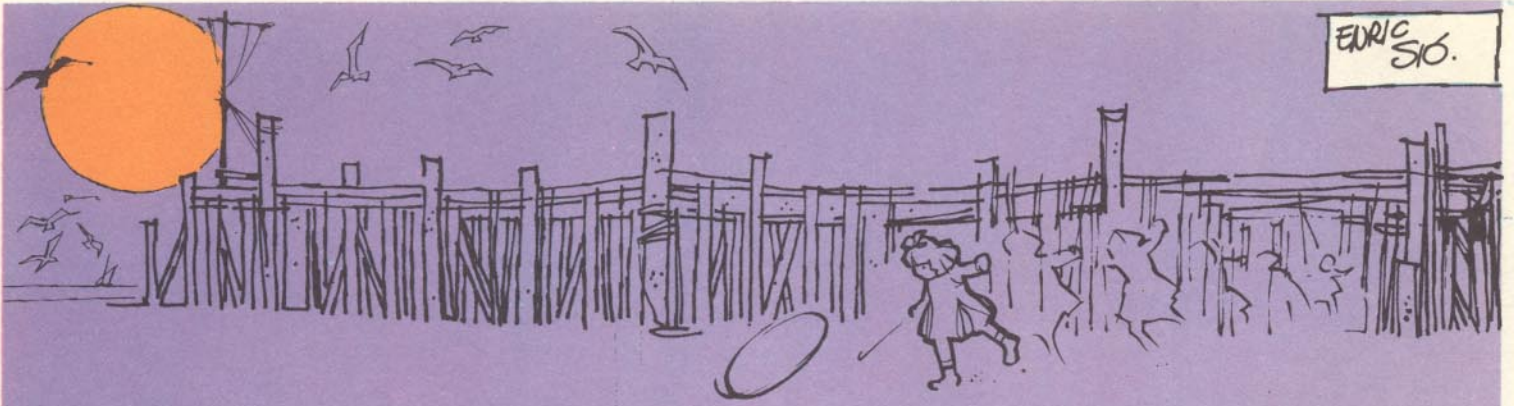
AQUARIUS! SEE, YOU'VE CHANGED. COME WITH ME. HELP ME IN MY QUEST. THEN, IF YOU WANT...THERE IS NOTHING THAT I WOULD NOT LET YOU DO!!







ERIC  
SIO.







FWIC  
516











# WOLFF

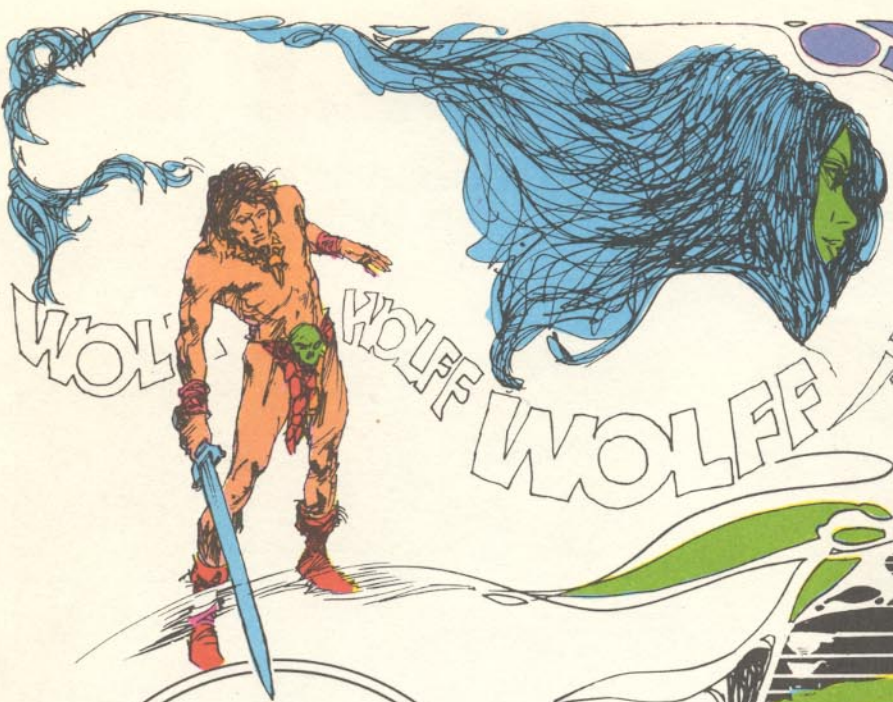
The World  
of the Witches

WOLFF, MIGHTIEST OF WARRIORS, REALISED THAT THE ENEMIES WHO HAD STOLEN HIS BELOVED WIFE, BRUMA, WERE NOT OF THIS WORLD. PERHAPS NOT EVEN HIS GREAT STRENGTH WOULD AVAIL HIM AGAINST HIS UNEARTHLY FOES. THE WITCHES POSSESSED POWER AND KNOWLEDGE FAR BEYOND THAT OF ANY MORTAL MAN. THEY COULD EVEN INFLUENCE HIS THOUGHTS.

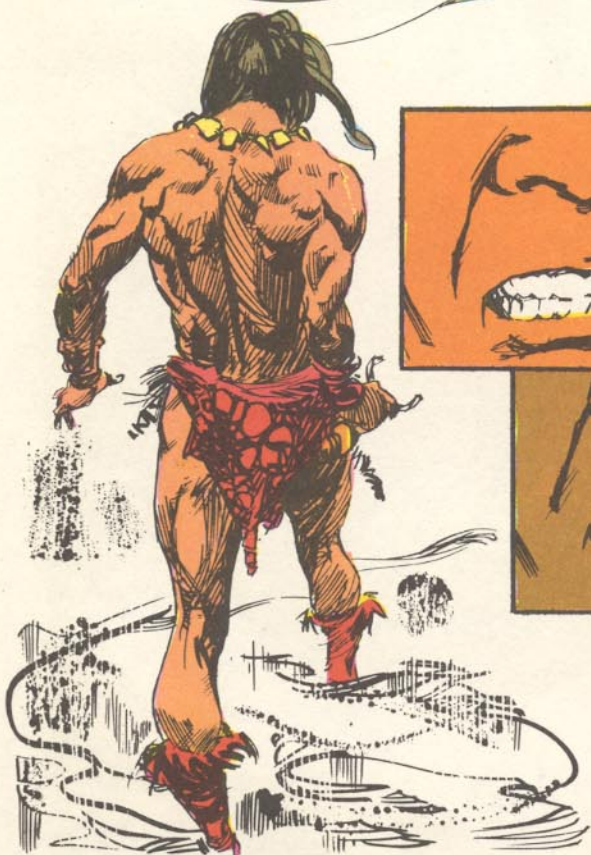
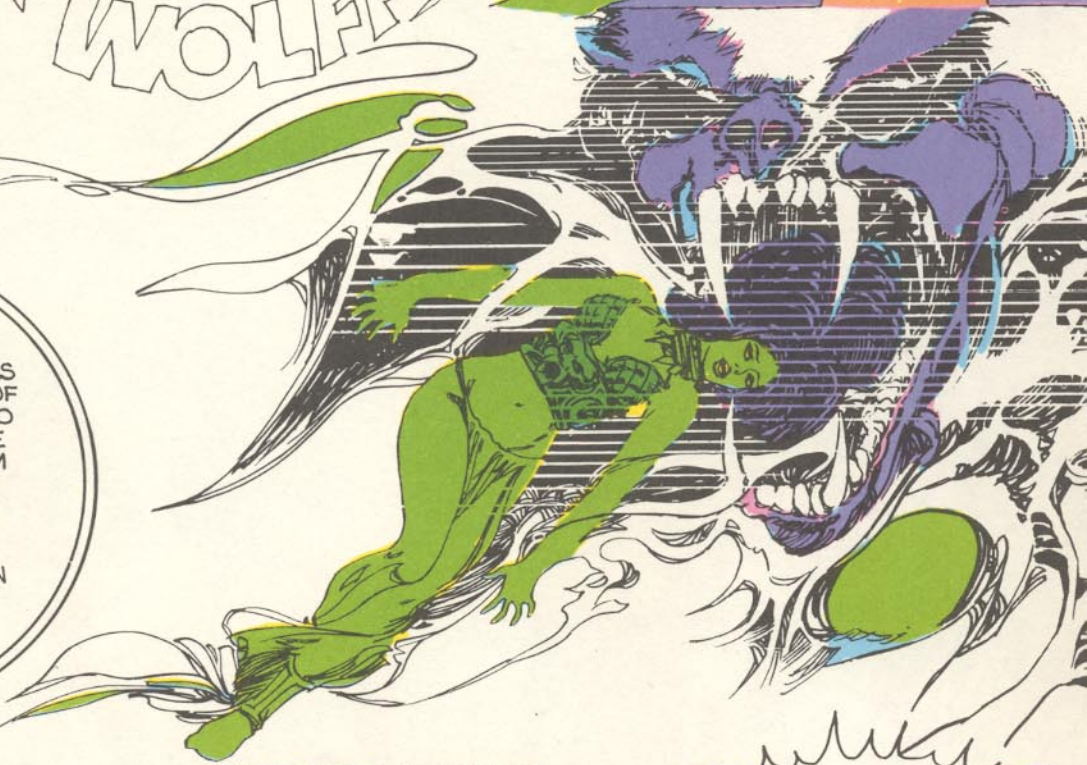




**BRUMA!**  
WHERE ARE  
YOU? IT'S ME,  
WOLFF!



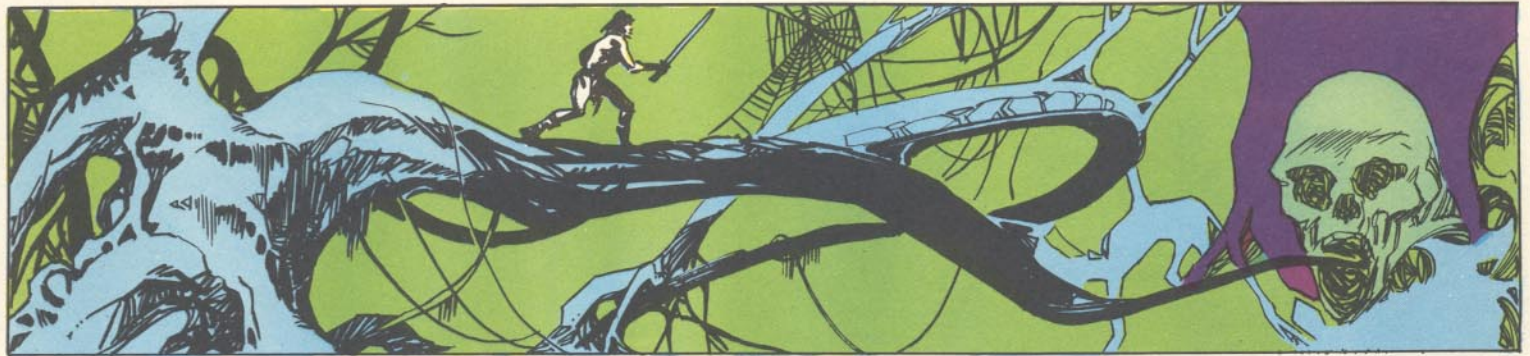
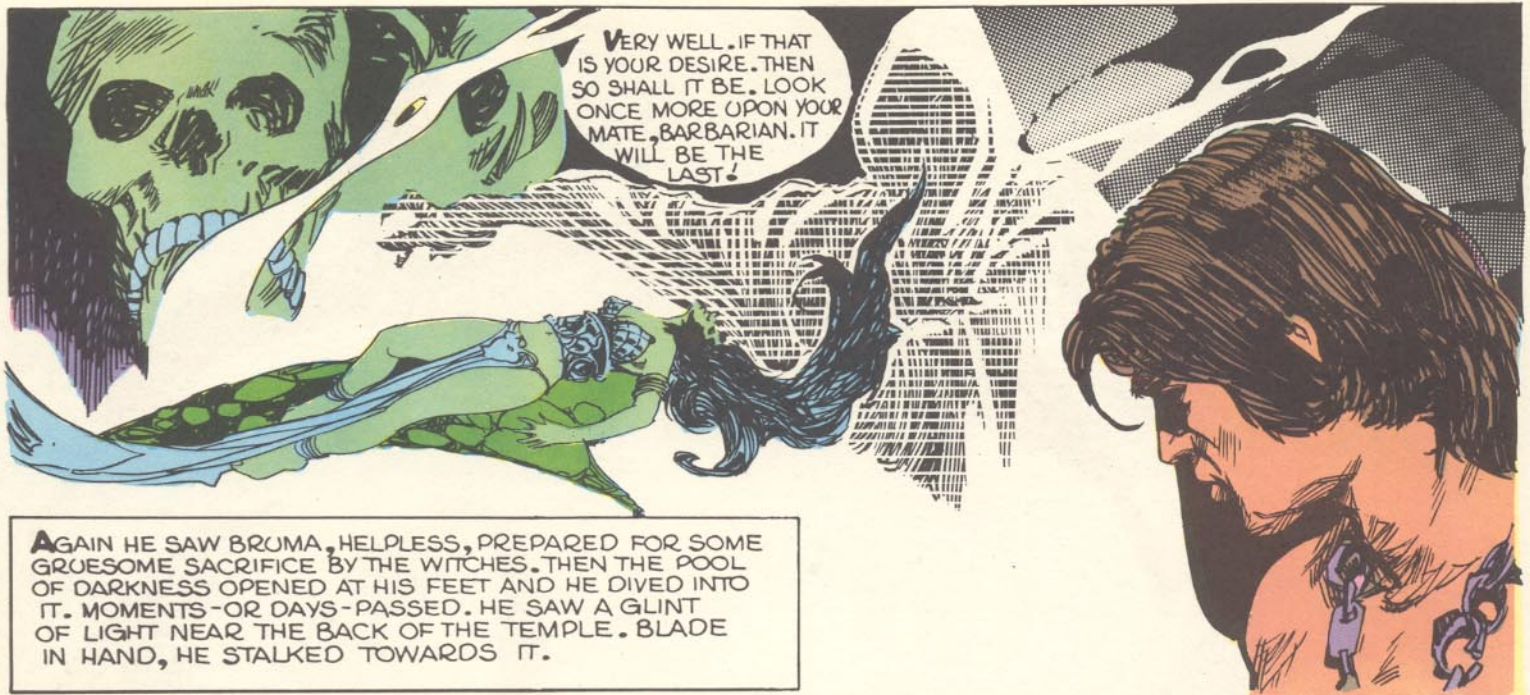
FOR A BRIEF  
MOMENT, HE SAW A  
TERRIBLE VISION. IT WAS  
HIS WIFE, THE MOTHER OF  
HIS CHILDREN, ABOUT TO  
BE DEVoured BY SOME  
DREAD MONSTER FROM  
THE WORLD OF NIGHT.  
FOR A MOMENT IT WAS  
CRYSTAL CLEAR, HIS  
DARLING NEAR TO  
A HIDEOUS DOOM-THEN  
ALL WAS BLACK!



**HELL-SPAWN!!**  
THrice DAMNED ENCHAN-  
TRESSES! YOU WILL NEVER  
MAKE ME MAD. I, WOLFF, STAND  
HERE AND CHALLENGE YOU TO BRING  
FORTH YOUR BEST MAN AND I  
WILL UTTERLY CRUSH HIM. COME  
COWARDS. COME AND  
FIGHT!

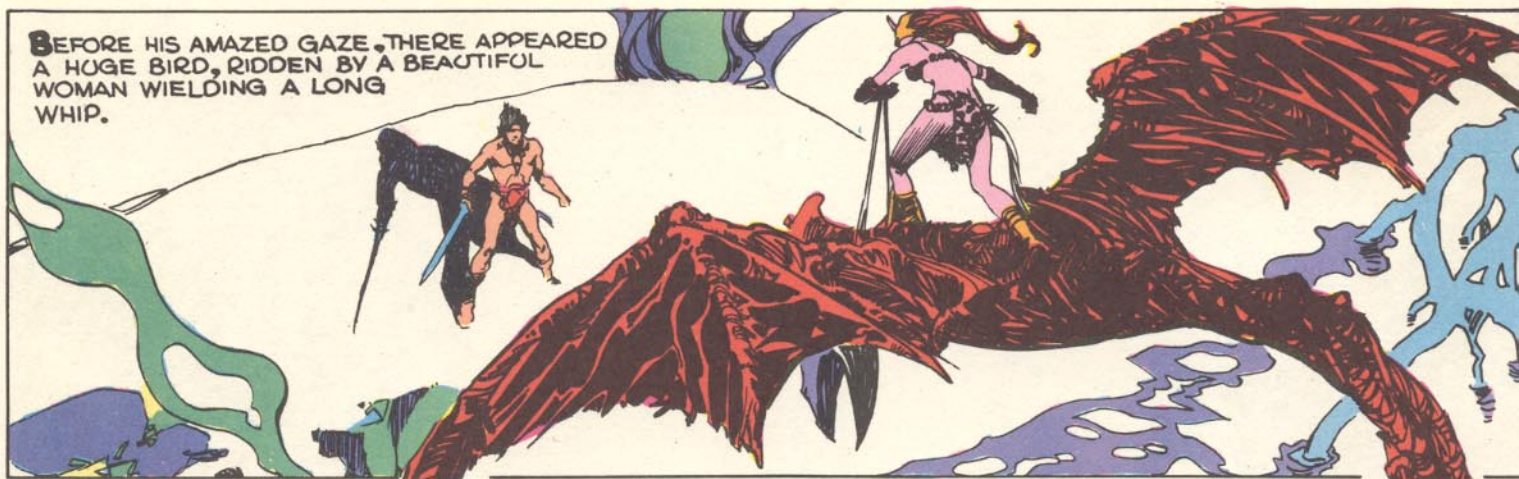




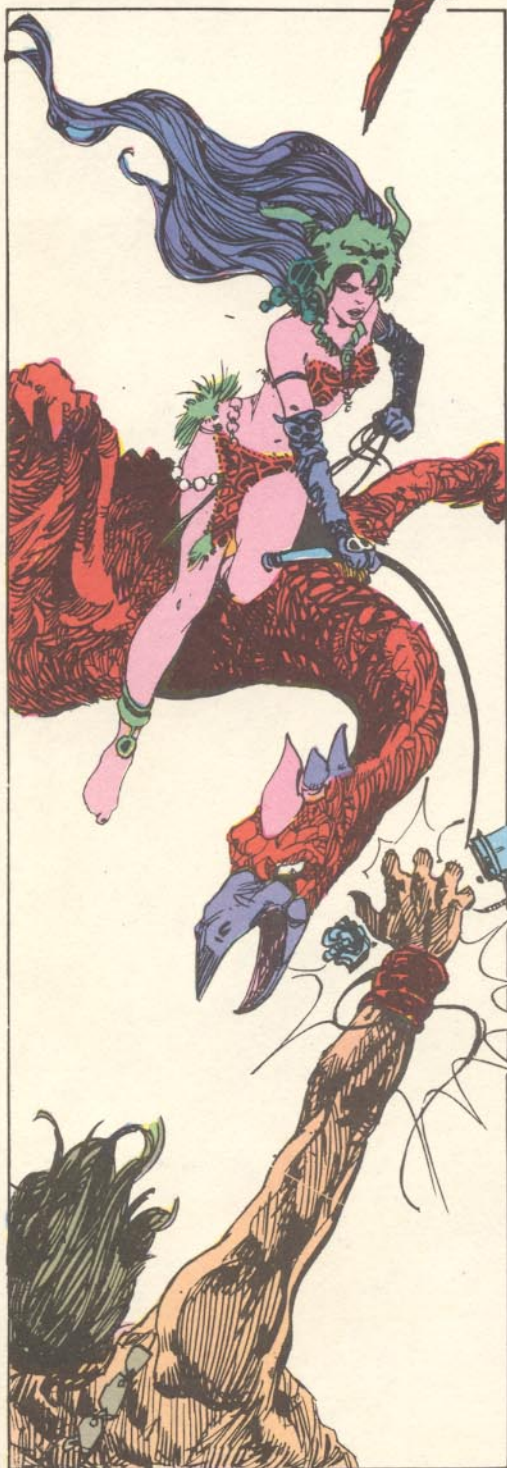




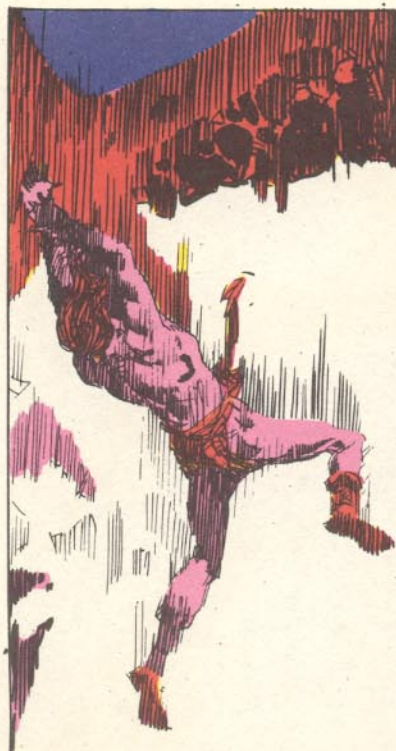
BEFORE HIS AMAZED GAZE, THERE APPEARED A HUGE BIRD, RIDDEN BY A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WIELDING A LONG WHIP.



WITH EFFORTLESS EASE THE GIRL LASHED HIS SWORD FROM HIS HAND. WHILE WOLFF COVERED HELPLESSLY, THE BIRD SWOOPED OVER HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN. EACH TIME THE WHIP HISSED AND BIT AT HIS BODY, LEAVING BLOODY WEALS ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS AND CHEST.







A RED FOG SWAM ABOUT HIS EYES AND THE AIR PUMPED MORE SLOWLY IN HIS TORTURED LUNGS. HE PLUNGED FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF AND FELT HIMSELF FALLING, FALLING. THEN, STRANGELY, FLOATING AND RISING !!!



THE LOVELY SADYA, MISTRESS OF THE LASH AND TENDER ADMINISTRATOR OF FATHOUSAND UNIMAGINABLE TORTURES, HAS LOST HER VICTIM TO ANOTHER. BUT WHO CAN IT BE ?



WHAT'S HAPPENING ? THE PAIN ! TEARING, RIPPING AT MY FLESH ! NOW I CAN BREATHE AGAIN AND I... I AM FLOATING UPWARDS, AWAY FROM THIS WORLD OF EVIL. THE PAIN IS GOING. MY WOUNDS ARE HEALING.



IT IS I WHO WOULD SAVE YOU, WOLFF. I AM THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST. I HAVE NEED OF A MAN TO FIGHT FOR ME AND WHEN I SAW YOU BATTLING THAT SHE-DEVIL, I KNEW THAT YOU COULD BE THE MAN FOR ME. SO I AM BRINGING YOU TO MY DOMAIN. COME TO ME, WARRIOR!

I MUST BE DREAMING. OR, PERHAPS I AM DEAD. ARE YOU A SHIELDMAIDEN, COME TO ESCORT ME TO THE BANQUET OF HEROES ? WHO EVER YOU ARE : I FEEL YOUR PRESENCE COMING NEARER.

THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST ! HER BEAUTY HAD LURED MEN TO AN AGONISING AND LONELY DEATH FOR COUNTLESS AGES. THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST ! NOW THE POWER OF HER TERRIBLE LOVE HAD ATTRACTED WOLFF AND SAVED HIM FROM A VILE DEATH BY THE WHIP AND NOW DRAGGED HIM TOWARDS HER FOR HER OWN SATANIC PASSION.





# Sir Leo

The End  
of a Legend

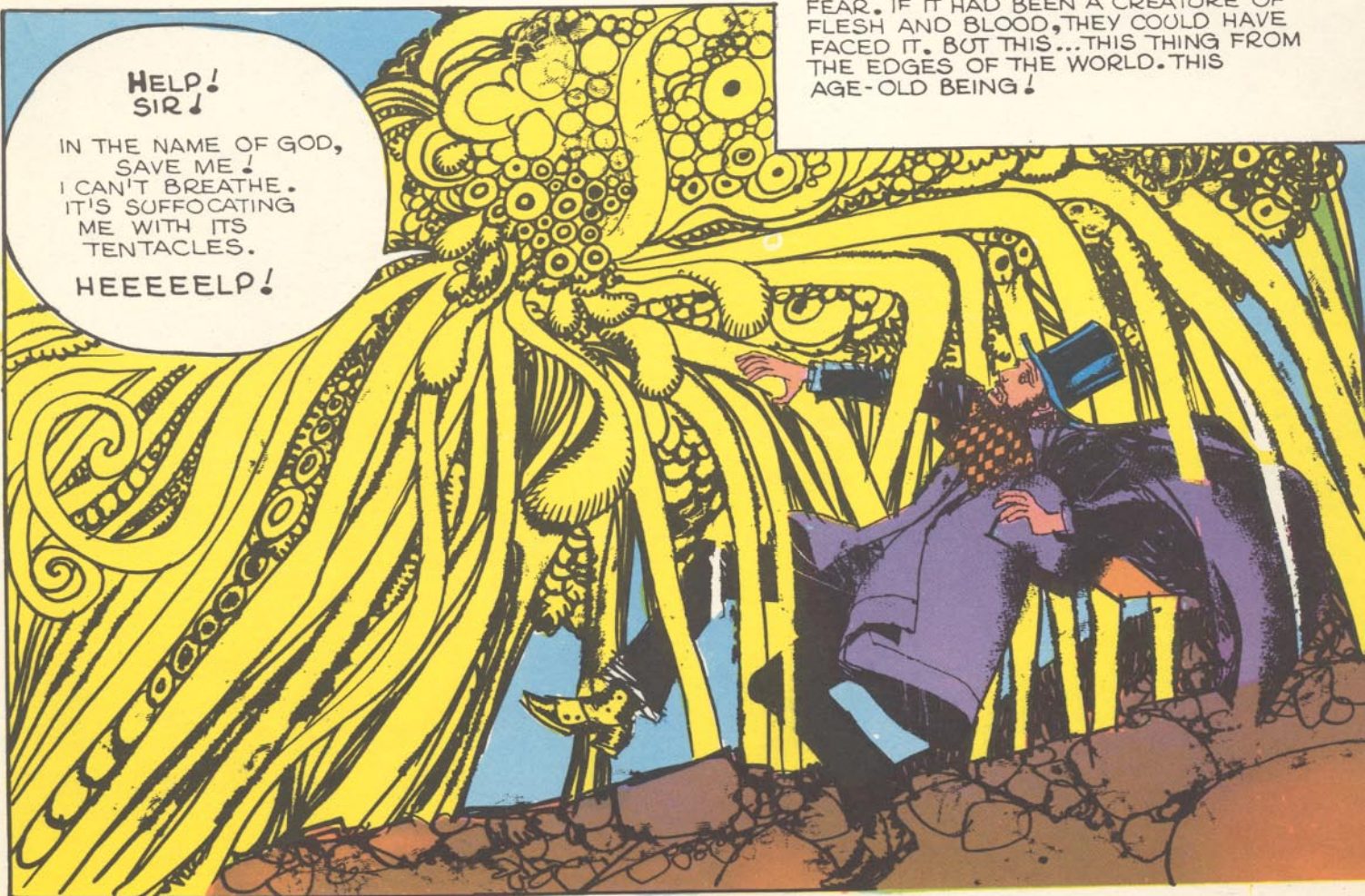
SIR LEO FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIN AT THE MONSTER FROM THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE BLACK LAKE. THE CREATURE KEPT CHANGING ITS SHAPE MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DO IT ANY HARM. FINALLY, HE RAN OUT OF BULLETS.



TEMPLETON, THE INN-KEEPER, IS A MAN FAMILIAR WITH EVIL. THE GUIDE, BRADLEY, IS REPUTED TO HAVE KILLED HIS FIRST WIFE. BOTH MEN TREMBLE WITH A PANIC FEAR. IF IT HAD BEEN A CREATURE OF FLESH AND BLOOD, THEY COULD HAVE FACED IT. BUT THIS...THIS THING FROM THE EDGES OF THE WORLD. THIS AGE-OLD BEING!

HELP!  
SIR!

IN THE NAME OF GOD,  
SAVE ME!  
I CAN'T BREATHE.  
IT'S SUFFOCATING  
ME WITH ITS  
TENTACLES.  
HEEEEEELP!



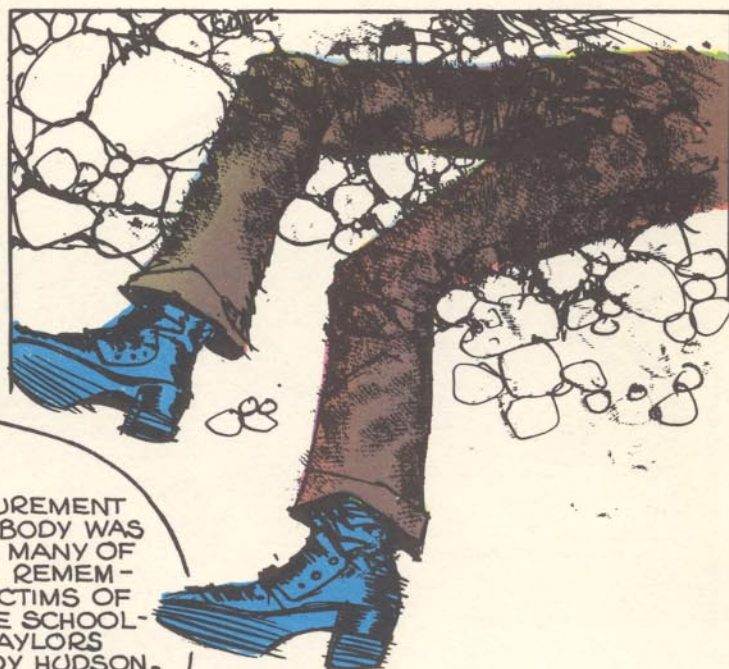




GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF, MAN. THE CREATURE'S GONE. AS SOON AS I STOPPED FIRING, IT VANISHED. WE ARE SAFE.

THE DISFIGUREMENT OF THE NEW BODY WAS TRULY AWFUL. MANY OF THE TOWNSFOLK REMEMBERED OTHER VICTIMS OF THE TERROR. THE SCHOOL-TEACHER; THE TAYLORS' LITTLE BOY; PADDY HUDSON, WHO WAS NEARLY A HUNDRED; PATRICK WHO LOVED THE FRENCHWOMAN. ALL DEAD...

BY THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN THE THREE MEN WERE SAFE BACK IN THE TOWN. IT WAS BARELY AN HOUR LATER THAT A GROUP OF WORKMEN FOUND A NEW AND HIDEOUSLY - DISFIGURED CORPSE BY THE BLACK LAKE.



...ALL OF THEM WERE EVIL IN SOME WAY. EVEN THE LITTLE BOY WHOSE GREAT PLEASURE WAS TO TORTURE THOSE WEAKER AND SMALLER THAN HIMSELF. AND THE OTHERS! ABNORMAL, PERVERTED MEN AND WOMEN. PEOPLE WHO SHUNNED GOD'S GOOD SUNLIGHT AND WENT ABOUT THEIR LIVES BEHIND DRAWN CURTAINS. NOW, THE THING HAD CLAIMED THE INN-KEEPER, TEMPLETON. THE MAN OF FEAR!

AS EVENING SLUNK INTO THE TOWN THE PEOPLE BEGAN TO BAR AND LOCK THEIR HOUSES. AS NIGHT DARKENED, THE PLACE WAS UNDER A SIEGE. BUT WHAT WAS THE BESIEGER?



TEMPLETON'S DEATH HAD A DEEP EFFECT ON SIR LEO. IT HAD ONLY BEEN A COUPLE OF HOURS BEFORE THAT THEY HAD ALL FACED THE CREATURE.

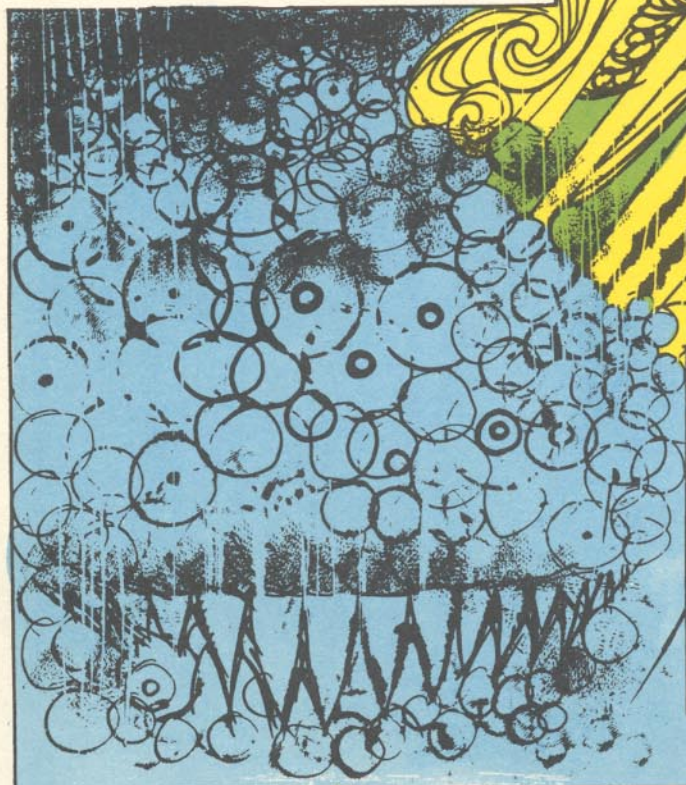






HERE! I KNEW IT. THE NECRONOMICON CONFIRMS IT. THE DWELLERS BEYOND SPACE. BUT, THEY CAN ONLY MATERIALISE THROUGH THE EVIL IN THE MIND OF MEN.

THE BLASPHEMOUS IDEAS IN THE RARE EDITION OF THE **NECRONOMICON**, THE FOUNT OF ALL EVIL LAW, BOUND IN HUMAN SKIN, COLLECTED BY THE MAD ARAB, ABDUL ALHAZRED, ALL HINTED AT THE CONCEPT OF EVIL BECOMING FLESH. FEEDING ON MAN'S GREEDS AND LUSTS.



THAT FOUL MASS OF PUTREFACTION THAT DWELT IN THE BLACK LAKE. IT COULD ONLY EXIST BY FEEDING ON THE EVIL SOULS AND THEN THE EVIL BODIES OF THE PEOPLE IN THE TOWN. WORTHY OF THE VILEST NIGHTMARE OF POE, IT WAS A HUMAN CREATION. SIR LEO CONSULTED TWO OF HIS FRIENDS, PROFESSORS HAINING AND JAMES, BOTH EXPERTS IN THE FORBIDDEN ARTS OF DEMONOLOGY, TO TRY AND FIND THE TRUTH.

BEAUFONT





ALL DIABOLIC BEINGS, MY DEAR JAMES, ARE THE PRODUCT OF MAN'S EVIL AND CAN THEREFORE BE DESTROYED BY MAN. I DISTRUST PURE EXORCISM. I PREFER A MIXTURE OF TRADITION AND TECHNOLOGY.

I STILL BELIEVE THAT HOLY WATER IS AS EFFICACIOUS AS ANY OF YOUR ALCHEMIST'S TRICKS. BUT, THIS SEEMS A LITTLE UNUSUAL. I AGREE WITH YOU, HAINING. I'LL WRITE TO YOUNG LEO AT ONCE.

FOLLOWING THE ADVICE OF HIS WISE OLD TUTORS, SIR LEO MELTED DOWN AND CAST SOME SILVER TO MAKE ONE, SHINING, PERFECT BULLET.



HIS MIND WAS MADE UP. HE, AND HE ALONE, WOULD MAKE A LAST STAND AGAINST THE CREATURE OF THE BLACK LAKE. TONIGHT. IF HIS AIM WAS TRUE. BUT, WHAT IF IT WAS NOT? WHAT THEN? HE HAD SEEN TWO OF THE CORPSES, SO HE KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT.

TONIGHT THERE WILL BE A DEATH BY THE LAKE. IF I COME BACK, IT WILL ONLY BE WHEN I HAVE PUT AN END, FOR ALL ETERNITY, TO THE MONSTER.



TAKE CARE, YOUR HONOUR. DON'T LET THAT SPAWN OF HELL GET HIS TEETH INTO YOU!

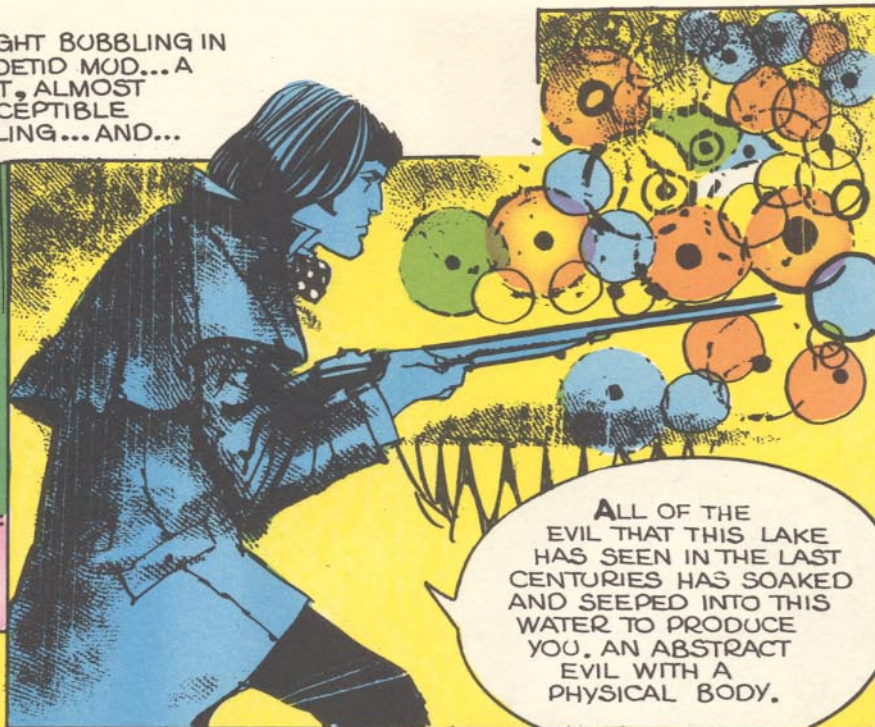
SILVER, SAYS THE NECRONOMICON, IS THE MOST PERFECT OF ALL EARTHLY METALS, AND AS SUCH CAN DESTROY THE MOST POWERFUL OF FIENDISH MANIFESTATIONS.





AT LAST!  
COME OUT! COME!  
I'M ALL ALONE.  
FACE TO  
FACE.  
COME ON!

A SLIGHT BOBBLING IN  
THE FOETID MUD... A  
SLIGHT, ALMOST  
IMPERCEPTIBLE  
WHISTLING... AND...

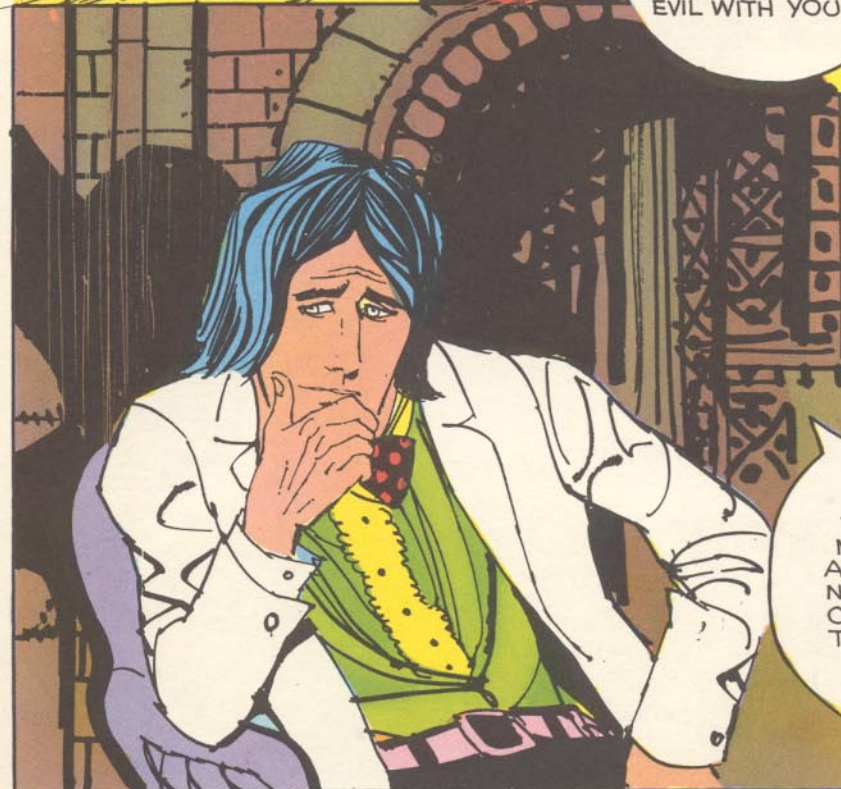
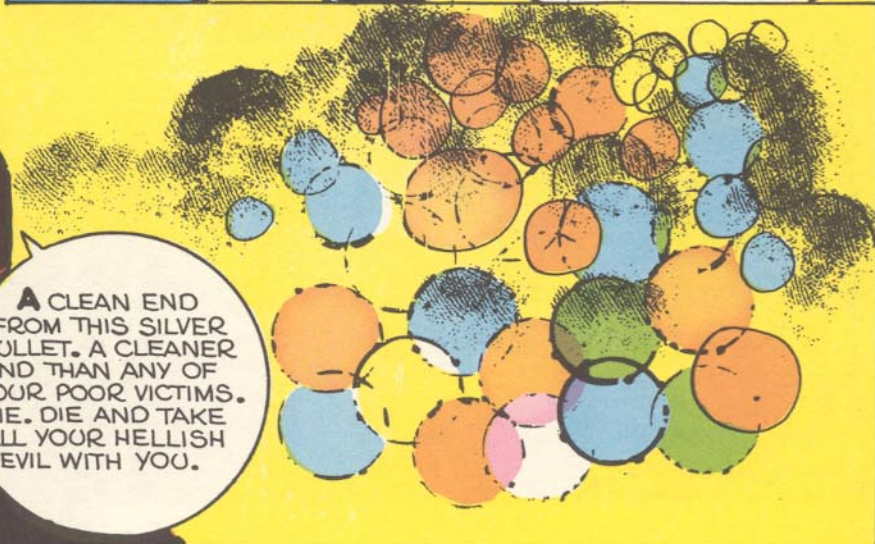


ALL OF THE  
EVIL THAT THIS LAKE  
HAS SEEN IN THE LAST  
CENTURIES HAS SOAKED  
AND SEEPED INTO THIS  
WATER TO PRODUCE  
YOU, AN ABSTRACT  
EVIL WITH A  
PHYSICAL BODY.



**BLAM!**

A CLEAN END  
FROM THIS SILVER  
BULLET. A CLEANER  
END THAN ANY OF  
YOUR POOR VICTIMS.  
DIE. DIE AND TAKE  
ALL YOUR HELLISH  
EVIL WITH YOU.



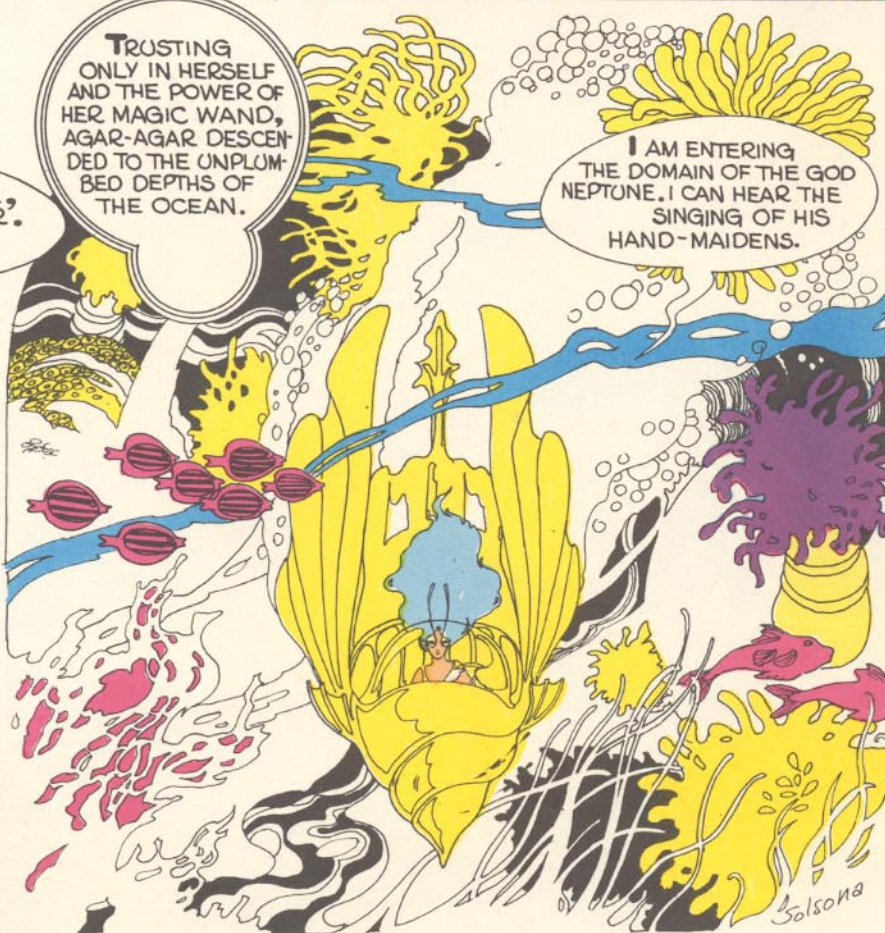
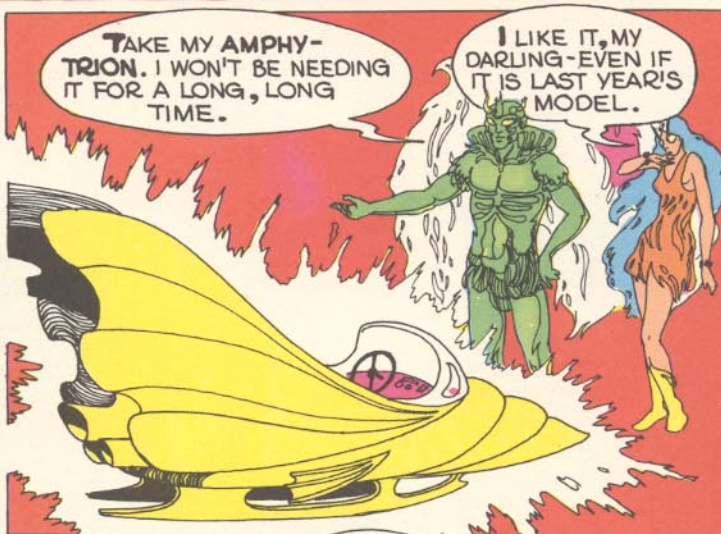
THE MONSTER FROM THE BLACK LAKE EMBODIED EVERY BEASTLY ACT THAT HAD EVER BEEN. ATTRACTED BY THE WICKEDNESS IN THE MINDS OF ANY WHO VISITED THE LAKE, IT WAS ABLE TO GROW AND THUS OVERWHELM THEM.

LIKE STEEL AND A  
MAGNET, THE THING FOUND  
ITS EVIL RIGHT HERE IN THIS  
TOWN. IT ATTRACTED ALL  
MALEFACTORS AND WRONG-DOERS  
AND BROUGHT THEM TO THEIR DOOM.  
NOW THERE CAN BE PEACE. PEOPLE  
CAN AGAIN BE HAPPY AND ENJOY  
THIS LOUGH. NEVER AGAIN CAN  
THERE BE A THING IN THE  
LAKE!

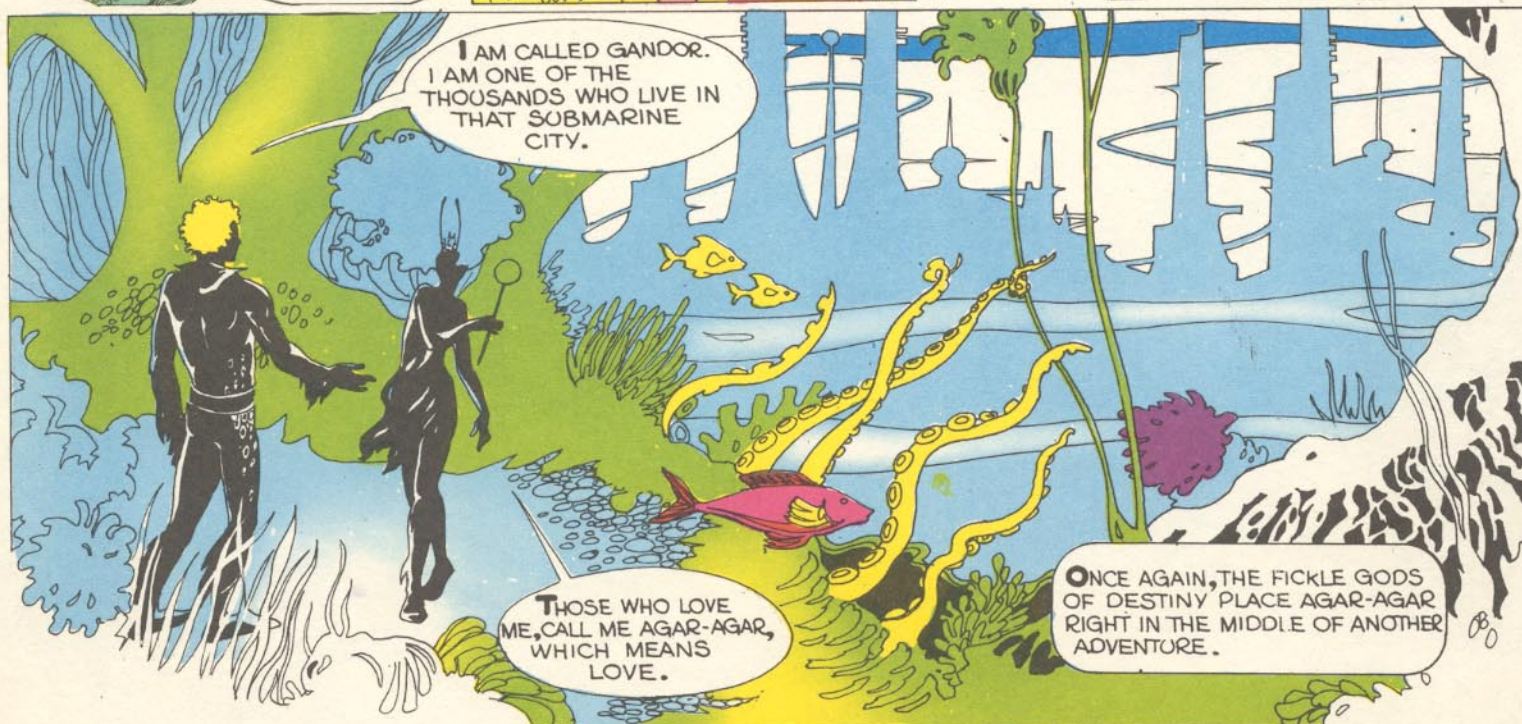
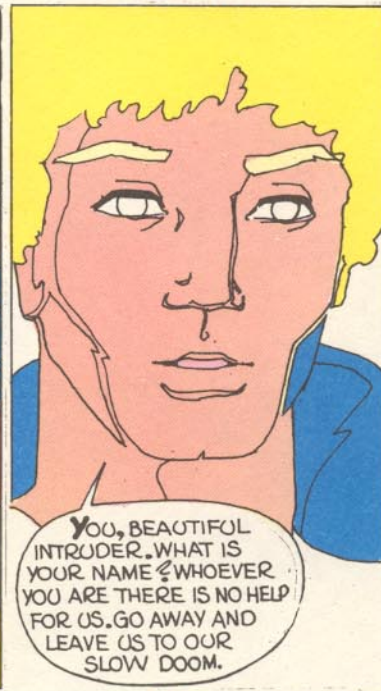
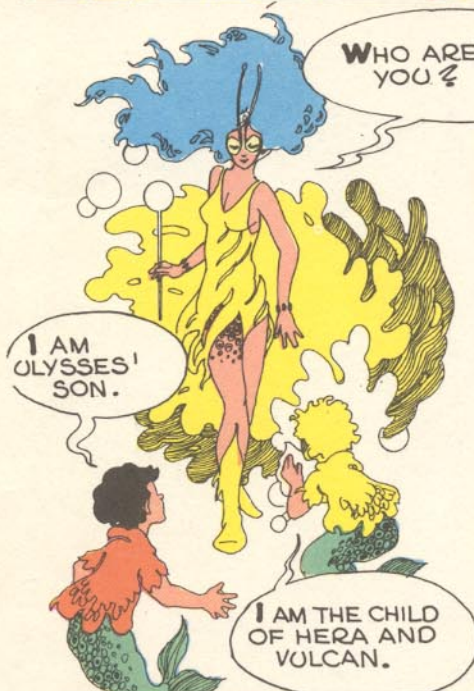
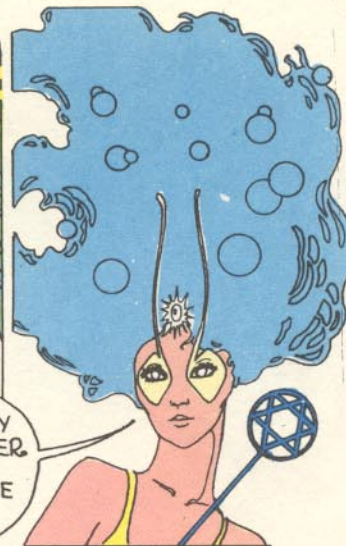
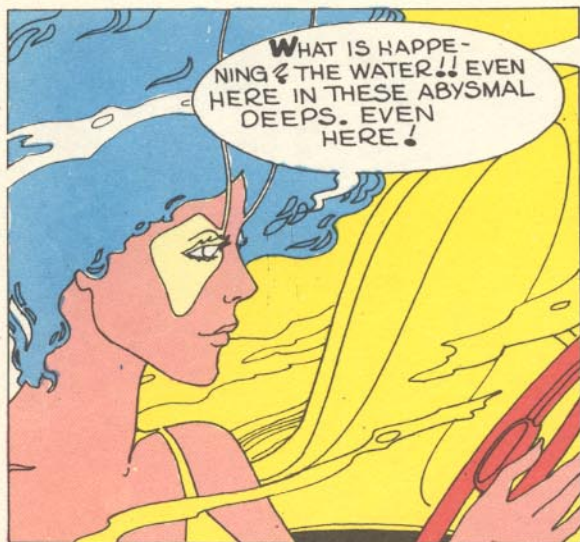


# Agar-Agar

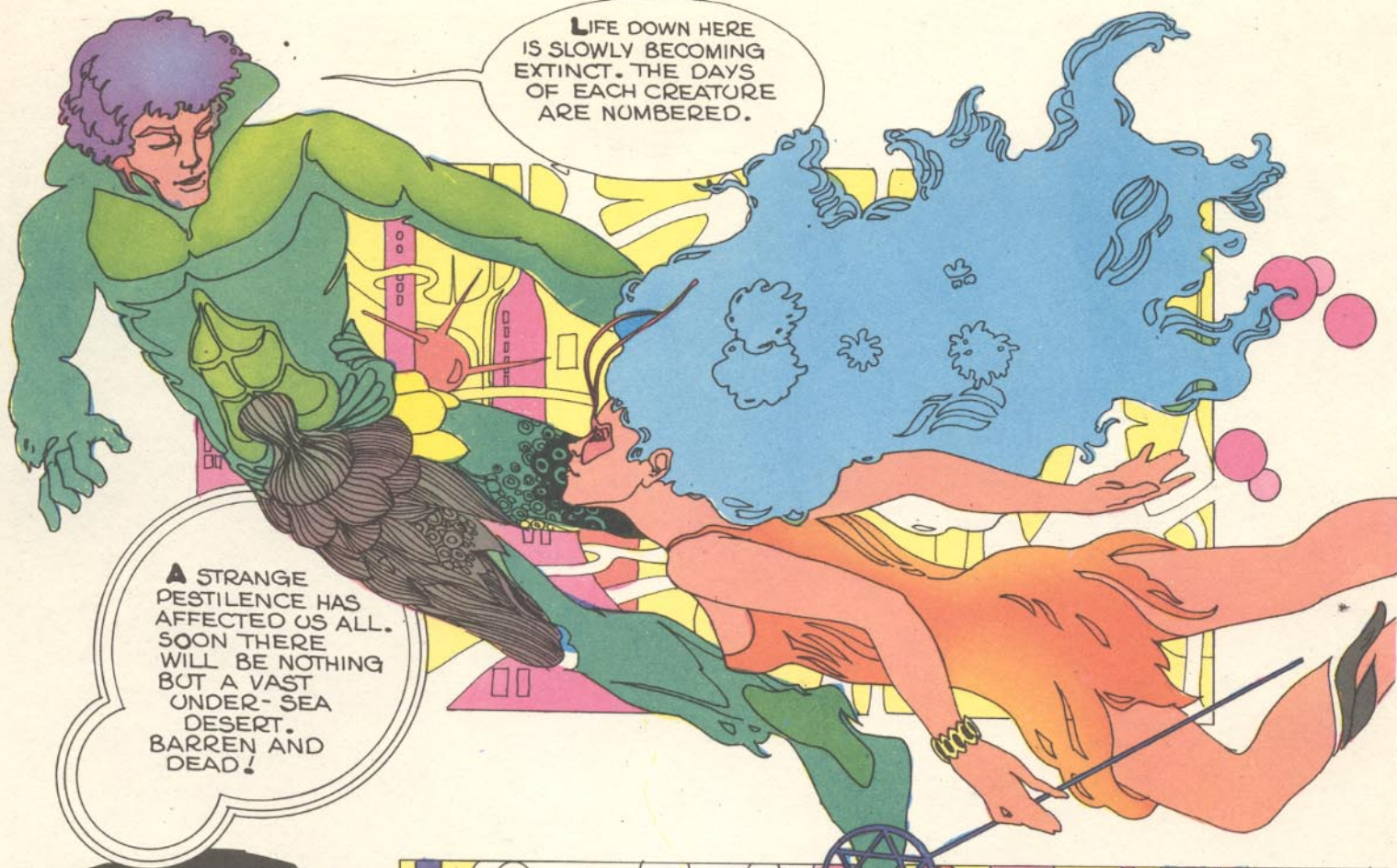
The Village  
in the Sea







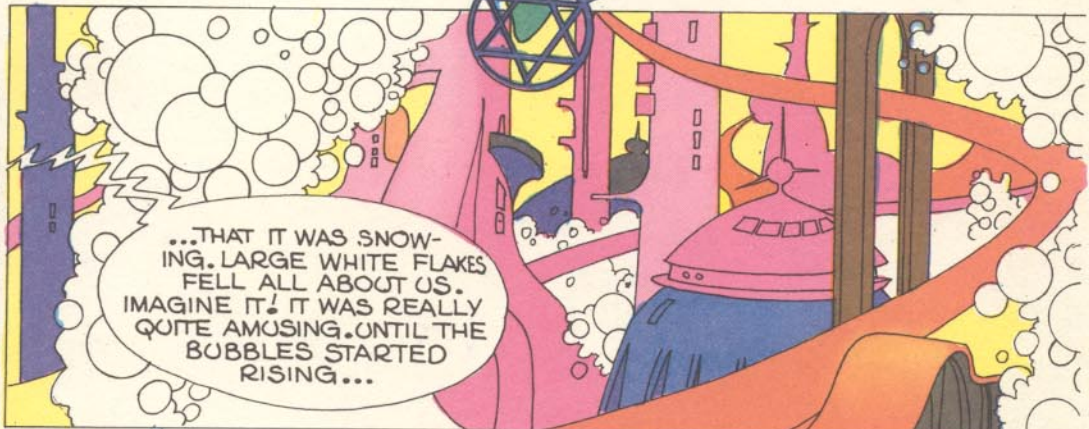




LIFE DOWN HERE  
IS SLOWLY BECOMING  
EXTINCT. THE DAYS  
OF EACH CREATURE  
ARE NUMBERED.

A STRANGE  
PESTILENCE HAS  
AFFECTED US ALL.  
SOON THERE  
WILL BE NOTHING  
BUT A VAST  
UNDER-SEA  
DESERT.  
BARREN AND  
DEAD!

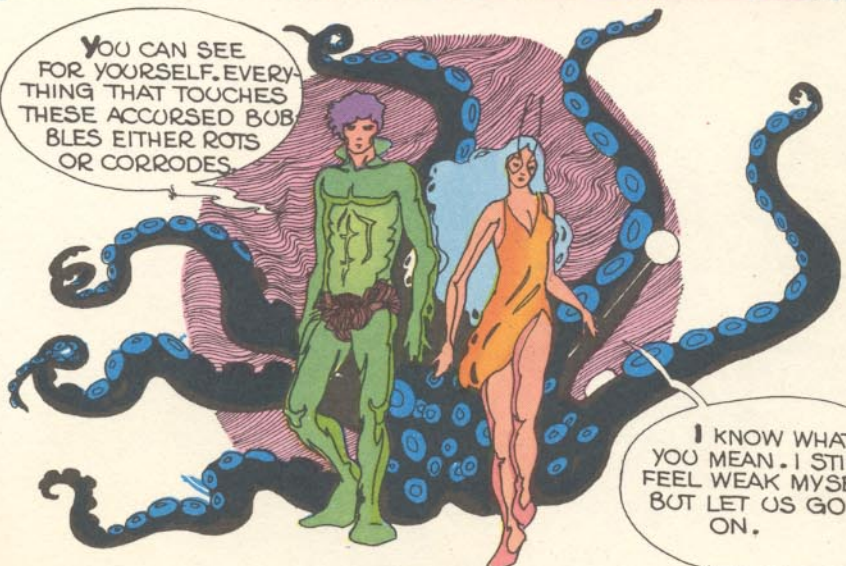
IT ALL STARTED QUITE  
RECENTLY. AT FIRST WE  
DIDN'T WORRY  
TOO MUCH. THE  
CHILDREN  
THOUGHT...



...THAT IT WAS SNOW-  
ING. LARGE WHITE FLAKES  
FELL ALL ABOUT US.  
IMAGINE IT! IT WAS REALLY  
QUITE AMUSING. UNTIL THE  
BUBBLES STARTED  
RISING...



**BUBBLES!**  
BUT, THERE ARE ALWAYS  
BUBBLES RISING UNDER  
THE SEA. THEN  
WHAT?



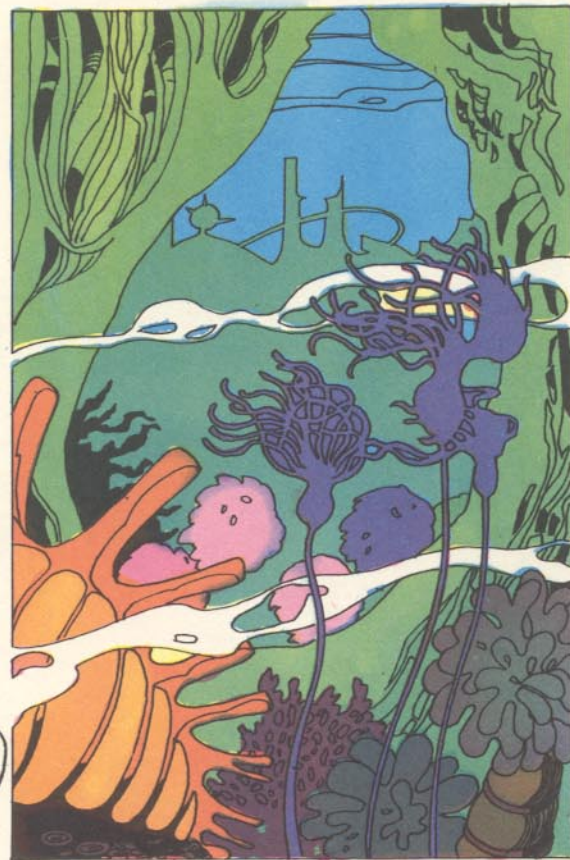
YOU CAN SEE  
FOR YOURSELF. EVERY-  
THING THAT TOUCHES  
THESE ACCURSED BUB-  
BLES EITHER ROTS  
OR CORRODES.

I KNOW WHAT  
YOU MEAN. I STILL  
FEEL WEAK MYSELF.  
BUT LET US GO  
ON.





SHE IS RIGHT! ON THE SURFACE A TANKER CARRYING A FULL LOAD OF OIL HAS GONE AGROUND AND THE CARGO HAS RUN INTO THE OCEAN. TO AVOID POLLUTING BEACHES, THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN USING WILD DOSES OF DETERGENT. THEY AVOID ONE TYPE OF POLLUTION AND MAKE A WORSE ONE.



THE BUBBLES BURST IN A STAR-CLOUD OF EXPLODING COLOURS. GANDOR AND HIS PEOPLE COULD BREATHE AGAIN.







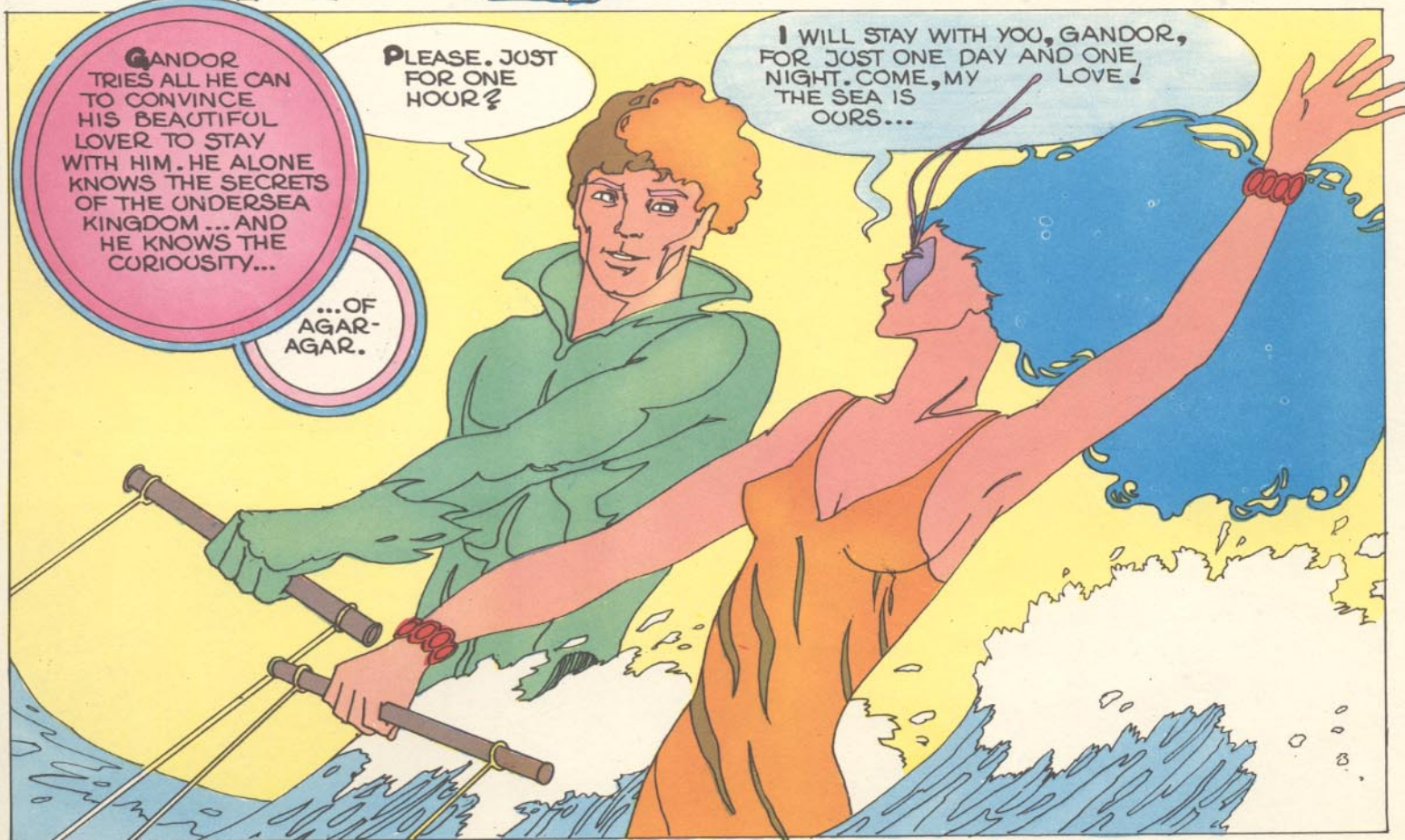
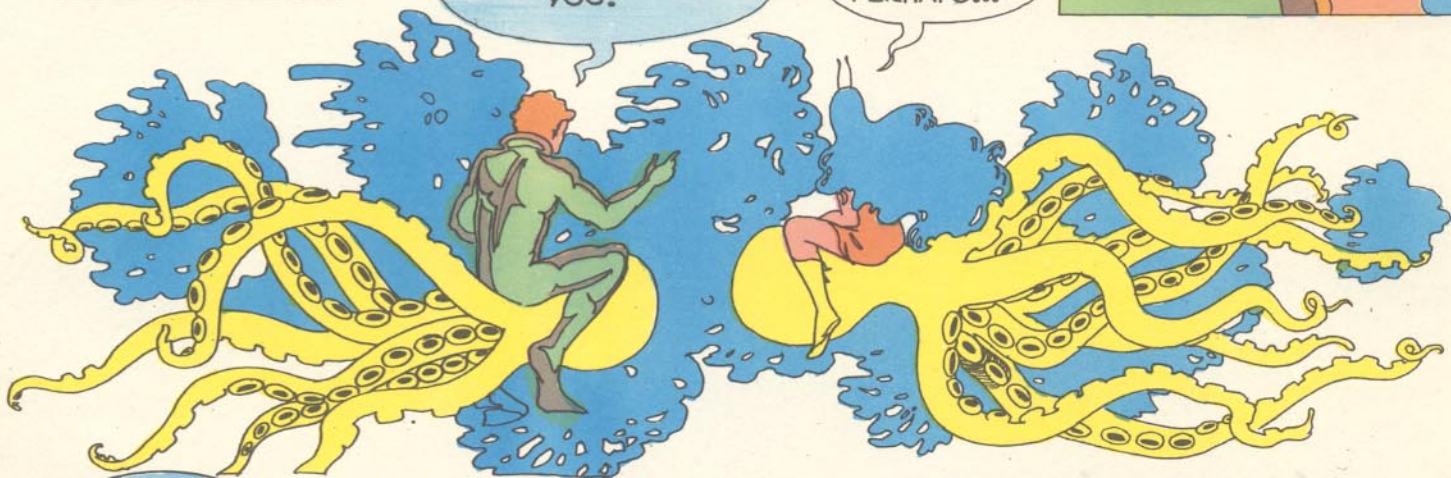
THE SUBMARINE CITY QUICKLY RETURNS TO NORMAL LIFE. FREED FOR EVER FROM THE MENACE OF DEATH BY POLLUTION, THE PEOPLE LEARN HOW TO LIVE AGAIN.



I FEEL RE-BORN. A NEW PERSON. FOR YOU, AGAR-AGAR, I SWEAR THAT I WOULD GIVE UP A THOUSAND MERMAIDS!!

STAY WITH US HERE. WE OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU.

I AM NOT A CONSTANT NYMPH. BUT, PERHAPS...



GANDOR TRIES ALL HE CAN TO CONVINCE HIS BEAUTIFUL LOVER TO STAY WITH HIM. HE ALONE KNOWS THE SECRETS OF THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM... AND HE KNOWS THE CURIOSITY...

PLEASE. JUST FOR ONE HOUR?

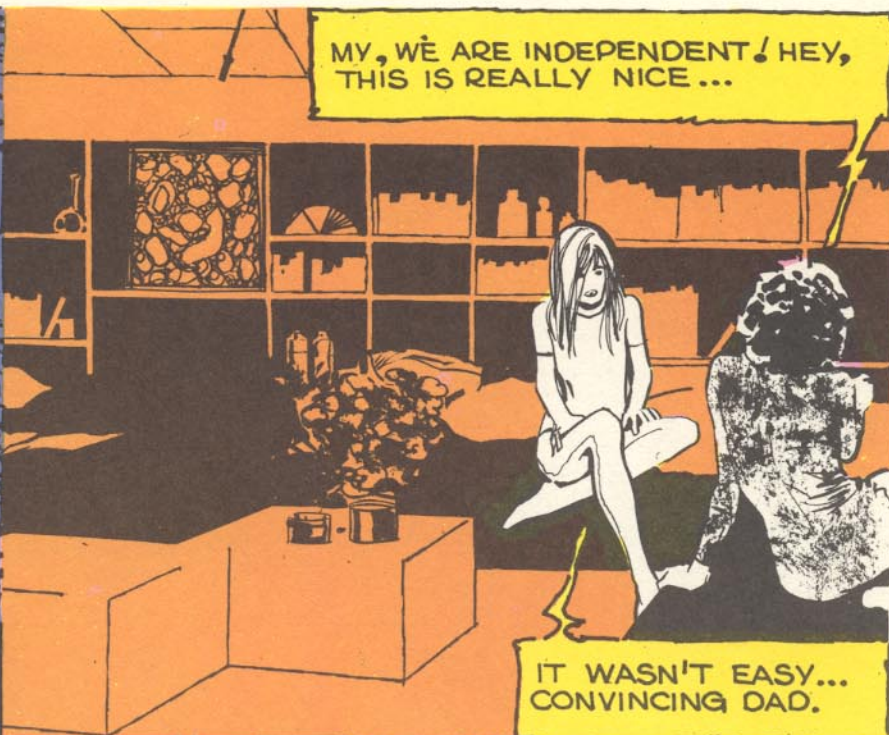
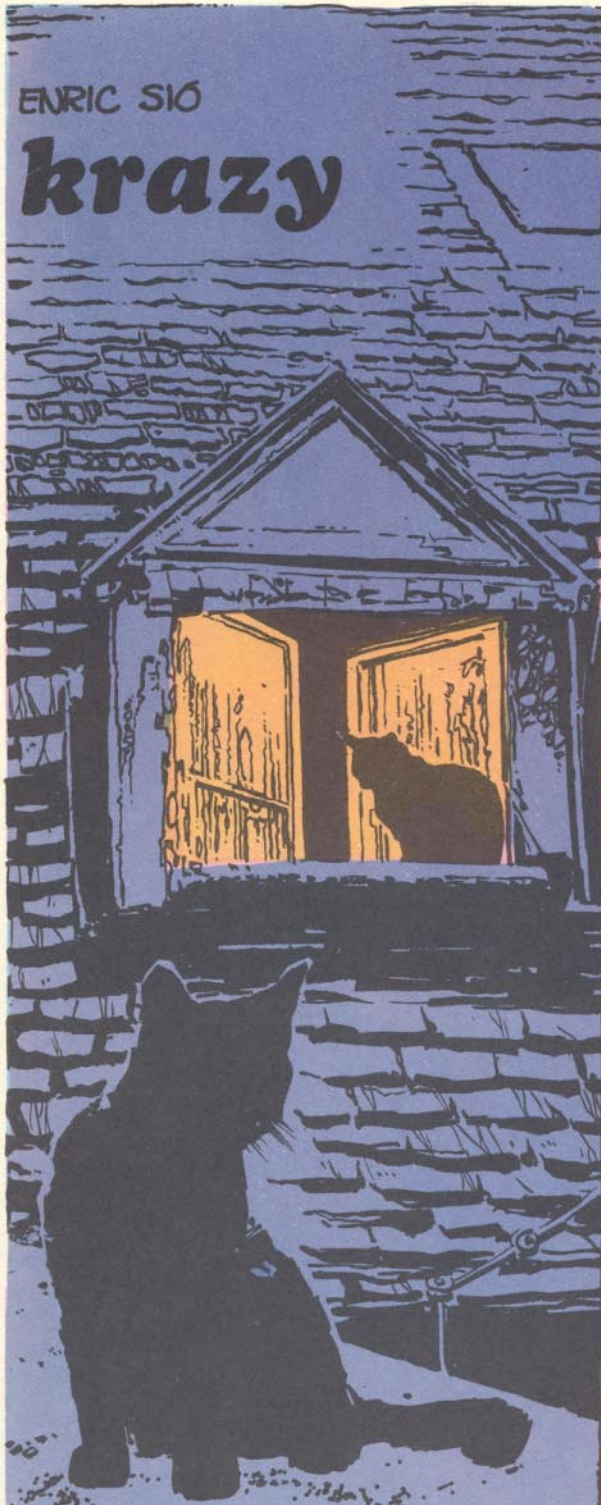
I WILL STAY WITH YOU, GANDOR, FOR JUST ONE DAY AND ONE NIGHT. COME, MY LOVE! THE SEA IS OURS...

...OF AGAR-AGAR.



ENRIC SIO

# krazy



MY, WE ARE INDEPENDENT! HEY, THIS IS REALLY NICE ...

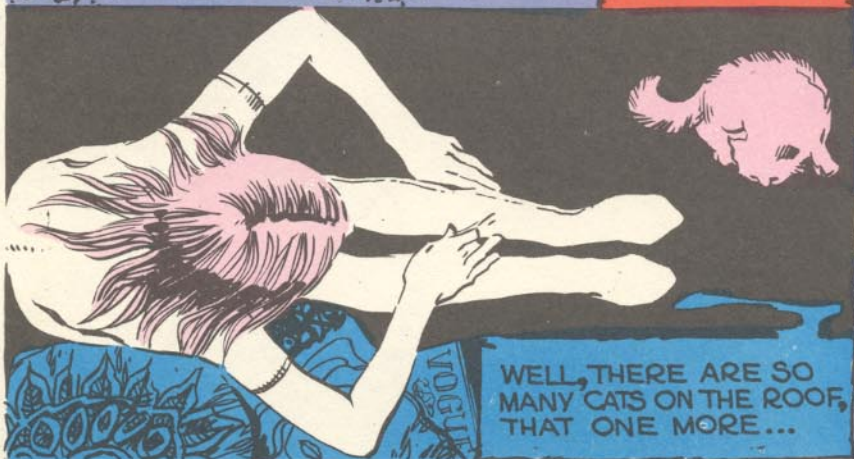
IT WASN'T EASY... CONVINCING DAD.



SURPRISE! I'VE BROUGHT YOU THIS FOR A PRESENT...



OOOH! NO!



WELL, THERE ARE SO MANY CATS ON THE ROOF, THAT ONE MORE...



HEY! YOU'VE REALLY TAKEN TO EACH OTHER.





I MUST SAY. I REALLY DON'T QUITE SEE THIS THING YOU HAVE FOR CATS.



ELUC  
S16

AREN'T YOU OVER-DOING IT A BIT?



MAYBE... I DON'T KNOW ...BUT THIS ONE IS BEAUTIFUL.



MMM. AND THEY REAL- LY ARE FAITHFUL



MORE SO THAN MEN, ANYWAY.



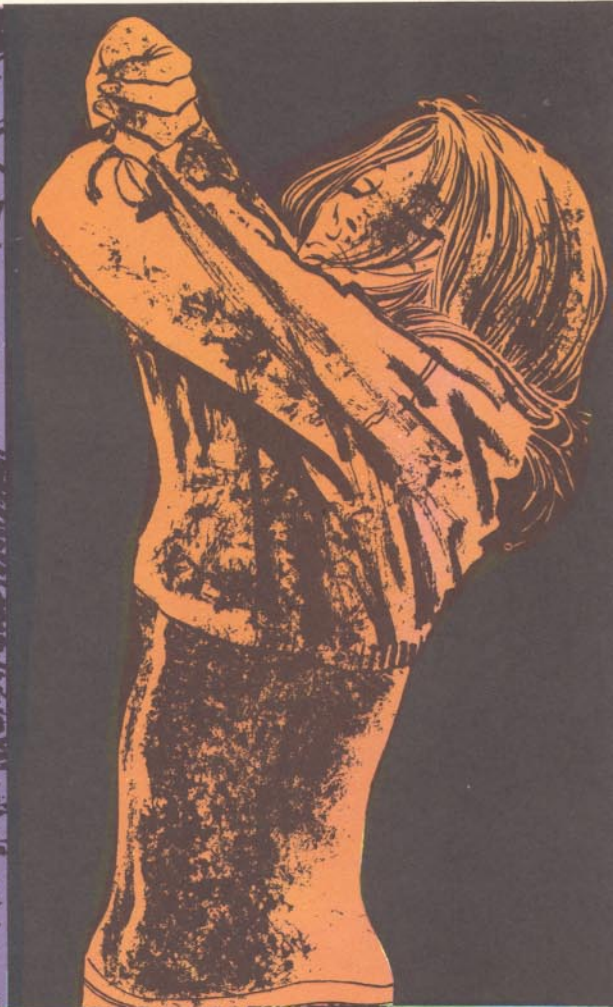
WELL, LOVE. I MUST GO. I'LL PICK YOU UP TOMORROW AT ABOUT ELEVEN.



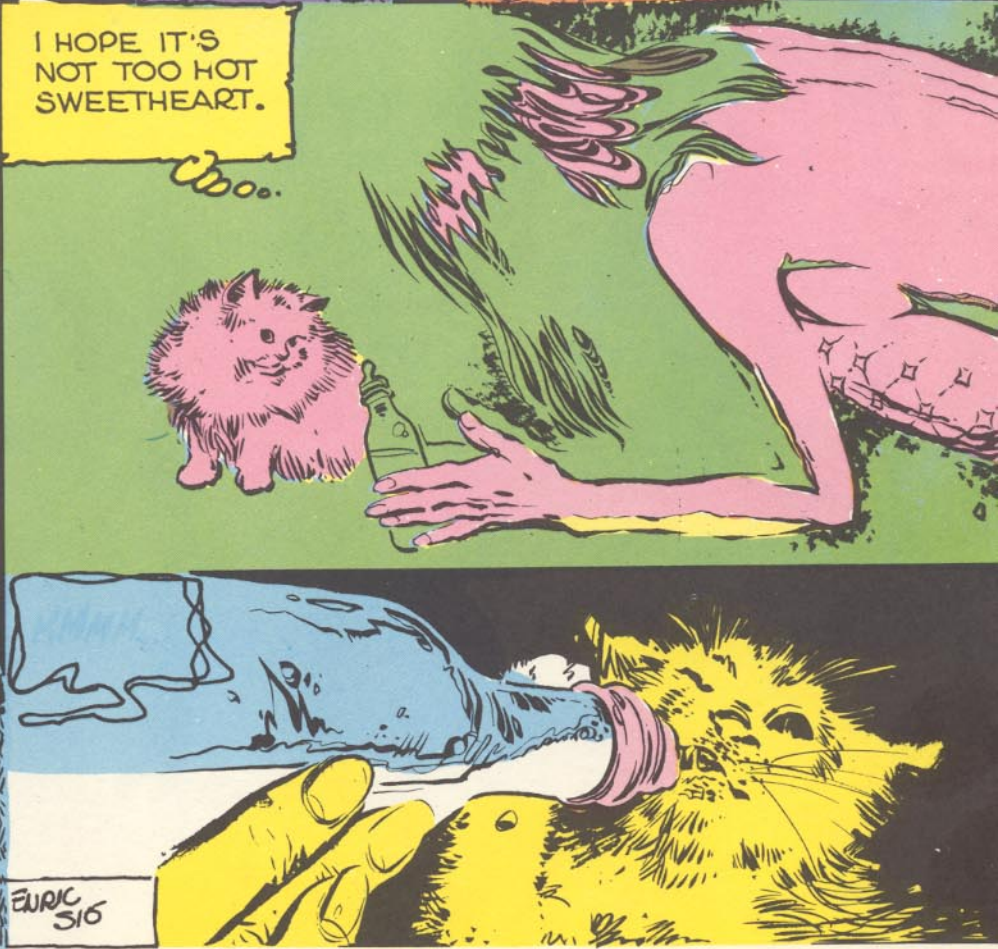




COME ON  
DARLING :  
LET'S GO  
TO SLEEP.



OH ! OF COURSE.  
YOU HAVEN'T HAD  
YOUR LITTLE SUP-  
PER, HAVE YOU ?  
  
HURRY-UP,  
MUMMY. GET THE  
BOTTLE  
READY !

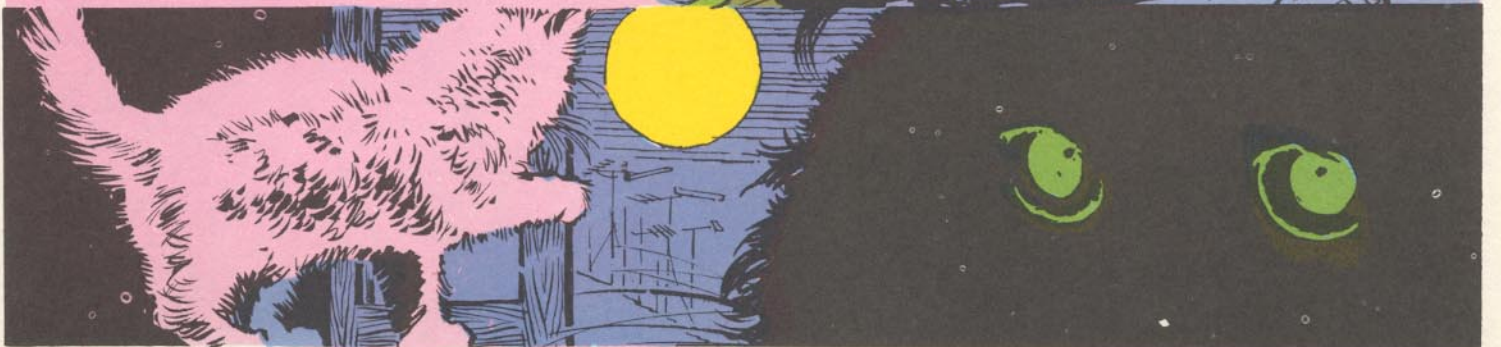
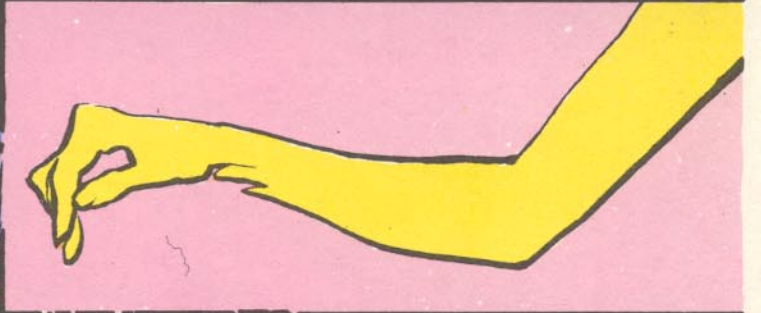


I HOPE IT'S  
NOT TOO HOT  
SWEETHEART.

ERIC  
316



PLEASANT DREAMS,  
MY LITTLE TREASURE





WAKE UP, BEAUTIFUL! YOU'RE NOT...

NOOOOOOOO....

ERIC S16



# WOLFF

The Sorceress  
of the red Mist



WOLFF FOUND HIMSELF BEFORE THE GATES OF A DESERTED CITY, RAVAGED BY WIND AND SAND. HE MOUNTED THE HORSE HE FOUND WAITING FOR HIM.

HESTER & WAPOTO



ALONE IN THE ANTIQUE LAND OF HIS ENEMIES, WOLFF COULD ONLY GO FORWARD.



AS HE DISAPPEARED OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL, THERE WAS A STIRRING IN THE VEGETATION. CHANGING ITS COLOUR TO AVOID BEING SEEN, THE NAMELESS CREATURE BEGAN TO CREEP AFTER THE UPRIGHT FIGURE OF THE FEARLESS BARBARIAN.



YAAAAHHH!



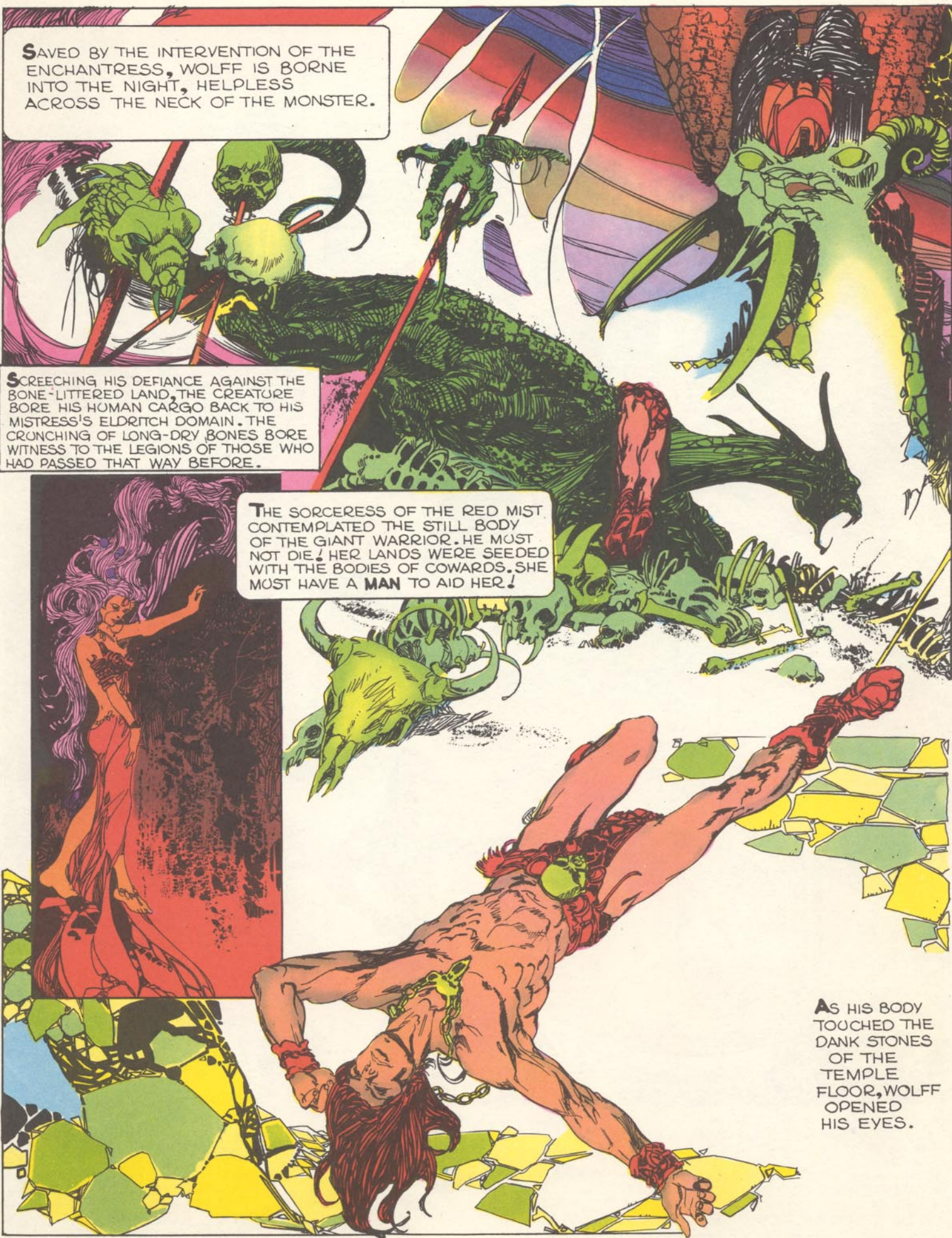
AS THE GRIP TIGHTENED AND THE BLOOD AND OXYGEN WERE CUT OFF FROM HIS BRAIN, WOLFF'S MIND BEGAN TO SLIP AWAY FROM HIM. A DREADFUL WEARINESS SPREAD THROUGH HIM AND HE SANK INTO DARKNESS. A VOICE MURMURED IN HIS EARS—THE SOFT VOICE OF THE SORCESS OF THE RED MIST.

WOLFF! MY DARLING! DON'T DIE. LIVE FOR EVER IN MY ARMS.



A POWER FROM THE CLOSED ROOMS OF RACE MEMORY, THE MONSTER LOCKED WOLFF'S NECK IN ITS POWERFUL TAIL AND SHOOK HIM AS A TERRIER SHAKES A RAT.





SAVED BY THE INTERVENTION OF THE ENCHANTRESS, WOLFF IS BORNE INTO THE NIGHT, HELPLESS ACROSS THE NECK OF THE MONSTER.

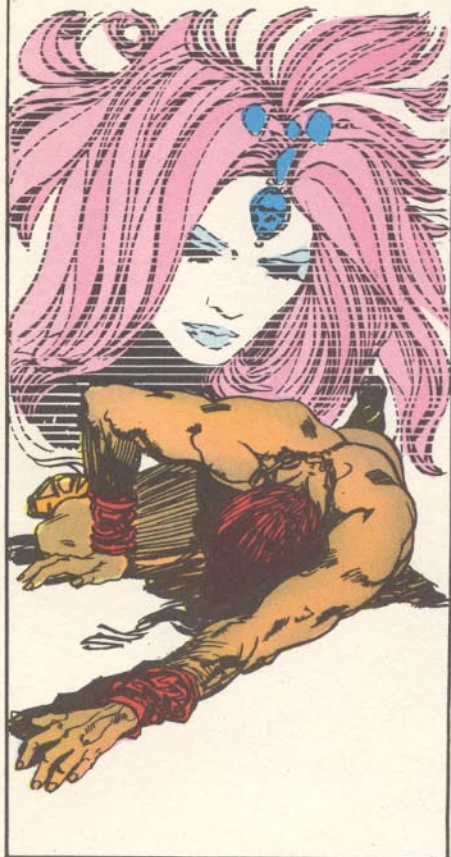
SCREECHING HIS DEFIANCE AGAINST THE BONE-LITTERED LAND, THE CREATURE BORE HIS HUMAN CARGO BACK TO HIS MISTRESS'S ELDRITCH DOMAIN. THE CRUNCHING OF LONG-DRY BONES BORE WITNESS TO THE LEGIONS OF THOSE WHO HAD PASSED THAT WAY BEFORE.

THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST, CONTEMPLATED THE STILL BODY OF THE GIANT WARRIOR. HE MUST NOT DIE! HER LANDS WERE SEEDED WITH THE BODIES OF COWARDS. SHE MUST HAVE A **MAN** TO AID HER!

AS HIS BODY TOUCHED THE DANK STONES OF THE TEMPLE FLOOR, WOLFF OPENED HIS EYES.



**WOLFF, WAKE UP! RAKAH BROUGHT YOU HERE. FOOL! TO IMAGINE THAT YOU MIGHT DEFEAT THE INVULNERABLE RAKAH. HE OBEYS ONLY ME.**



**OPEN YOUR EYES AGAIN. LOOK UPON ME, WOLFF. YOU ARE IN MY DEMESNE. NOW, YOU ARE IN THE POWER OF THE SORCERESS.**

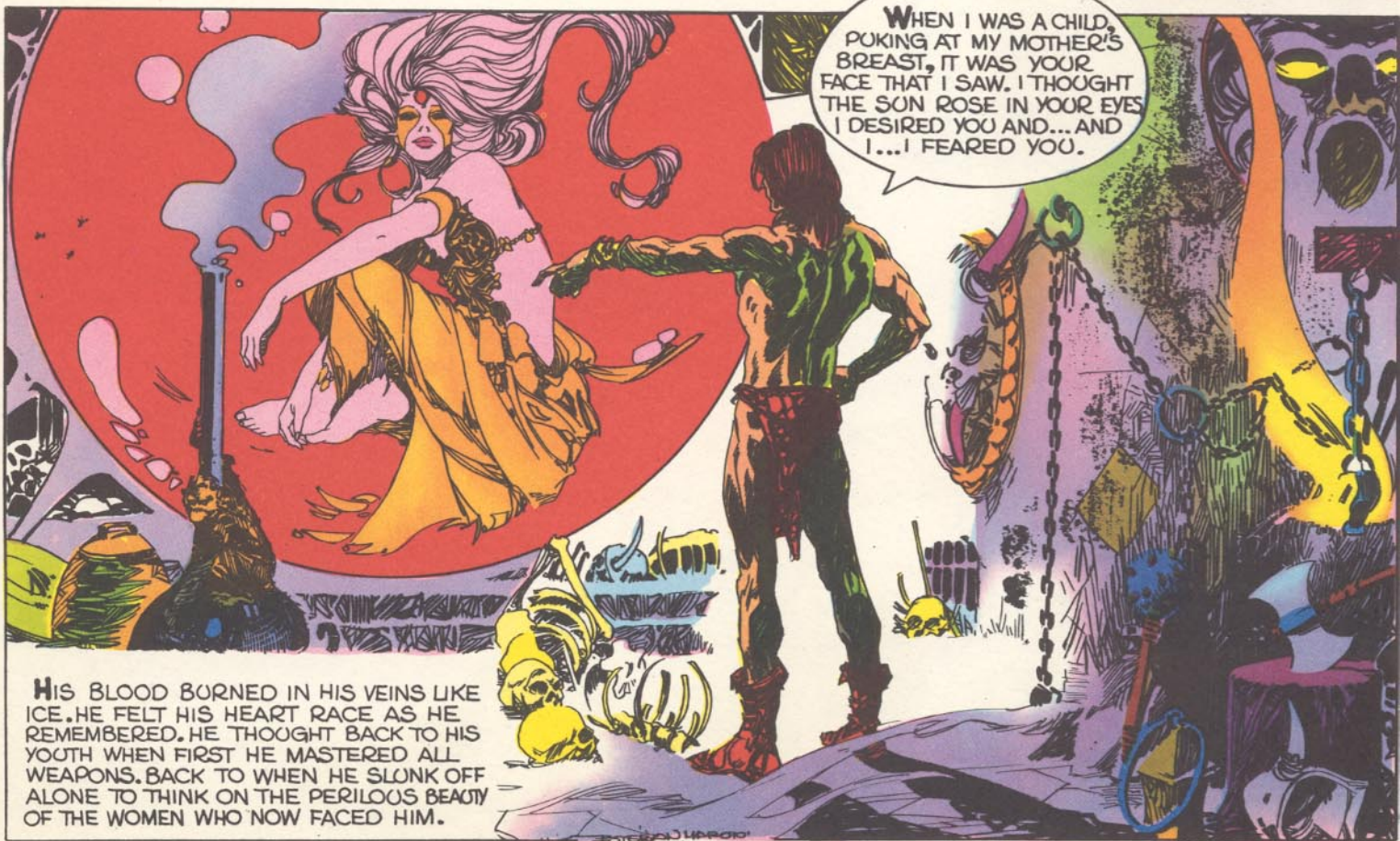


**LOOK AT ME. GAZE AT MY LIPS, MOIST WITH DESIRE FOR YOU. MY ARMS REACH OUT FOR YOU. I AM VENUS. I AM IN THE SUN AND THE MOON AND THE WEST WIND. I AM NOW AND ALWAYS. I OFFER YOU MY LOVE. WHAT SAY YOU?**



**THE LEGEND OF REP-TAH IS TRUE. MISTRESS, YOU ARE INDEED A BEAUTY AMONGST BEAUTIES!**

**WHEN I WAS A CHILD, PUKING AT MY MOTHER'S BREAST, IT WAS YOUR FACE THAT I SAW. I THOUGHT THE SUN ROSE IN YOUR EYES I DESIRED YOU AND...AND I...I FEARED YOU.**



**HIS BLOOD BURNED IN HIS VEINS LIKE ICE. HE FELT HIS HEART RACE AS HE REMEMBERED. HE THOUGHT BACK TO HIS YOUTH WHEN FIRST HE MASTERED ALL WEAPONS. BACK TO WHEN HE SLUNK OFF ALONE TO THINK ON THE PERILOUS BEAUTY OF THE WOMEN WHO NOW FACED HIM.**





NOW SHE WAS THERE. HIS DREAM MADE FLESH. MORE WONDROUS AND MORE FEARFUL THAN IN ANY OF HIS WILDEST DREAMS. SO PERFECT!



IF YOU TRULY KNOW EVERYTHING, TELL ME WHETHER MY QUEST WILL BE SUCCESSFUL.

WILL I FIND MY PEOPLE?

WILL I EVER AGAIN SEE MY DEAR WIFE, BRUMA?



A MAN ALONE IS NOTHING. A MAN ALONE HAS NO VALUE. WOLFF HAD BEEN ALONE FOR TOO LONG.

FOR A MOMENT, THE SORCESS OF THE RED MIST ALLOWED HIM TO SEE HIS TRIBE. WOLFF COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE THE NIGHTMARE HE SAW.



WOUNDS OF CROM! THE COAST OF DEATH! THEY ARE IN THE SWAMPS OF GINZA!





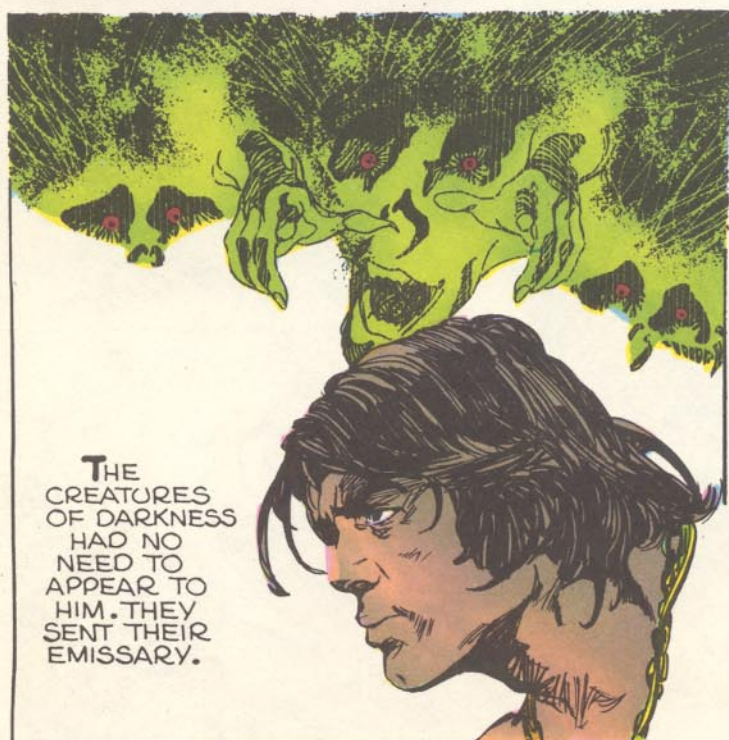
BLIND WITH RAGE, WOLFF STRUCK OUT WILDLY WITH HIS MACE.



WOLFF SOBBED HELPLESSLY AS HIS ENEMIES MOCKED HIM.



THE WITCH WATCHED HIM IMPASSIVELY, LETTING HIS ANGER BURN ITSELF OUT. WITH IMMORTAL CALM, SHE GAZED AT THE MAN SHE DESIRED.

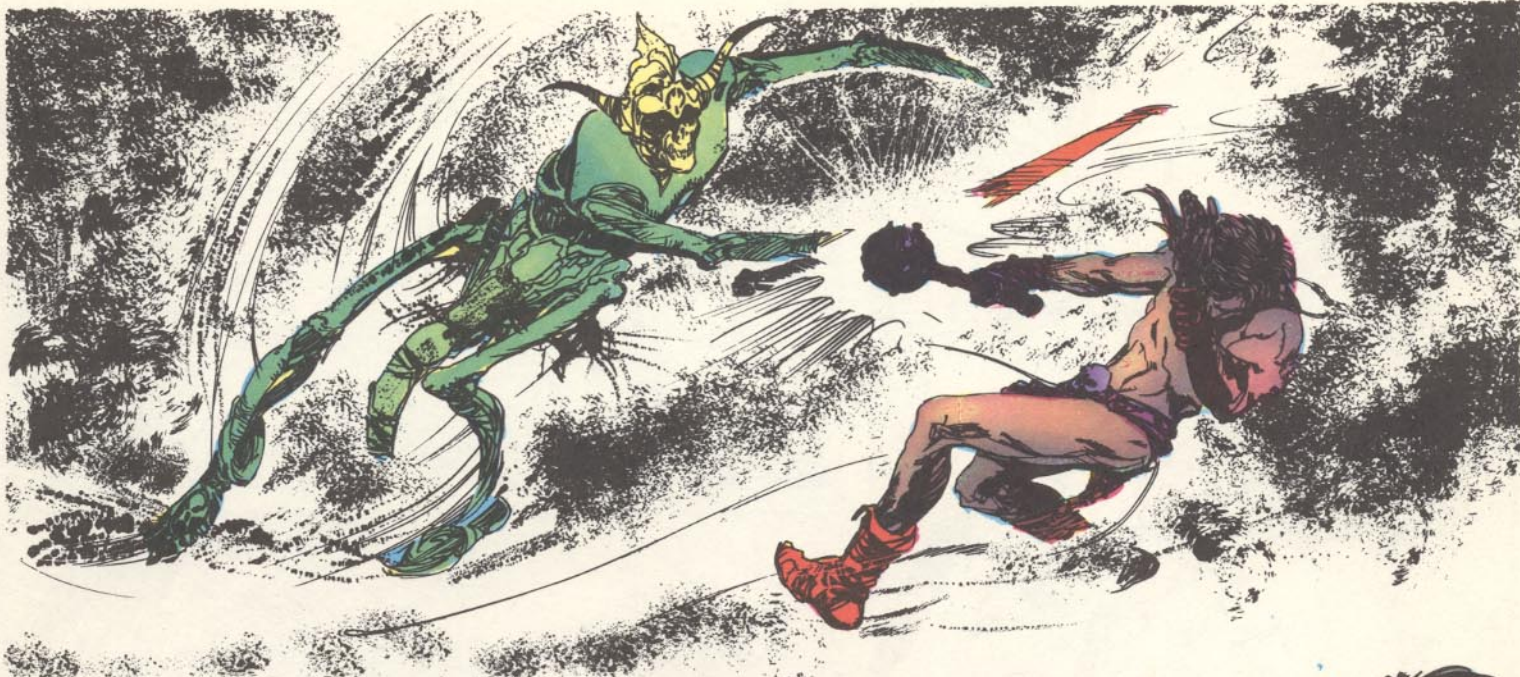


THE CREATURES OF DARKNESS HAD NO NEED TO APPEAR TO HIM. THEY SENT THEIR EMISSARY.

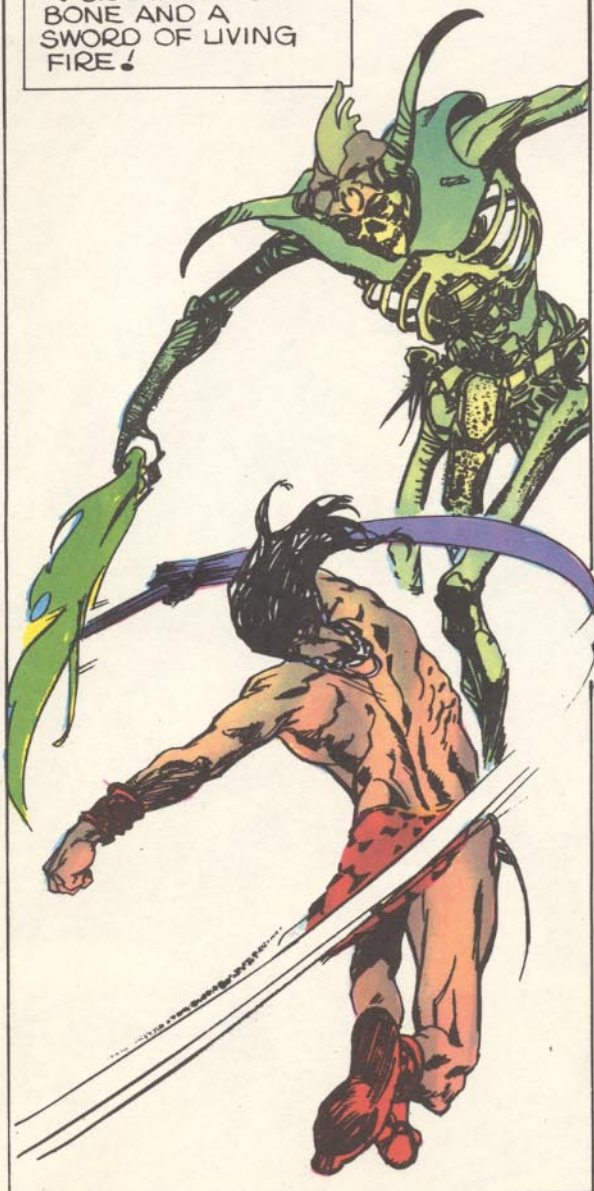


WOUNDS OF SET!!  
Nooooo!!





A CREATURE OF BONE AND A SWORD OF LIVING FIRE!



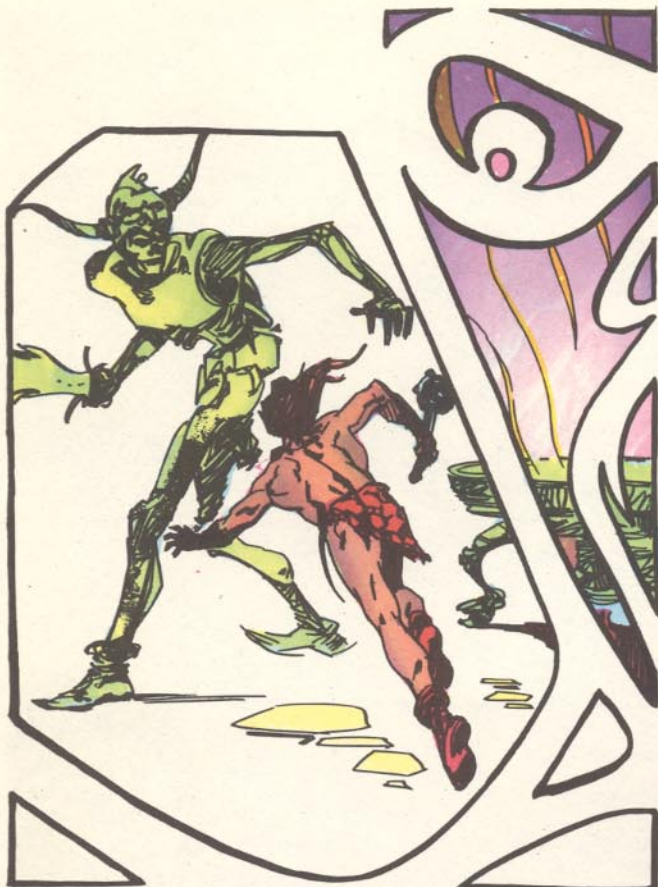
WHATEVER IT MIGHT BE, LIVING, DEAD OR... NEITHER, AT LEAST IT WAS VISIBLE. AT LEAST IT MOVED AND COULD BE STRUCK. WOLFF ATTACKED FIERCELY, PANTING AND GROWLING DEEP IN HIS THROAT.



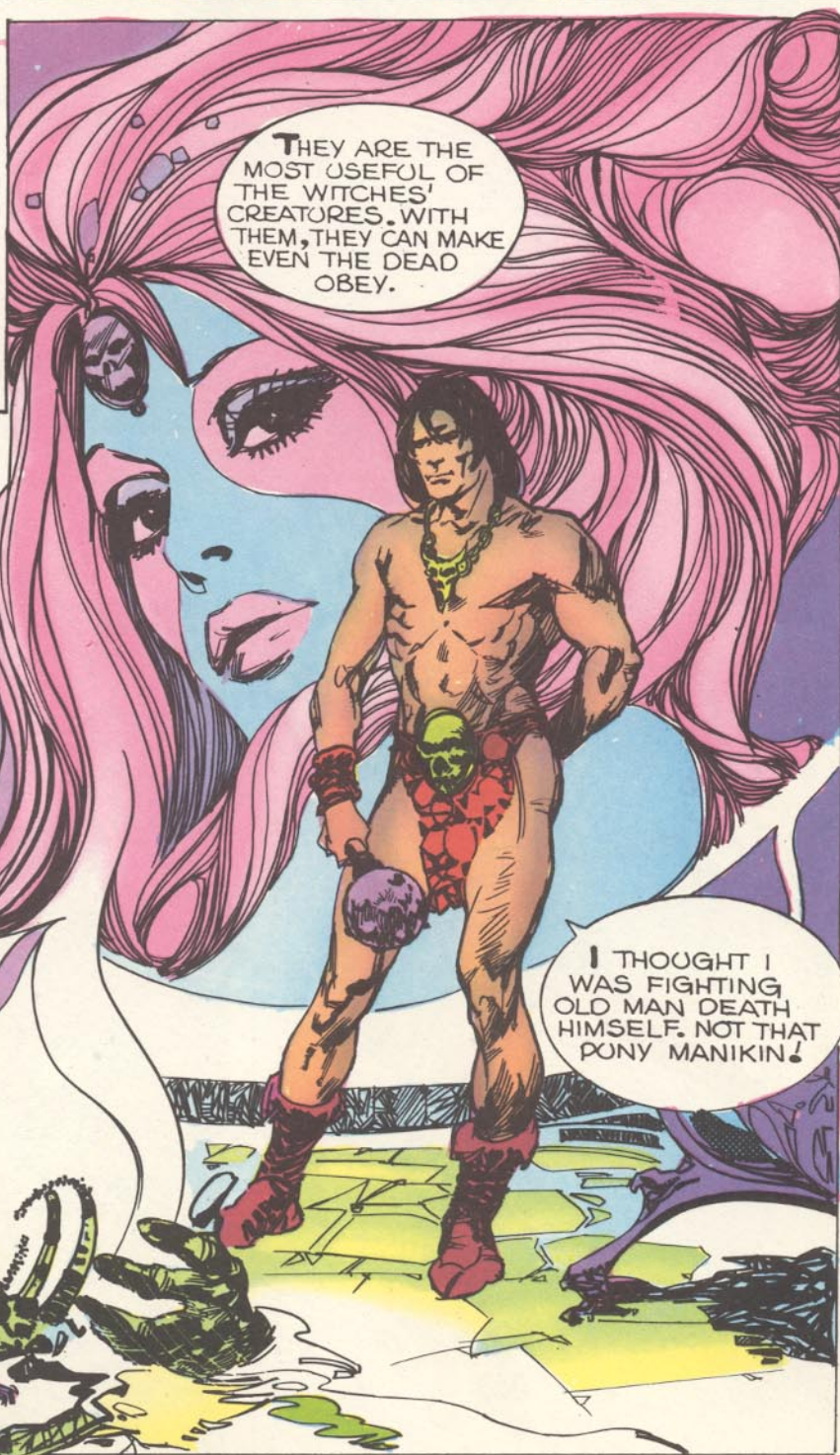
AT THE BACK OF THE NECK, WOLFF. IT'S THE ONLY PLACE. NOW!!







AS THE LIVING SKELETON COLLAPSED INTO DRY SHARDS OF BONE, A TINY HOMUNCULUS CREPT OUT OF THE SHATTERED SKULL.



THEY ARE THE MOST USEFUL OF THE WITCHES' CREATURES. WITH THEM, THEY CAN MAKE EVEN THE DEAD OBEY.

I THOUGHT I WAS FIGHTING OLD MAN DEATH HIMSELF. NOT THAT PONY MANIKIN!



AS A CHILL WIND TUMBLED AWAY THE DUSTY REMAINS OF THE LIVING SKELETON, WOLFF GAZED AGAIN ON THE FACE OF THE SORCERESS. IN THE MISTY CRYSTAL VAPOUR, HER FACE APPEARED EVEN MORE SERENE AND UNWORLDLY.

PLEASE, IS THERE NO WAY A MORTAL CAN COME INTO YOUR WORLD?



WOLFF, MY DEARLY BELOVED. THERE IS NOW NOTHING THAT CAN STAND AGAINST US OR BETWEEN US. COME MY LOVE! COME!!

NOW THE CURSE OF TIME HAD BEEN BROKEN BY ONE MAN'S COURAGE, SHE WAS NO LONGER ISOLATED IN HER OWN LONELY, COLD WORLD.

MISTRESS. I SEE YOU, AND YET, I STILL CANNOT BELIEVE THAT THE GREAT ENCHANTRESS IS MORE THAN JUST A SHADOW OF FEAR AT THE CORNER OF MEN'S MINDS.



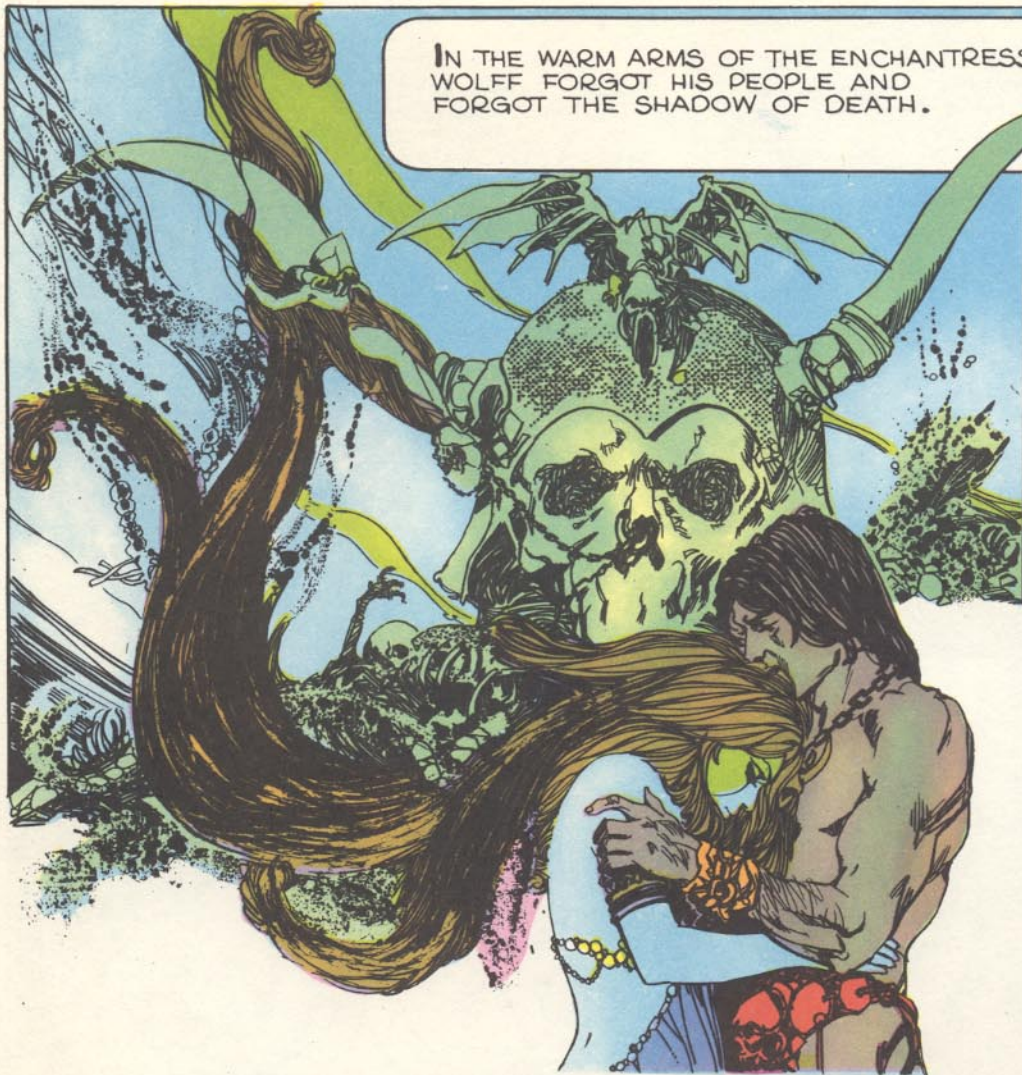
I AM A WOMAN. CAN YOU NOT FEEL MY HAND ON YOUR BODY? YOU ARE NOT DREAMING, WOLFF.

A HEARTBEAT! I CAN FEEL YOU TREMBLING IN MY ARMS. MY DEAREST, I KNEW, ALWAYS KNEW, THAT SOME DAY, SOME... NOW!





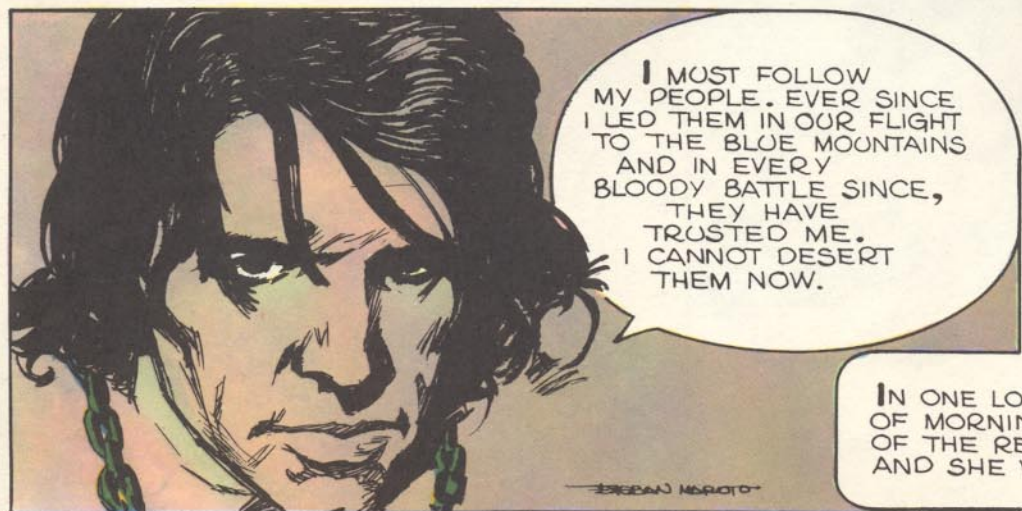
IN THE WARM ARMS OF THE ENCHANTRESS,  
WOLFF FORGOT HIS PEOPLE AND  
FORGOT THE SHADOW OF DEATH.



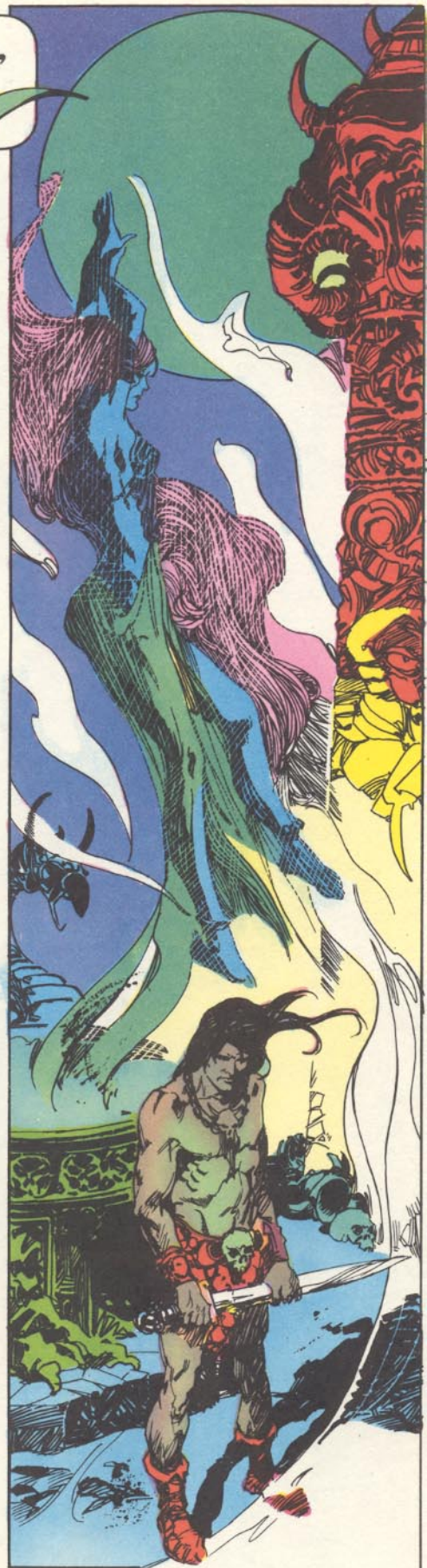
THREE DAYS HAVE  
PASSED SINCE YOU  
FIRST ENTERED MY  
REALM. I WOULD HAVE  
YOU WITH ME THROUGH  
ALL ETERNITY, BUT THE  
GREATER GODS WOULD  
NOT HAVE IT SO.



I MUST FOLLOW  
MY PEOPLE. EVER SINCE  
I LED THEM IN OUR FLIGHT  
TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS  
AND IN EVERY  
BLOODY BATTLE SINCE,  
THEY HAVE  
TRUSTED ME.  
I CANNOT DESERT  
THEM NOW.

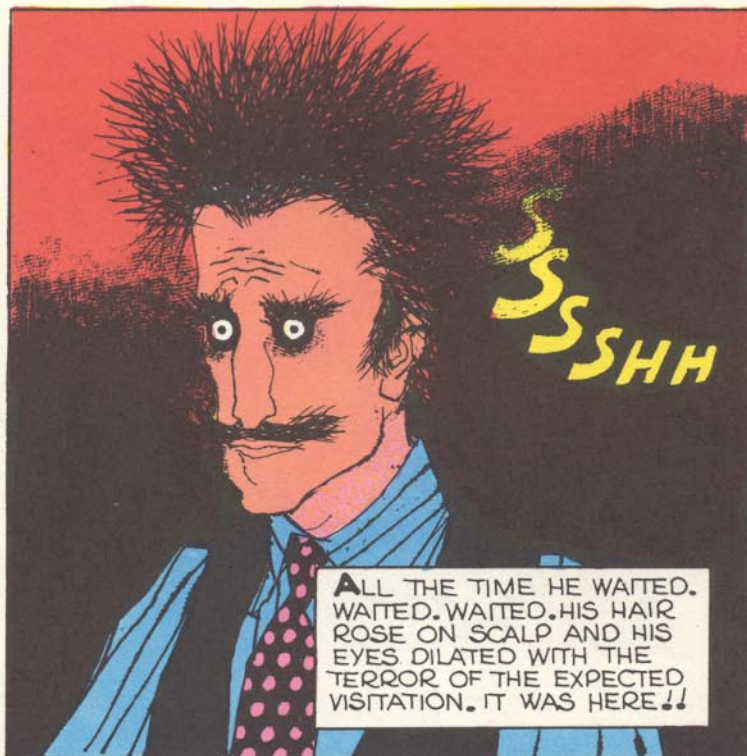
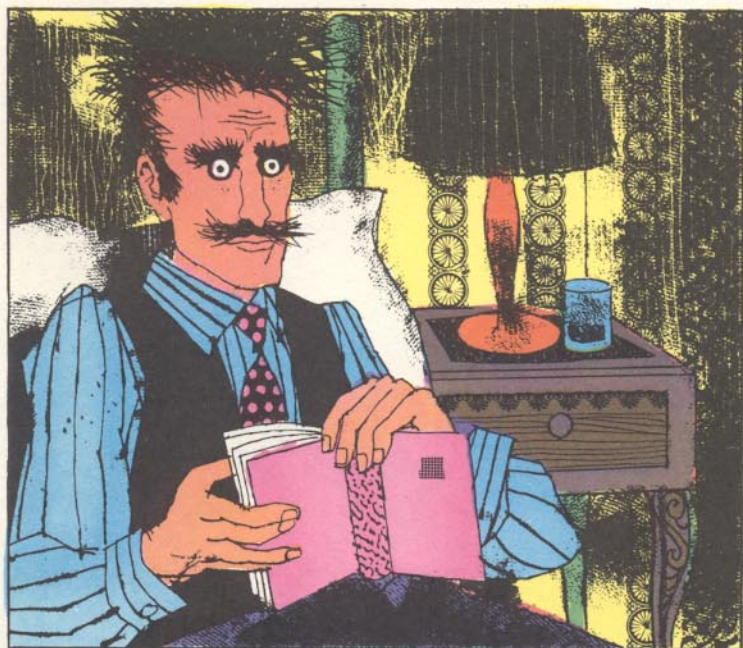


IN ONE LOST MOMENT, THE COOL BREEZE  
OF MORNING PLUCKED AT THE EDGES  
OF THE RED MIST. AND IT WAS GONE.  
AND SHE WAS GONE. GONE.





NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, AS PART OF AN UNALTERABLE ROUTINE, JEREMY HARKNETT WOULD READ JUST FOUR PAGES OF A BOOK, BEFORE RETIRING TO HIS BED. ANY BOOK.

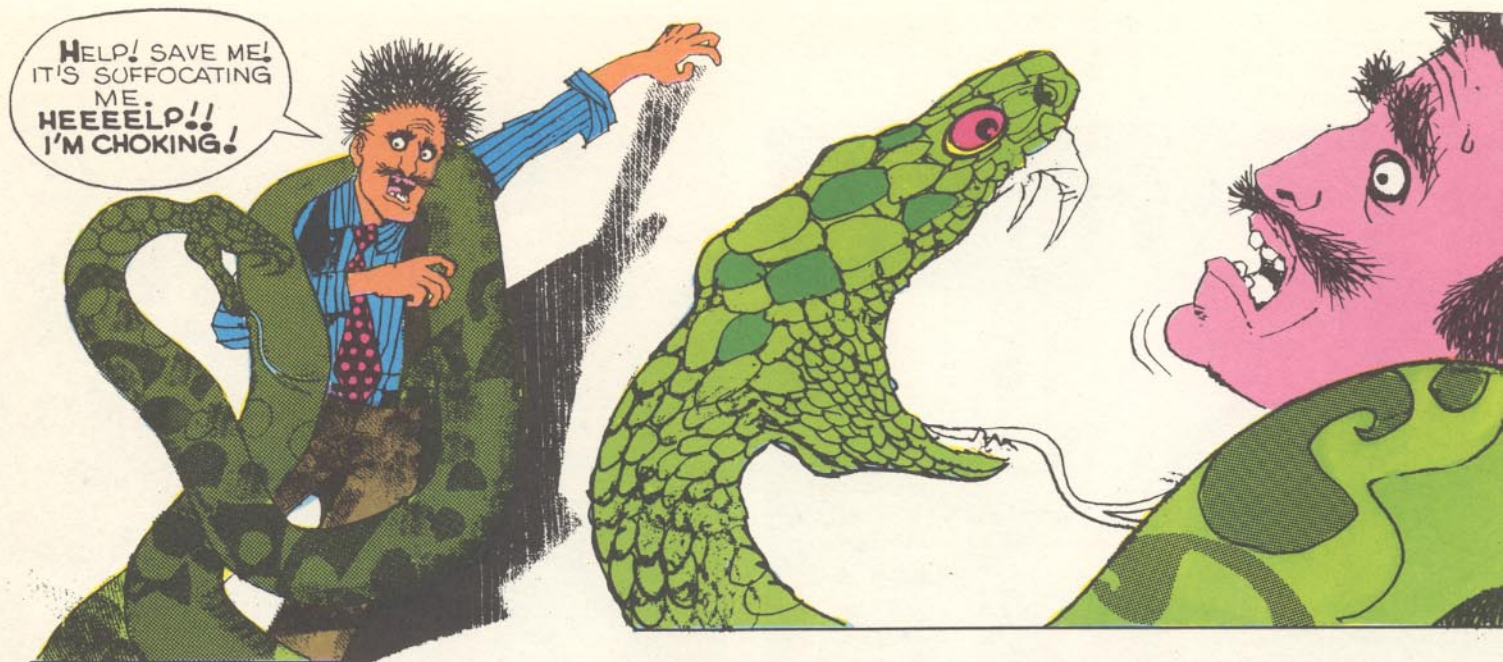


ALL THE TIME HE WAITED. WAITED. WAITED. HIS HAIR ROSE ON SCALP AND HIS EYES DILATED WITH THE TERROR OF THE EXPECTED VISITATION. IT WAS HERE!!

## THE SNAKE

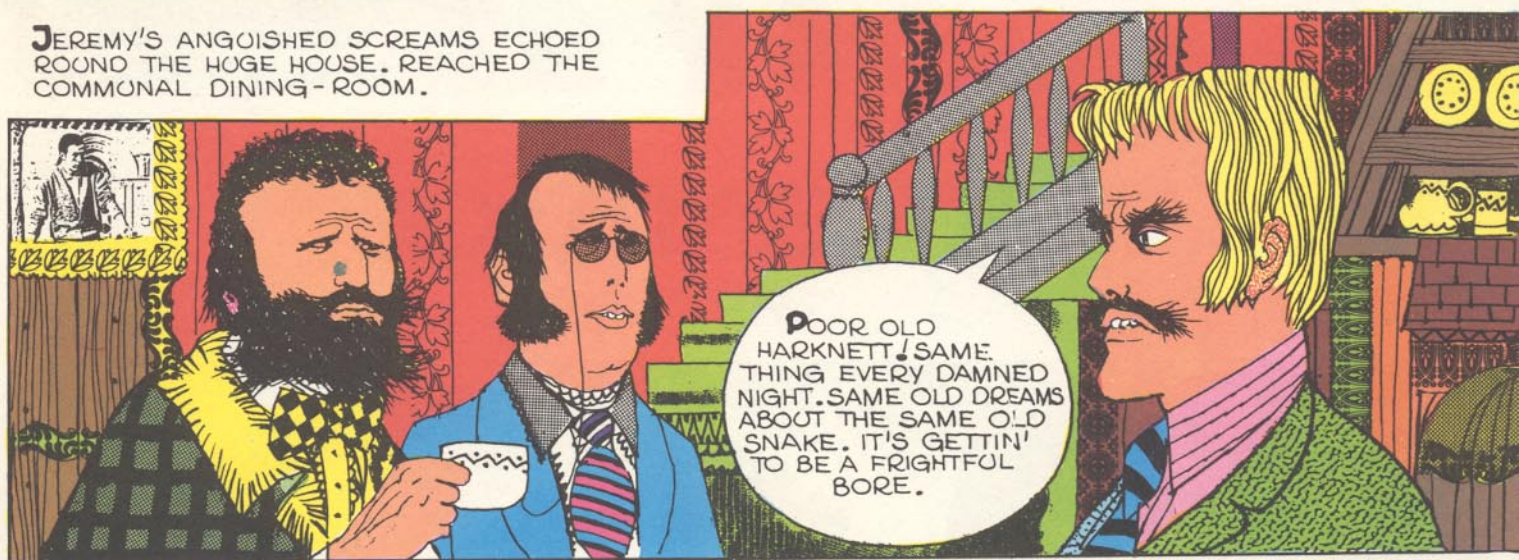






HELP! SAVE ME!  
IT'S SUFFOCATING  
ME.  
HEEEELP!!  
I'M CHOKING!

JEREMY'S ANGUISHED SCREAMS ECHOED  
ROUND THE HUGE HOUSE. REACHED THE  
COMMUNAL DINING-ROOM.



POOR OLD  
HARKNETT! SAME  
THING EVERY DAMNED  
NIGHT. SAME OLD DREAMS  
ABOUT THE SAME OLD  
SNAKE. IT'S GETTIN'  
TO BE A FRIGHTFUL  
BORE.

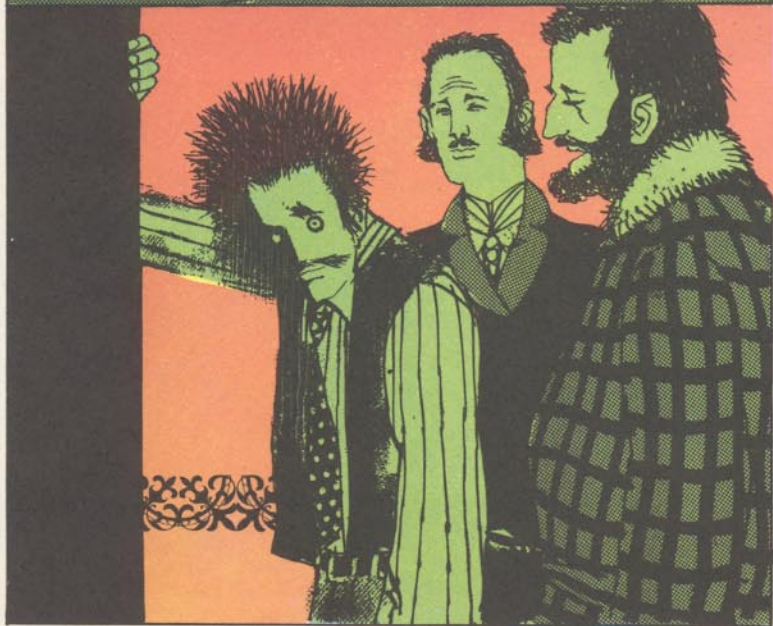
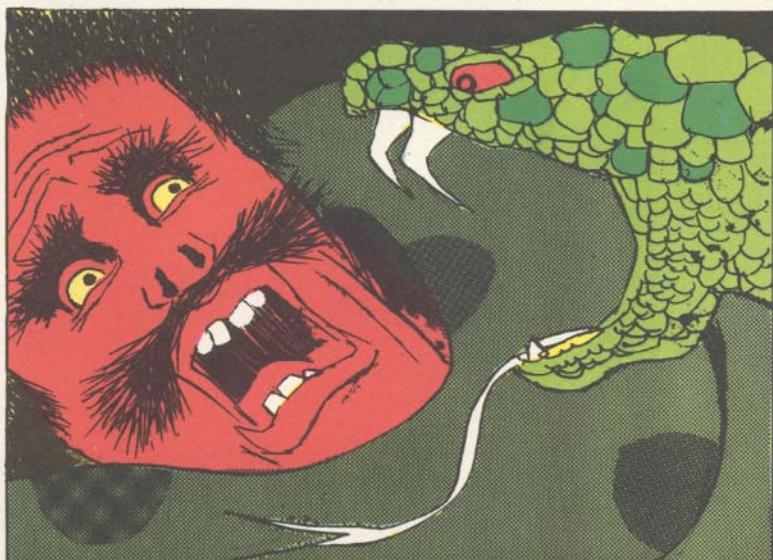
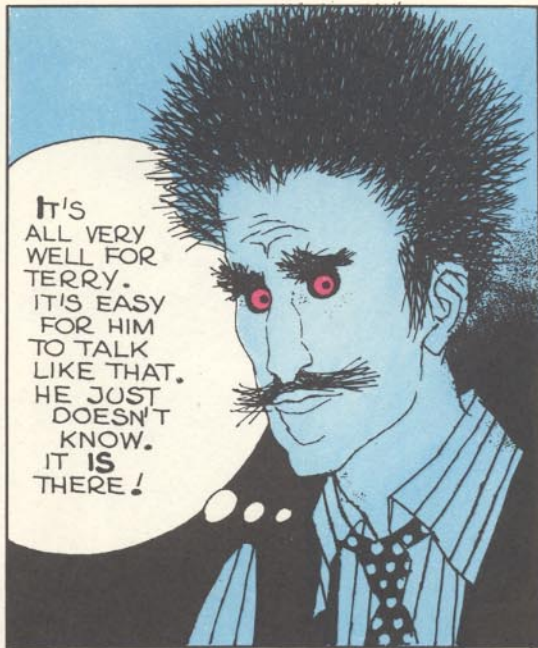


YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...IT'S  
...IT'S...EVERY NIGHT.  
THE SNAKE IS THERE.  
IN MY ROOM. WAITING,  
AND THEN  
IT...

FOR  
GODDNESS! SAKE,  
MAN. PULL YOURSELF  
TOGETHER. THAT SNAKE  
ONLY EXISTS IN YOUR  
MIND. WE'VE EVEN  
SEARCHED YOUR ROOM  
FOR YOU. THERE'S  
NOTHING  
THERE.

IT'S JUST A  
DREAM. NOW, BE A  
GOOD CHAP. TRY NOT  
TO MAKE SUCH A  
FUSS ABOUT A DAMNED  
SILLY DREAM ABOUT A  
DAMNED NON-EXISTENT  
SNAKE. GOODNIGHT.

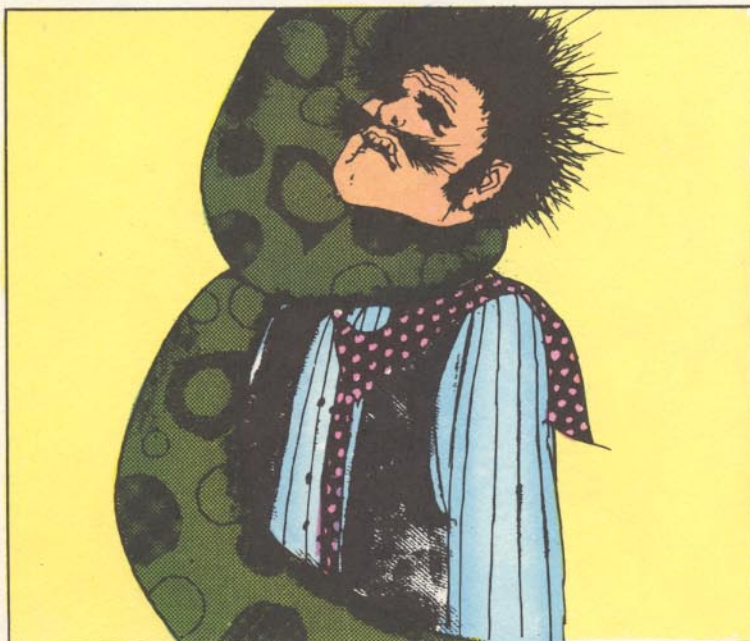




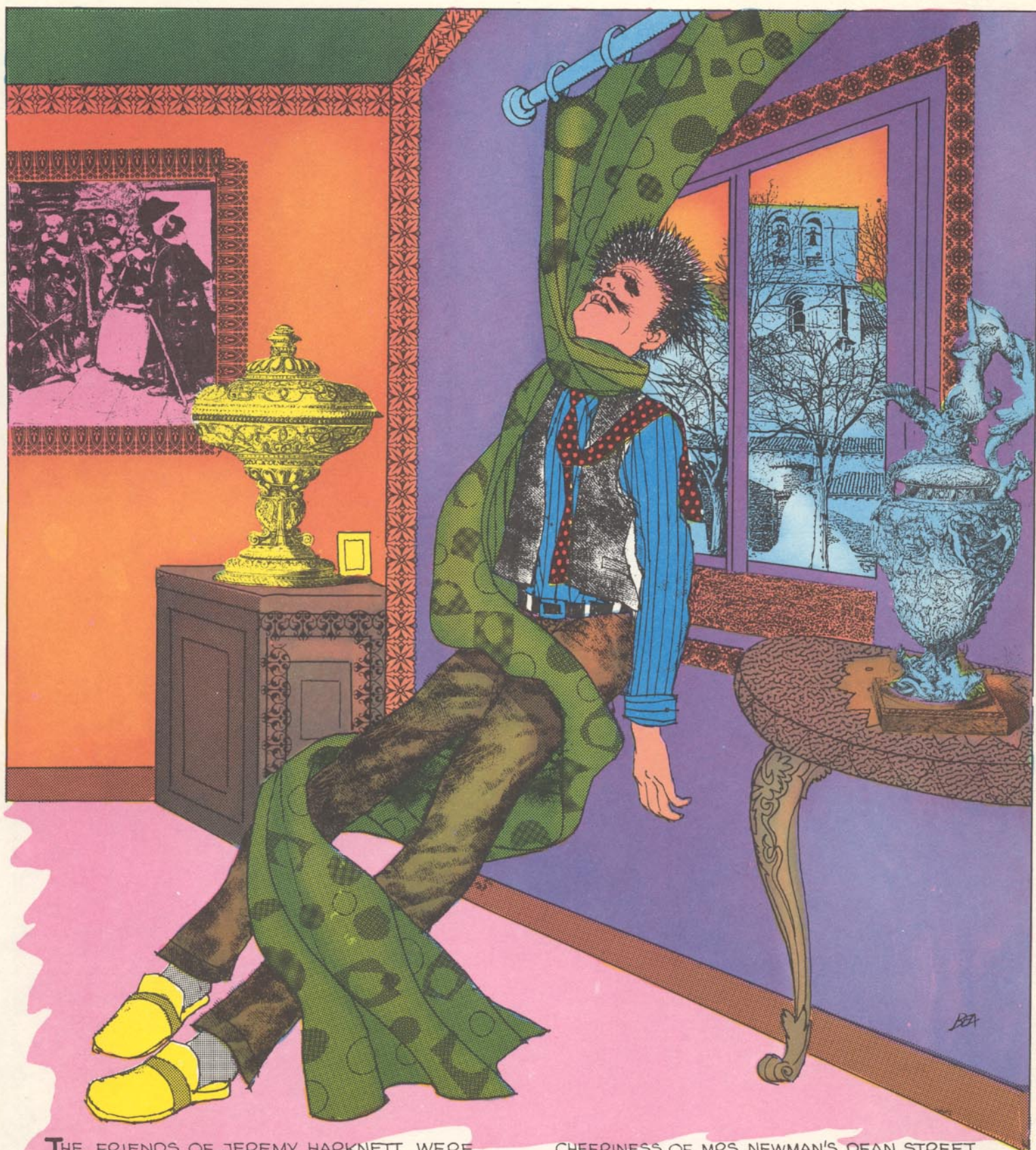
THE NIGHT ISN'T EVEN OVER WHEN HIS FRIENDS RETURN AGAIN TO TRY AND QUIETEN HIM.











THE FRIENDS OF JEREMY HARKNETT WERE, OF COURSE, RIGHT. THERE AREN'T ANY SNAKES IN LONDON FLATS. THE ROOMS ARE TOTALLY INNOCUOUS: EVEN DULL. SAME OLD CHAIRS, BEDS, WARDROBES, PICTURES, CARPETS AND... CURTAINS. YOU ONLY FIND SNAKES IN MALAYA, OR AFRICA, PERHAPS IN THE DARK VALLEYS OF THE AMAZON. BUT, NOT IN LONDON. NOT IN THE CHINTZY

CHEERINESS OF MRS. NEWMAN'S DEAN STREET APARTMENT. NEVER. ALL HIS FRIENDS SAID SO: CECIL, TONY, ROGER AND CHRISTOPHER: THEY ALL SAID SO. AND THEY WERE NEVER WRONG! NOT IN MRS. NEWMAN'S. SHE WAS TOO HOUSE-PROUD. TOO CAREFUL OF HER ROOMS: THE FURNITURE, THE CARPETS, THE CURTAINS. SLEEP WELL JEREMY HARKNETT. NOW YOUR FRIENDS HAVE SOMETHING TO EXPIATE - A PETTINESS.



Eloise

SIX MONTHS, MY DARLING. THEY LIED WHEN THEY SAID TIME WOULD EASE MY PAIN.

I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING WITHOUT YOU

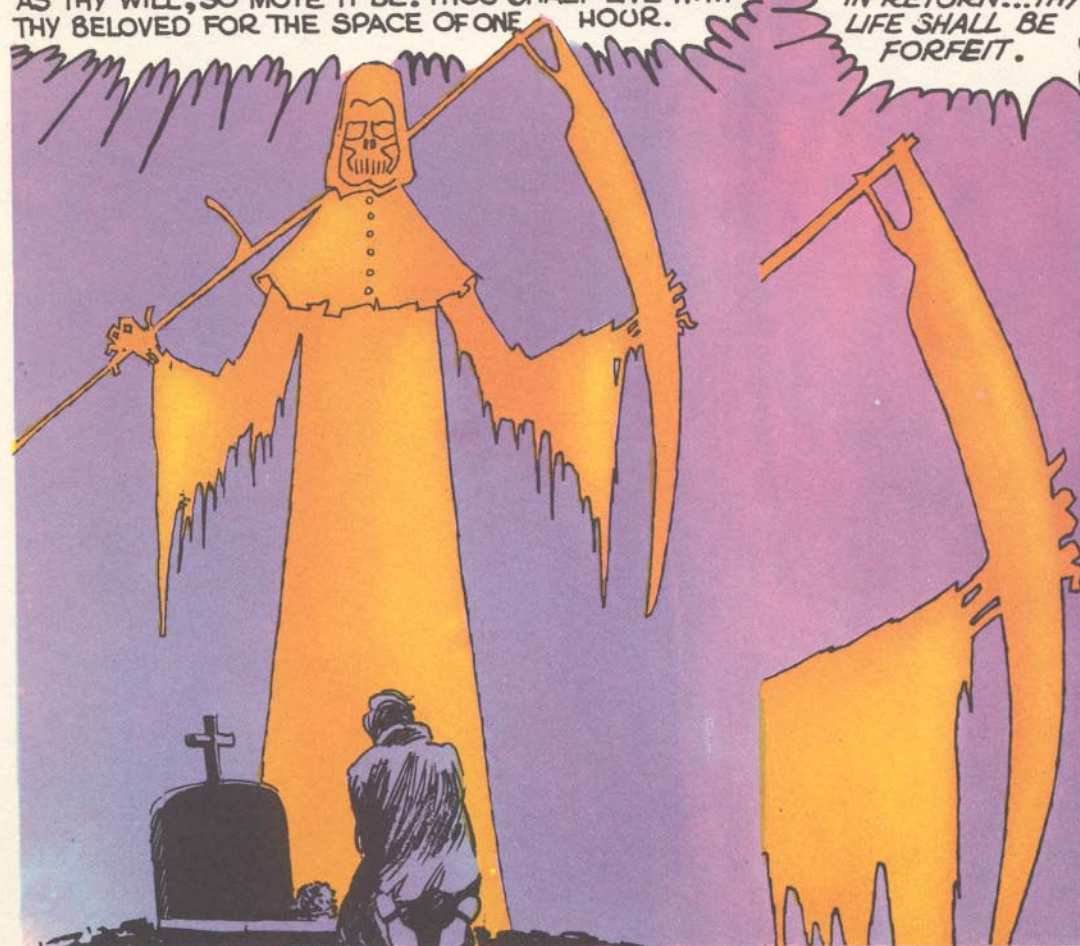
ELOISE, MY LOVE...

I WOULD GIVE MY LIFE TO BE WITH YOU AGAIN.

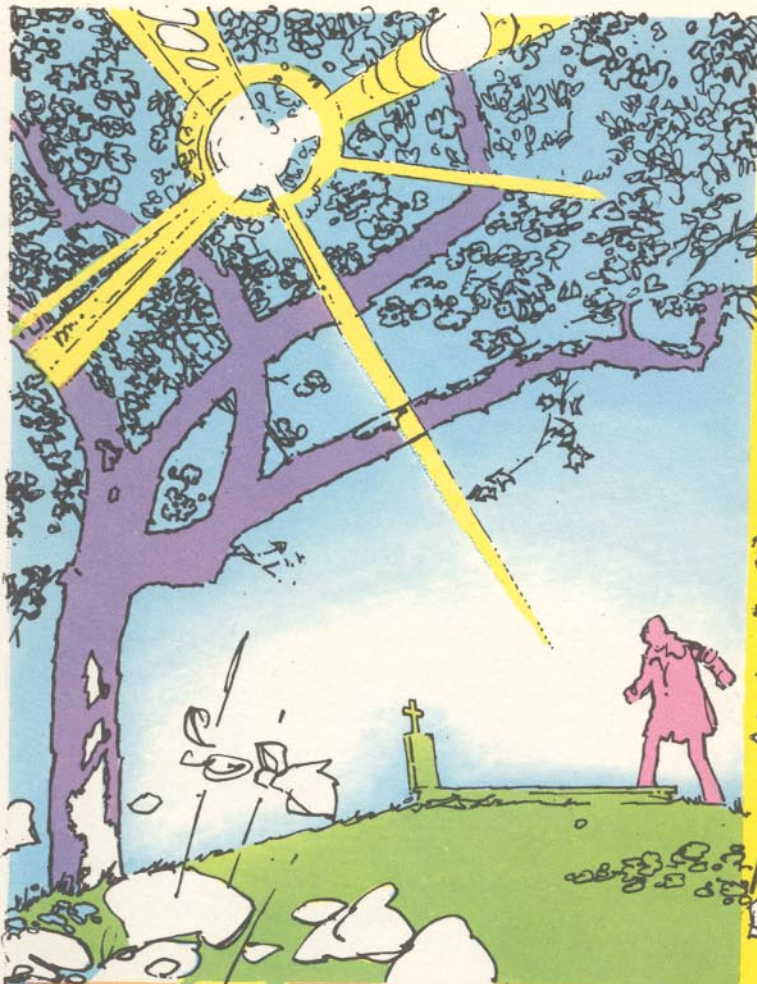
AN HOUR. THAT'S ALL. ONE HOUR. LIKE IT WAS.

AS THY WILL, SO MOTE IT BE. THOU SHALT LIVE WITH THY BELOVED FOR THE SPACE OF ONE HOUR.

IN RETURN...THY LIFE SHALL BE FORFEIT.



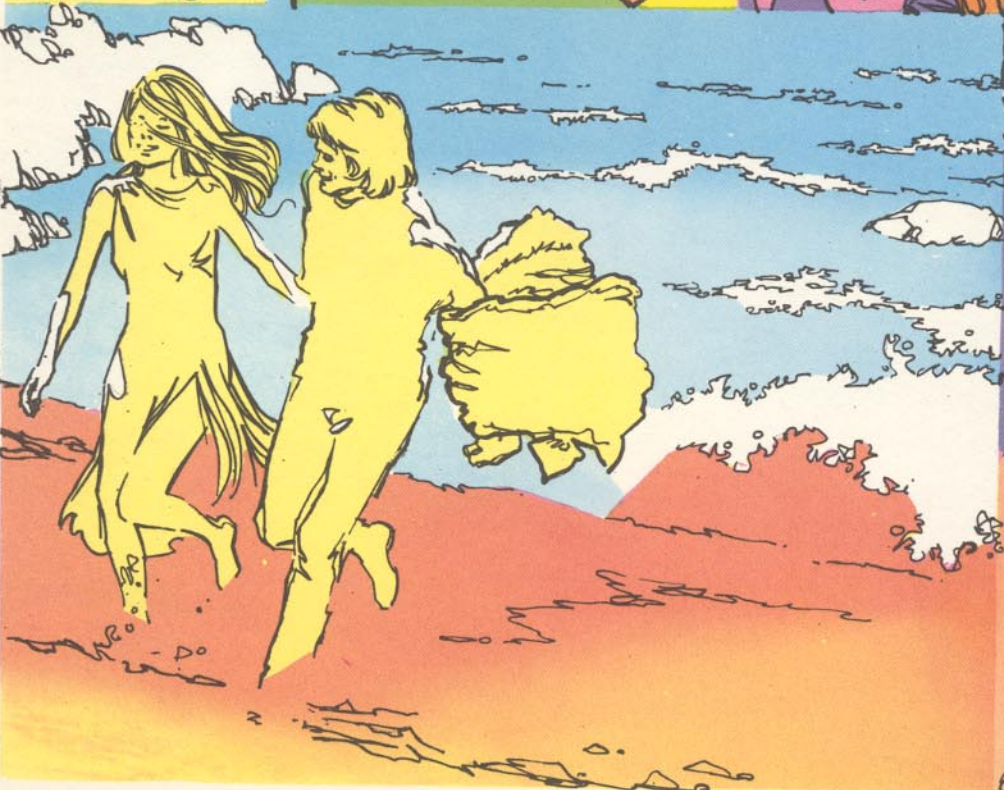
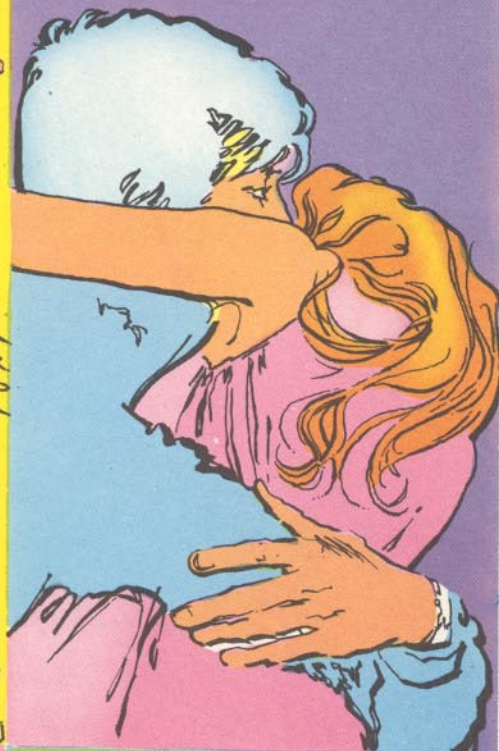




PETER! MY  
DARLING.



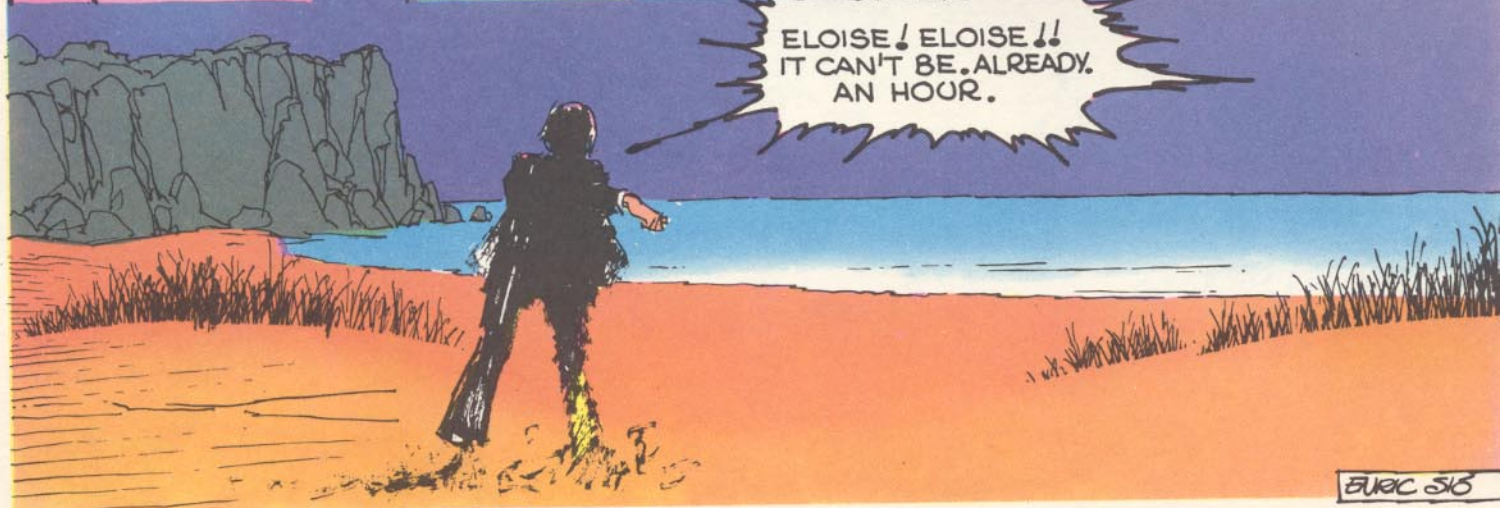
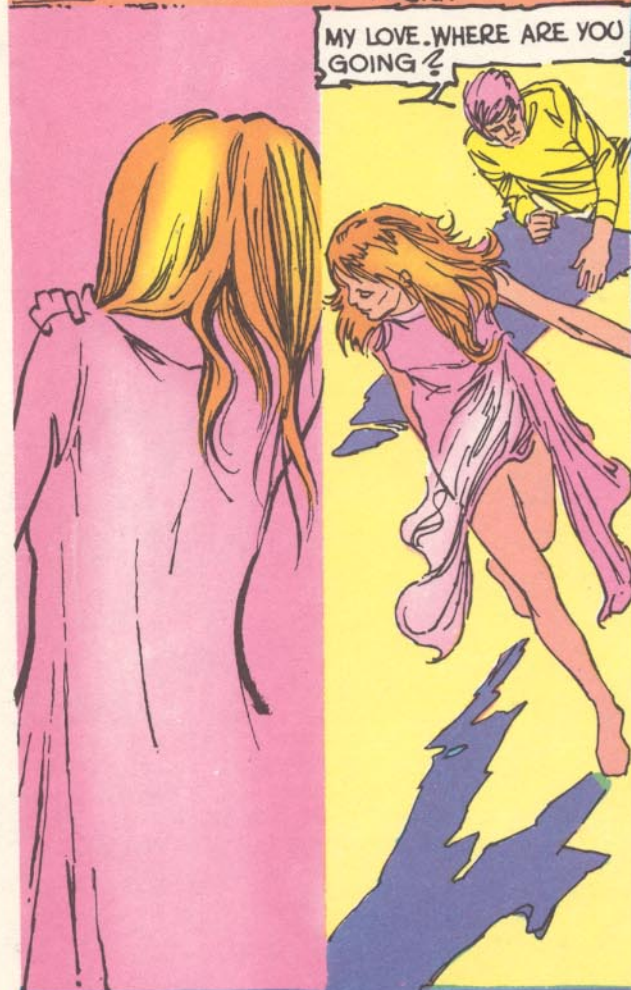
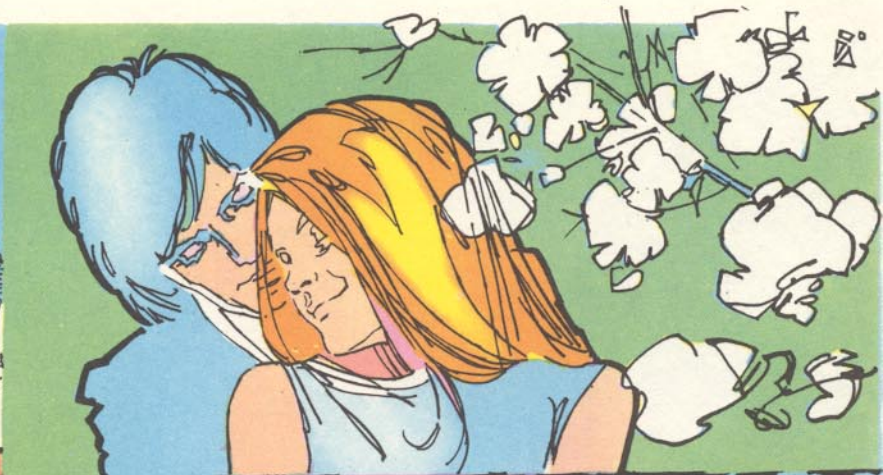
ELOISE! IT'S TOO  
MUCH. I CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT.



DON'T EVEN TRY TO TALK, MY  
DEAREST. TO SEE YOU AND HOLD  
YOU. YOUR HAIR, YOUR EYES,  
YOUR BODY. OH, MY SWEETEST LOVE.







ERIC SIB



NO. NOTHING HAS CHANGED.  
GOD, IT'S WORSE.

MAYBE I'M GOING MAD.  
MAYBE IT NEVER HAPPENED

IT DOESN'T MATTER. I'M  
STILL ALONE. I'VE  
LOST HER FOR  
EVER.

THERE'S ONLY DEATH.  
MAYBE IT WASN'T A DREAM.  
MAYBE HE'LL CLAIM ME.

NOOOOOO!!

I CAN'T FACE  
ANYTHING  
ANYMORE!

THOU ART DISTRAUGHT BECAUSE  
THOU HAST LOST THY LOVE AND THOU  
MUST DIE. THOU ART SO FILLED  
WITH FEAR THAT THOU WOULDST  
RATHER END THY TORTURE BY  
CASTING THYSELF TO THY DEATH.  
O FOOL! DEATH IS AN  
INFINITY WORSE THAN  
THE SIMPLE RELEASE  
OF ENDING.

THOU WILT NOT FALL. THOU  
SHALT SEE THESE ROCKS  
THROUGH AN ENDLESS ETER-  
NITY BUT THEY SHALL NEVER  
BROISE THY FLESH.

AWE. THOU WILT TRY. BUT  
IT IS VAIN.



THOU WILT TRY TO SHUT OUT THIS LANDSCAPE  
THAT SURROUNDS THEE. THOU CANST NOT. FOR  
EVER. THERE WILL BE NO CHANGE IN THESE ROCKS  
OR IN THEE. THE TIME WILL COME TO THEE WHEN  
IT WILL ALL BECOME NECESSARY. AT THAT MOMENT,  
THOU WILT COMPREHEND THE MAJESTY OF  
ETERNITY.

THEN THERE WILL BE DARK. THOU WILT  
WISH TO LOSE ALL THY SENSES RATHER  
THAN ENDURE. BUT, THOU WILT EN-  
DURE. FOR THERE WILL BE NO  
CHOICE.

FOR EVER, THOU WILT FEEL DESOLATION.  
THOU WILT BE ALONE. ONE LAST THOUGHT.  
I WILL NOT EVEN GIVE THEE THE  
PLEASURE OF GOING MAD. FARE  
THEE WELL.

ERIC SIO

ELOOOIIIS EEEEE!!



# WOLFF

## The Night of the Werewolf

THE SORCERESS HAD DISAPPEARED BACK INTO THE RED MIST WHICH HAD GIVEN HER LIFE. IN THE BLASPHEMOUS MANUSCRIPT OF REP-TAH IT IS SAID OF HER: "SHE LIVES IN THE PLAINS OF THE WITCHES AND IS A WOMAN OF UNSURPASSED BEAUTY, BEING BOTH HONEY AND FIRE. FROM HER DEMESNE HAS NO TRAVELLER RETURNED. THOSE WHO HOPED TO SEE THE SUN RISE IN HER ARMS ARE BUT DUST AND BONES BENEATH THE SOLES OF HER FEET." WOLFF, WARRIOR AND LEADER OF MEN HAD SEEN THREE DAWNS WITH HER AND YET LIVED.





NOW IT WAS COLD NIGHT AND THE WARMTH OF HER EMBRACES LAY FAR BEHIND HIM. A CHILL WIND WHISPERED THROUGH THE TREES.



DRUMS! IN THIS PLACE! BLOOD OF CROM, IT MUST BE THE WOLF CULT.



THE BOOK OF LONG-DEAD REP-TAH MENTIONED THE FOUL CULT OF WOLVES AS AN ABERRATION OF A DISTANT PEOPLE, AWFUL BEYOND HUMAN THOUGHT.

A SCREAM! I HEARD THE CRY OF A WOUNDED DEER; NOW THERE IS NOTHING.



TANIT, HIGH-PRIESTESS OF THE CULT, RAISED THE DAGGER HIGH AND WAITED FOR THE MOON TO UNVEIL HERSELF.







AS IT ROSE, THE BEAMS SOFTENED FOR A TRANSIENT MOMENT THE CRUEL LINES OF HER FACE. THEN THE KNIFE SWEEPED DOWN AND THERE WAS SILENCE.



AS ON EVERY FULL MOON, **TANIT** PAID THE WOLF GOD THE DUE WHICH WAS HIS. THE OFFERING OF **SEGNAR**.

A CARELESS STEP AND MY HEART WILL ALSO SERVE AS A SMOKING SACRIFICE TO THESE PAGAN GHOULS. I WOULD KEEP MY HEART FREE WITHIN ME.



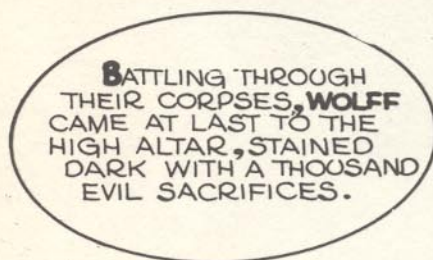
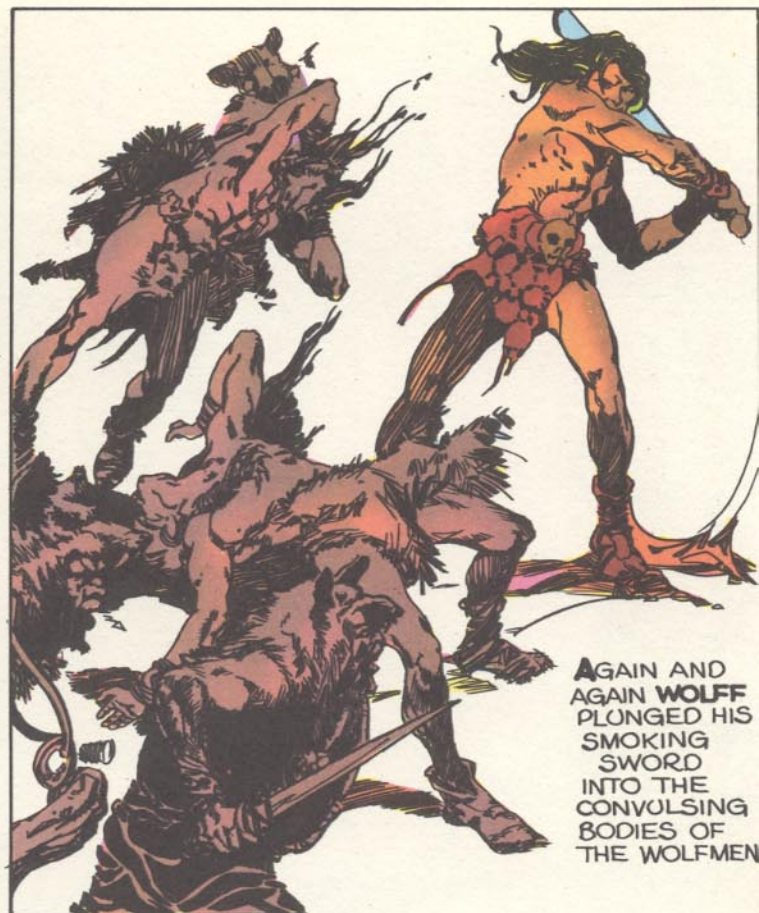
HE COULD NOT TEAR HIS EYES AWAY AS THE WOLFMEN CELEBRATED THEIR HIDEOUS RITUAL.



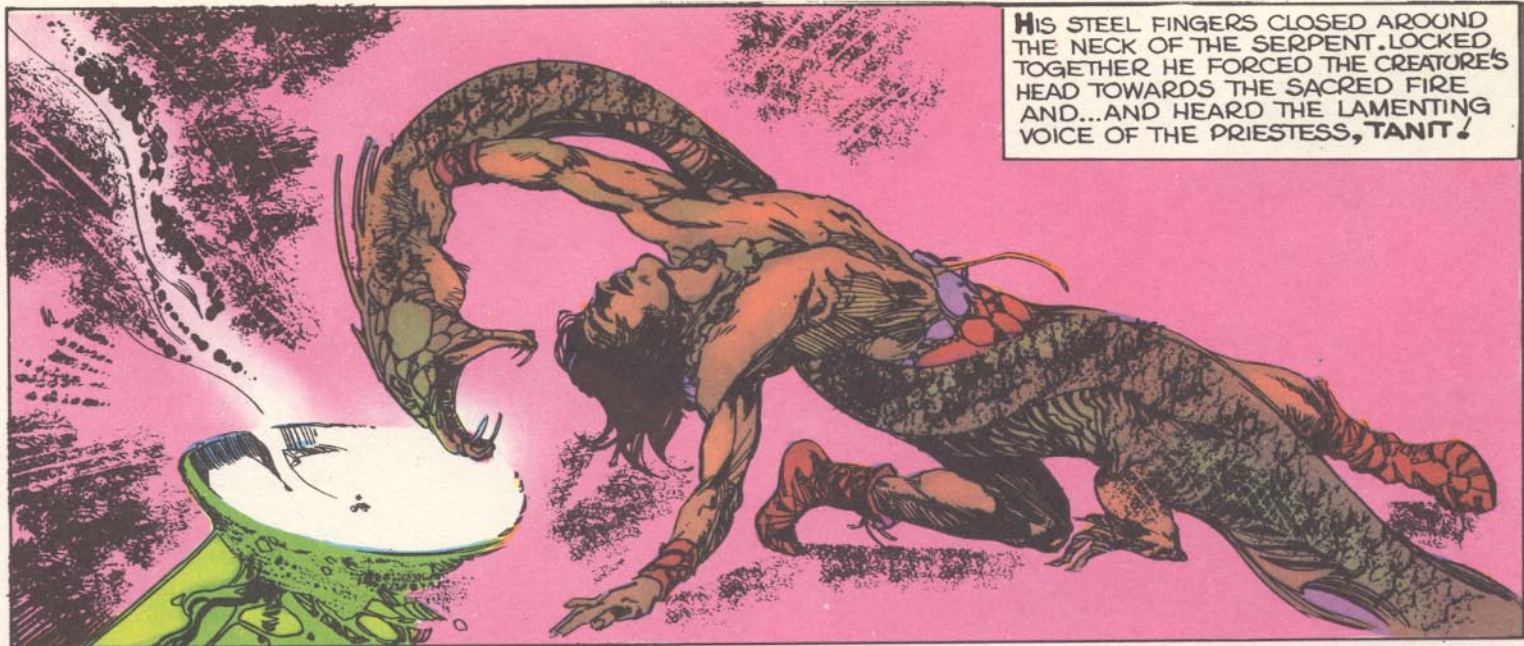
I SENSE AN **OUTSIDER!!**

COME THEN, BEASTS! SEE WHETHER THE TASTE OF GOOD CLEAN STEEL WILL COOL YOUR VENOM!

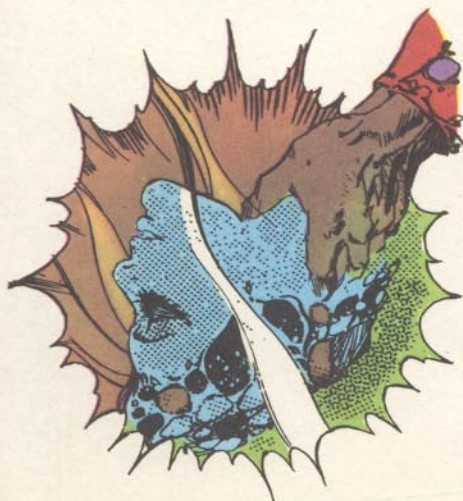








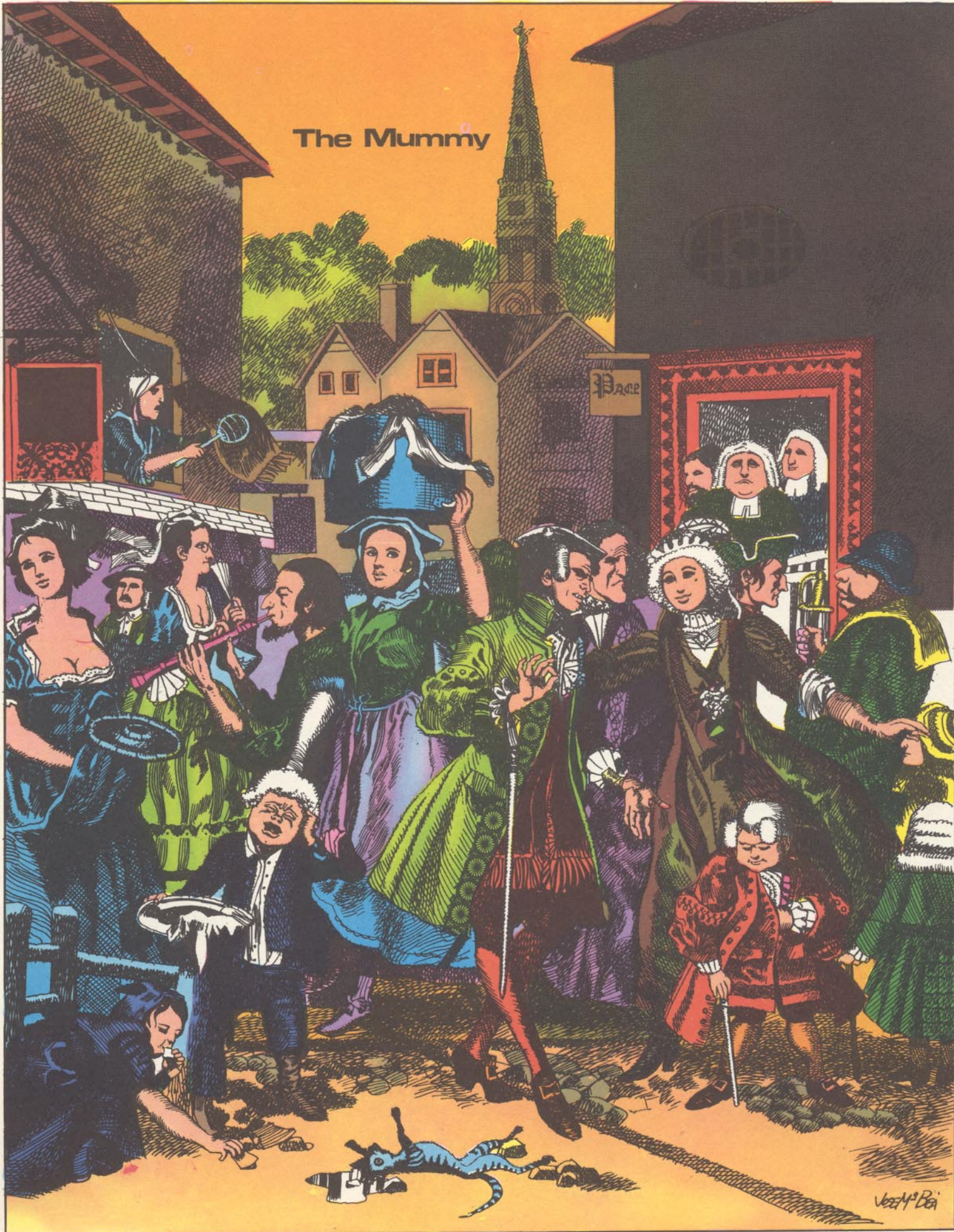
HIS STEEL FINGERS CLOSED AROUND THE NECK OF THE SERPENT. LOCKED TOGETHER HE FORCED THE CREATURE'S HEAD TOWARDS THE SACRED FIRE AND...AND HEARD THE LAMENTING VOICE OF THE PRIESTESS, **TANIT!**



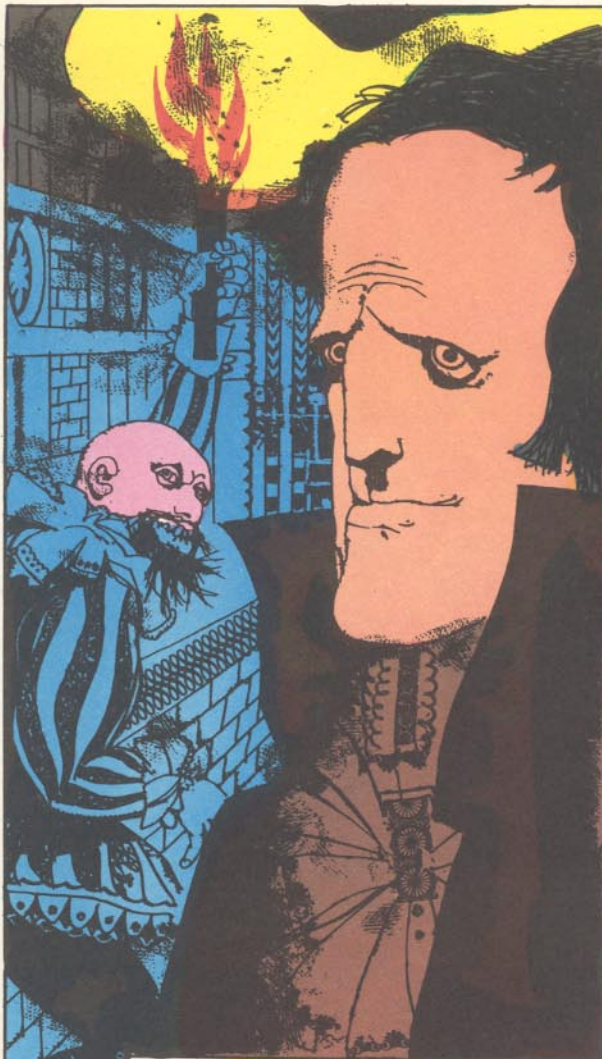
THE SECOND'S HESITATION WAS FATAL FOR **WOLFF**. HE GROWLED AS HIS ENEMY SLIPPED AWAY. HE DID NOT YET REALISE THAT **TANIT** WAS REVENGED. HE WAS A WOLFMAN!!



# The Mummy







AT LAST,  
MY LITTLE  
CORNELIUS.  
WE'VE FOUND  
IT!!

**LONDON. 1750.**

THE HUNCHBACK, CORNELIUS, LOOKED FEARFULLY AT HIS MASTER, THE TORCH TREMBLING IN HIS DEFORMED HANDS.



FOR ALL HIS EFFORTS, HE WAS BARELY ABLE TO MOVE THE GIANT SLAB FROM THE SARCOPHAGUS. HIS MASTER, THE SATANIC LORD HARRINGTON, BECOMES IMPATIENT WITH HIS TARDINESS.



FASTER,  
IMBECILE.  
CAN YOU DO  
NOTHING?  
FASTER!

AAARGH!



FINALLY, THE CASE IS OPENED AND A STALE ODOUR OF ANTIQUE DEATH AND DECAY OOZES OUT. THE MILLENNIC VISION IS REACHED, FROM EGYPT TO LONDON AND NOW...

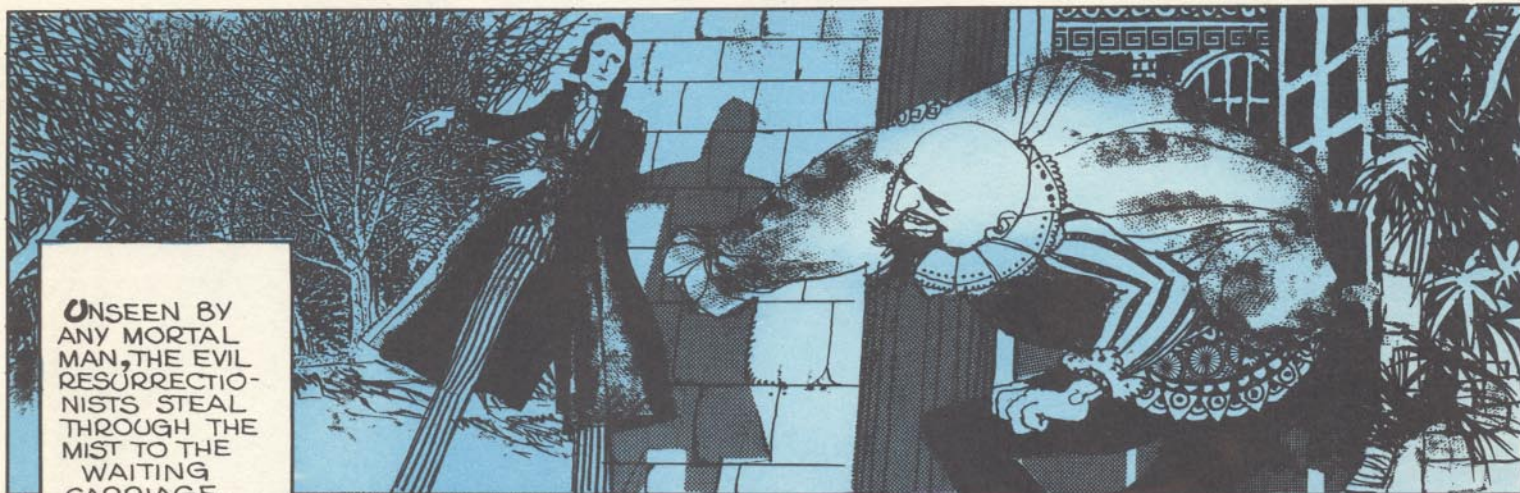


THE EONS OF TIME DO NOT SEEM TO HAVE AFFECTED THE MUMMY OF NEFER, NATURAL SON OF CLEOPATRA AND MARK ANTONY.



QUICKLY, FOOL. ON YOUR SHOULDER WITH IT AND LET'S AWAY FROM THIS ACCURSED PLACE.

THE FADED CEREMENTS ARE STILL INTACT!



UNSEEN BY ANY MORTAL MAN, THE EVIL RESURRECTIONISTS STEAL THROUGH THE MIST TO THE WAITING CARRIAGE.



THE VOYAGE OF NEFER HAS ENDED. CONCEIVED IN SWELTERING LUST, REJECTED BY HIS FATHER, VICTIM OF THE VENGEANCE AND HATRED OF HIS MOTHER, CLEOPATRA, IGNORED TOTALLY BY HISTORIANS, HE NOW COMES TO HIS LAST DESTINY.



THE NEXT DAY, LONDON IS ABOZZ WITH TALK OF THE MACABRE ROBBERY.



BUT, MY DEAR LADY FAWBERT, HOW CAN THEY POSSIBLY BE INTERESTED IN A ROTTING OLD BODY OF SOME EGYPTIAN PRINCELING. THEY LEFT THE GOLD SAR-COPHAGUS BEHIND!

TRULY, LORD VICTOR, I CAN THINK OF MANY USES WHICH I MIGHT FIND FOR A LIVING BODY, BUT, A DEAD ONE! UGH!



WHEN A BODY HAS BEEN EMBALMED BY THE EGYPTIANS, IT IS PERFECTLY PRESERVED. CERTAIN ORGANIC SUBSTANCES ACTUALLY CONTROLLED THE CHEMICAL PROCESSES OF DEATH.





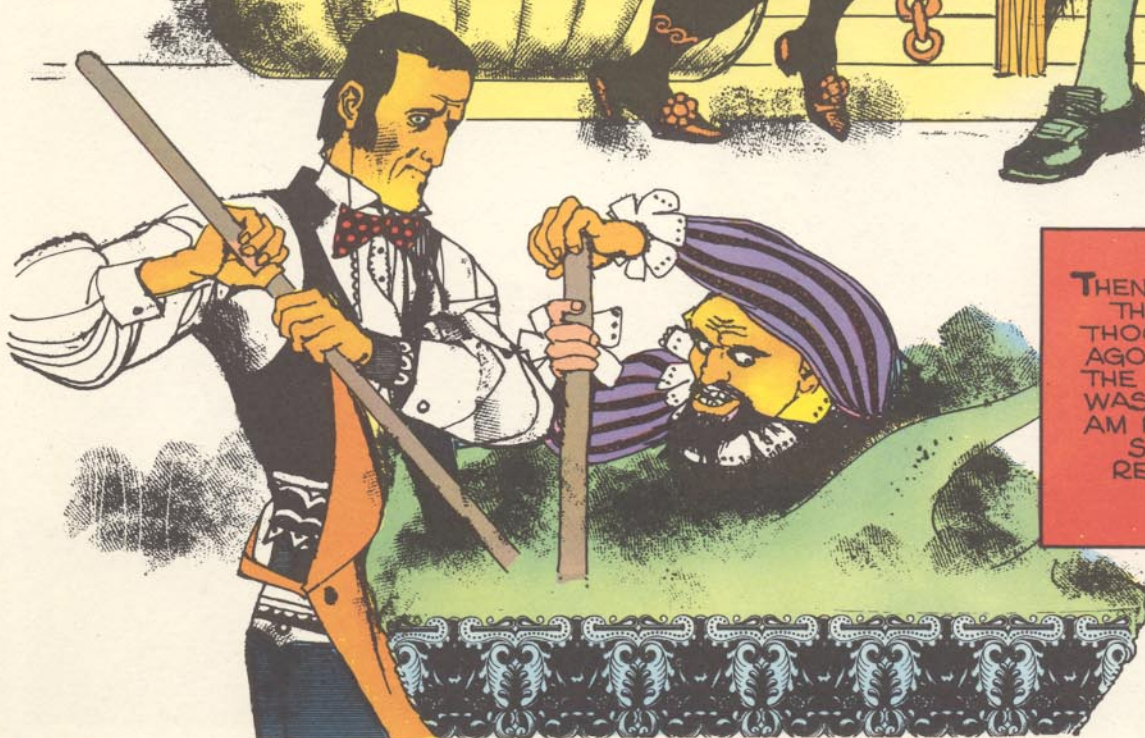
LORD HARRINGTON,  
YOU SEEM TO  
KNOW MUCH  
OF DEATH.

MADAM; I  
KNOW MORE  
THAN YOU COULD  
POSSIBLY  
IMAGINE.



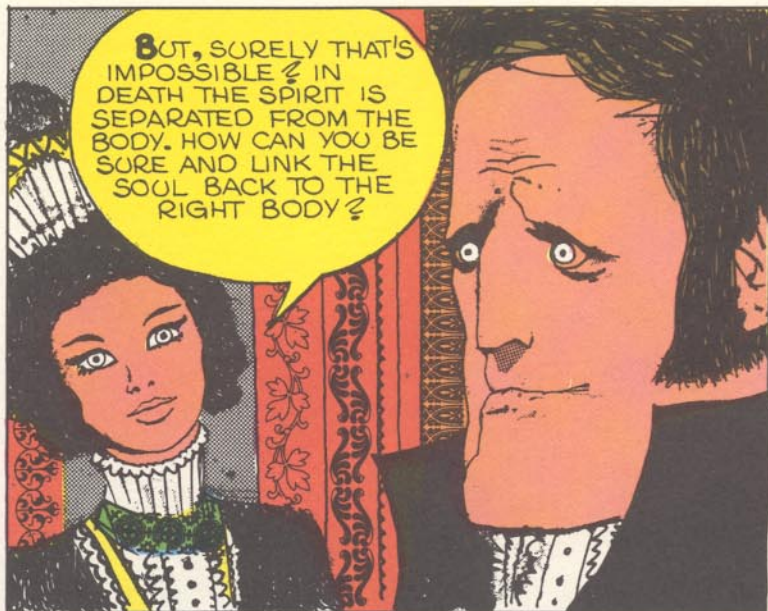
AS A SPECIALIST IN  
AFFAIRS OF MEDICINE,  
I HAVE BEEN LED TO  
CERTAIN DEDUCTIONS  
ON THE VERY NATURE  
OF DEATH ITSELF. I  
AM CONVINCED THAT  
ACTION AT THE RIGHT  
TIME AND IN THE RIGHT  
WAY CAN ACTUALLY  
HALT THE PROCESS OF  
DECOMPOSITION.

AT FIRST I  
INJECTED DRUGS  
INTO THE BLOOD  
TO TRY AND  
INDUCE A FORM  
OF NATURAL  
HIBERNATION.  
ALTHOUGH THE  
TISSUE WAS  
KEPT ALIVE,  
THE BODY  
DIED.

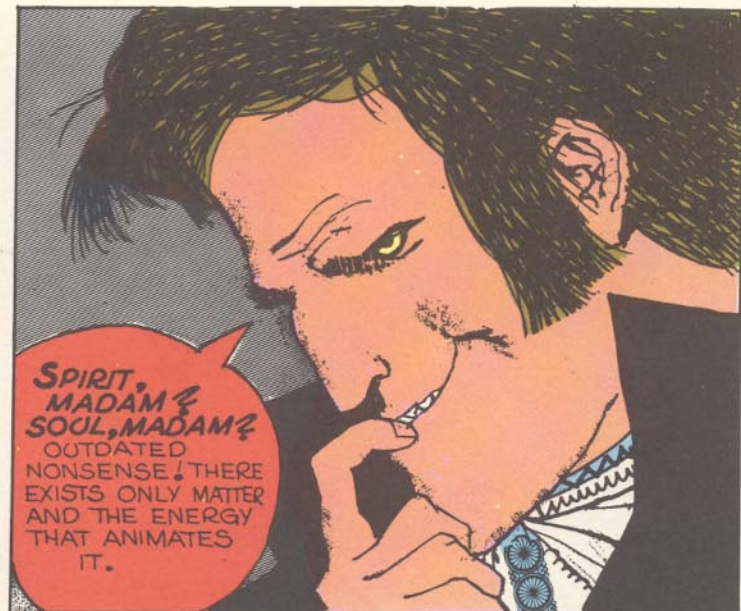


THEN I DISCOVERED THAT  
THE EGYPTIANS,  
THOUSANDS OF YEARS  
AGO, HAD POSSESSED  
THE SECRET WHICH I  
WAS SEEKING. NOW I  
AM READY FOR THE  
SECOND STEP -  
REANIMATION!

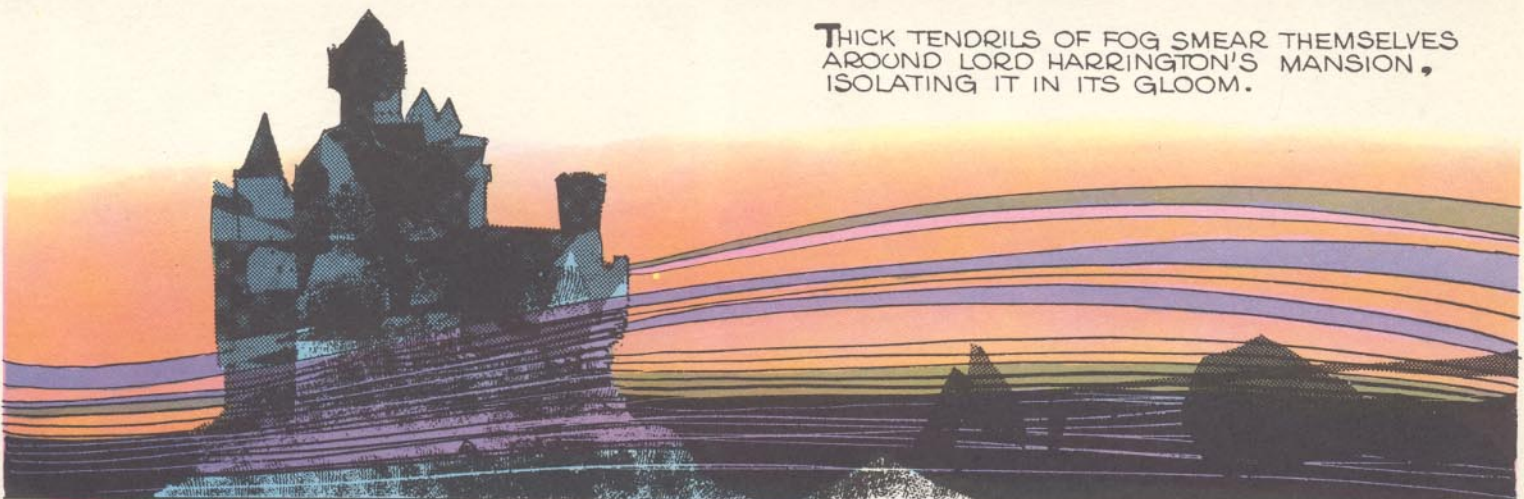




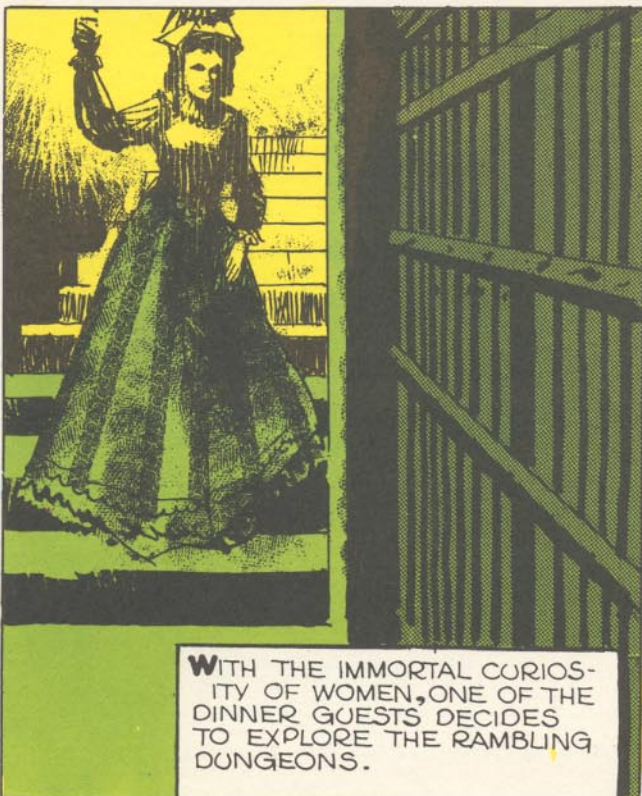
BUT, SURELY THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE? IN DEATH THE SPIRIT IS SEPARATED FROM THE BODY. HOW CAN YOU BE SURE AND LINK THE SOUL BACK TO THE RIGHT BODY?



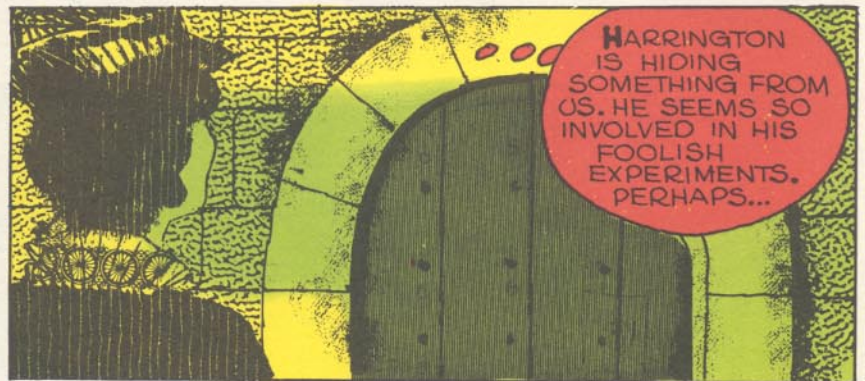
SPIRIT, MADAM? SOUL, MADAM? OUTDATED NONSENSE! THERE EXISTS ONLY MATTER AND THE ENERGY THAT ANIMATES IT.



THICK TENDRILS OF FOG SMEAR THEMSELVES AROUND LORD HARRINGTON'S MANSION, ISOLATING IT IN ITS GLOOM.



WITH THE IMMORTAL CURIOSITY OF WOMEN, ONE OF THE DINNER GUESTS DECIDES TO EXPLORE THE RAMBLING DUNGEONS.



HARRINGTON IS HIDING SOMETHING FROM US. HE SEEMS SO INVOLVED IN HIS FOOLISH EXPERIMENTS. PERHAPS...



THE HEAVY DOOR SWINGS BACK AND THE HUNCHBACK LEAPS ON HIS PREY AND CURIOSITY IS FINALLY STILLED.





WELL DONE, CORNELIUS. THE FATES ARE INDEED ON OUR SIDE. NOW WE HAVE FRESH MATERIAL TO AID US.



WE WILL INJECT THE LIFE-FORCE FROM THE INQUISITIVE SLUT INTO THE PRECIOUS MUMMY.



THEN WE WILL SEE IF IT SHOWS ANY SIGN OF THE LIFE THAT WAS BEING WASTED IN THAT PRETTY, MINDLESS BODY.

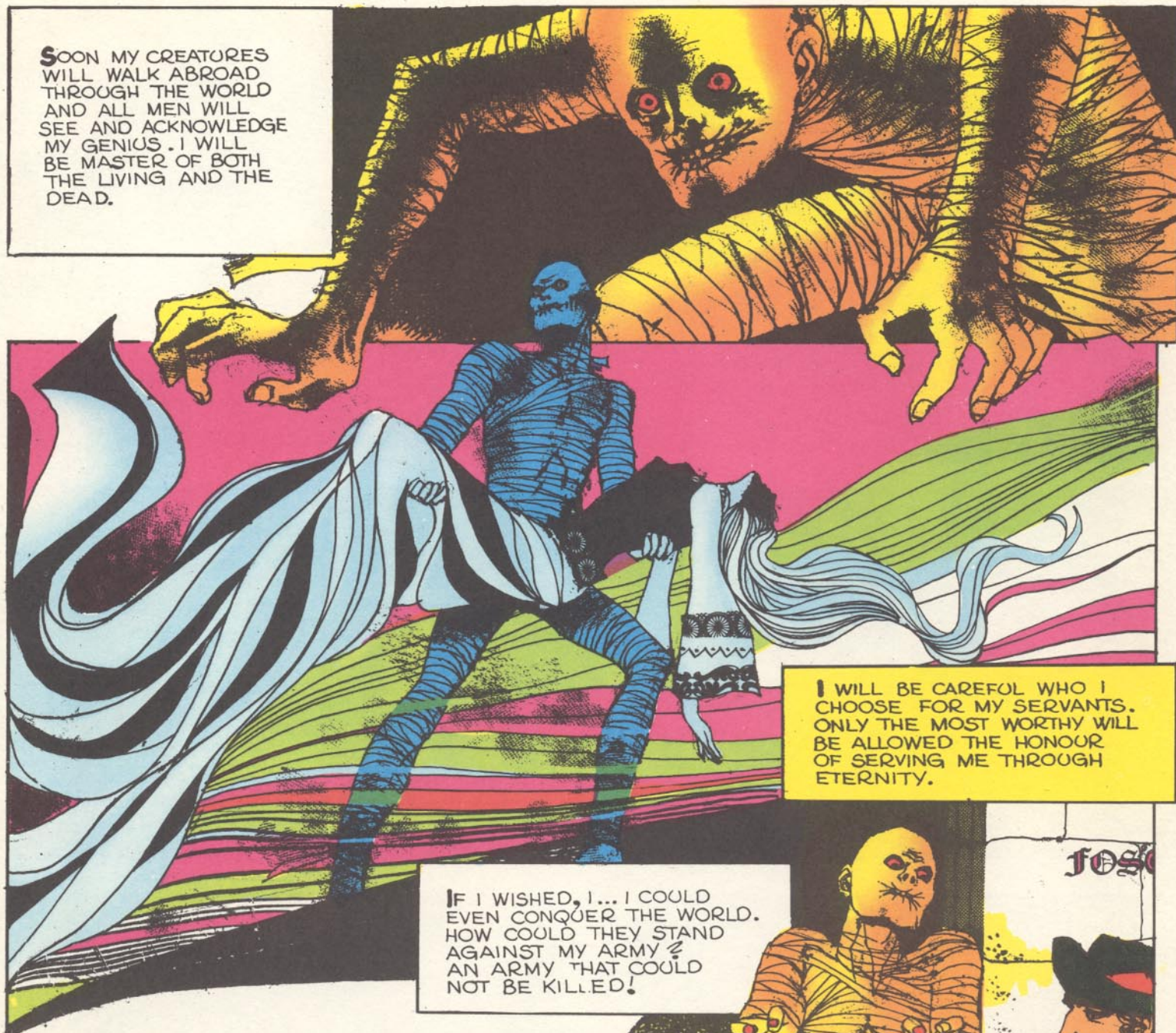


KEEP HER BODY SAFE. IF THIS EXPERIMENT WORKS, THEN I MAY BE ABLE TO ATTEMPT THE REVERSE PROCESS.





SOON MY CREATURES  
WILL WALK ABROAD  
THROUGH THE WORLD  
AND ALL MEN WILL  
SEE AND ACKNOWLEDGE  
MY GENIUS. I WILL  
BE MASTER OF BOTH  
THE LIVING AND THE  
DEAD.



I WILL BE CAREFUL WHO I  
CHOOSE FOR MY SERVANTS.  
ONLY THE MOST WORTHY WILL  
BE ALLOWED THE HONOUR  
OF SERVING ME THROUGH  
ETERNITY.

IF I WISHED, I... I COULD  
EVEN CONQUER THE WORLD.  
HOW COULD THEY STAND  
AGAINST MY ARMY?  
AN ARMY THAT COULD  
NOT BE KILLED!









LORD HARRINGTON HAD SUCCEEDED IN RETURNING LIFE TO THE MUMMY, AND NOW HE WAS FINDING THE REWARD. NO MORTAL FORCE COULD NOW PREVENT WHAT HE HAD BEGUN. SO SAD THAT HE COULD ENJOY HIS TRIUMPH FOR SO BRIEF A TIME!





ENRICO SIO

ALICE

DAMN THAT FLOOR!  
ALWAYS CRACKING  
AND CREAKING.

CRACK

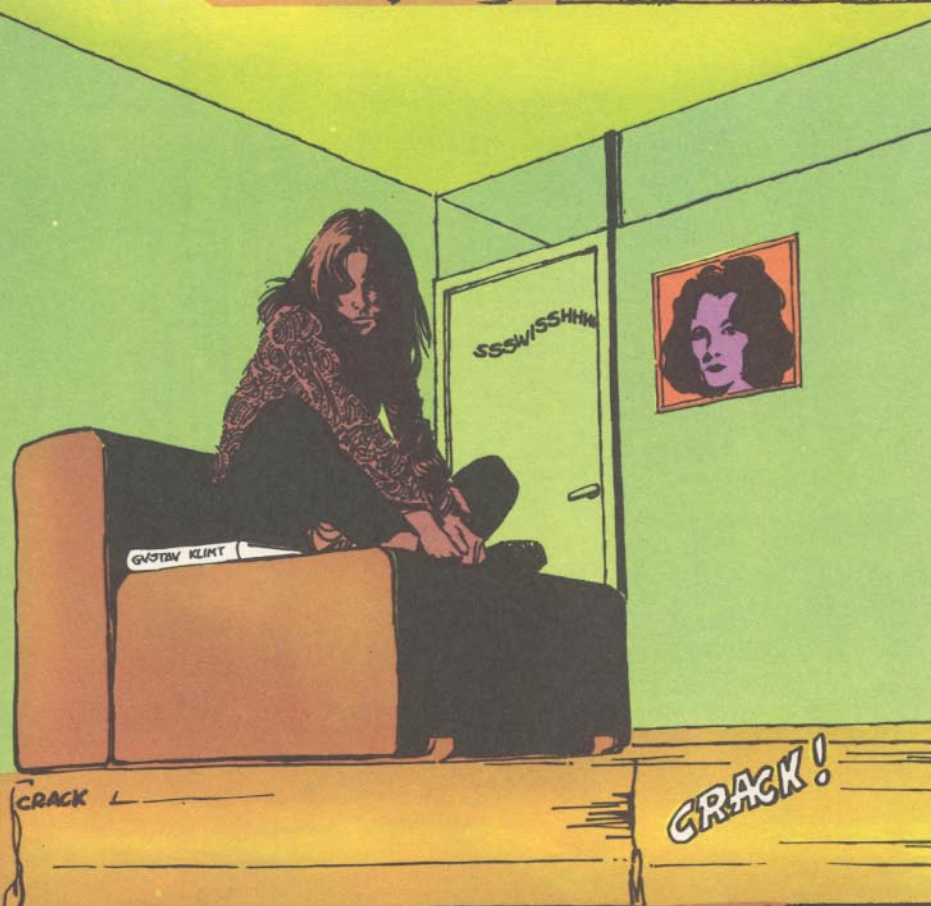
CRACK

WHAT WAS THAT? IT  
SOUNDED LIKE SOMETHING  
FALLING.

CRACK!



CRACK



CRACK

CRACK!

CRASH!







HOW COULD THAT POSSIBLY HAVE  
FALLEN ? UNLESS ... I'M  
BEGINNING TO GET SCARED.



CRACK



GOD, I REALLY MUST  
PULL MYSELF TOGETHER..



ERIC  
SIO<sub>70</sub>

CRACK!















**KLUNK!**



**THE FIREPLACE!**




I'LL BE  
SAFE IN  
HERE!!



**CRASH!**

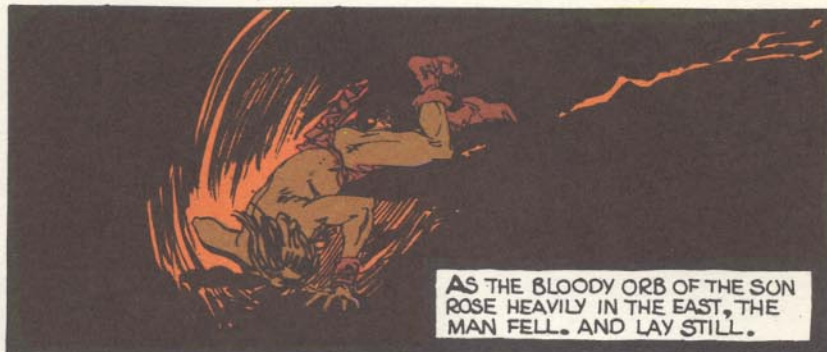




LIKE A PUPPET WITH BROKEN STRINGS, THE MAN WANDERED HELPLESSLY IN THE WILDERNESS. ONLY THE BASIC INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL KEPT HIM MOVING.

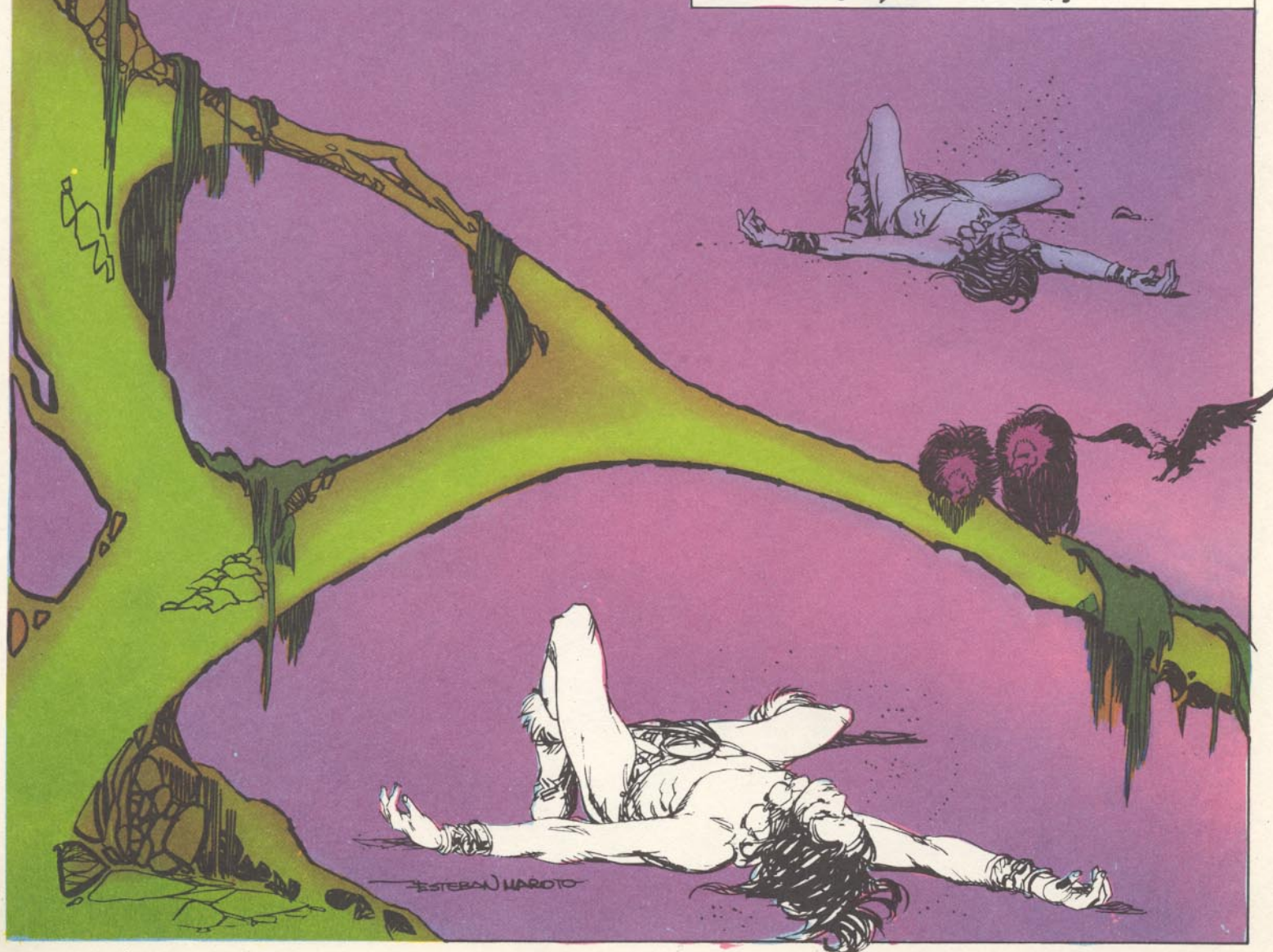
# WOLFF

## The Lady of the Wolves



AS THE BLOODY ORB OF THE SUN ROSE HEAVILY IN THE EAST, THE MAN FELL, AND LAY STILL.

THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON WAS OVER. SLOWLY, THE FEATURES OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN BECAME HUMAN AGAIN. FREED FROM THE SPELL OF THE MISTRESS OF NIGHT, WOLFF WAS NO LONGER A LYCANTHROPE - A WEREWOLF. BUT, FOR HOW LONG?





IN ONE OF THE MOST AMBIGUOUS PASSAGES OF THE LOST MANUSCRIPT OF THE DAMNED NECROMANCER, REP-TAH, IT IS WRITTEN: "**SEGNAR**, FATHER OF ALL WOLVES, WHOSE FOLLOWERS OFFER SMOKING HUMAN HEARTS AS TOKEN OF FEALTY, HAD A DAUGHTER BORN OF HIS UNHOLY UNION WITH THE SHEWOLF **LAMIA**. THE CHILD DISAPPEARED ON THE FIRST DAY AFTER THE "DAY OF DOOM" AND HAS SINCE BEEN BELIEVED TO BE DEAD. THE NAME OF THE GIRL WAS **RULAH**."

**RULAH!!**

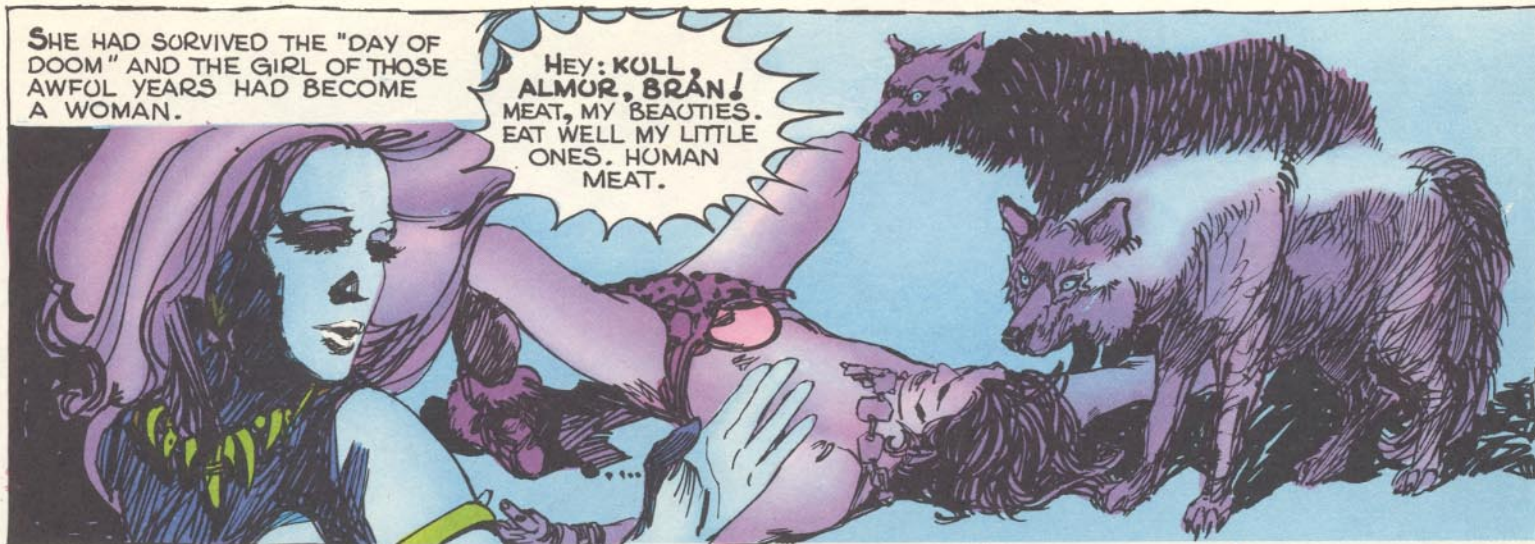
THE LONG-LOST DAUGHTER OF **SEGNAR**. **WOLFF** SHUDDERED AS HIS MIND REALISED HE HAD SEEN A LEGEND BECOME INCARNATE.





SHE HAD SURVIVED THE "DAY OF DOOM" AND THE GIRL OF THOSE AWFUL YEARS HAD BECOME A WOMAN.

HEY: KULL, ALMOR, BRAN! MEAT, MY BEAUTIES. EAT WELL MY LITTLE ONES. HUMAN MEAT.



RULAH LOOKED DOWN UPON THE HELPLESS FIGURE AT HER FEET, KNOWING IT TO BE A MAN. A MAN LIKE THE OTHERS SHE REMEMBERED.



NONE OF THE WOLVES WOULD TOUCH THE BODY. INTRIGUED BY THIS UNPRECEDENTED ACTION, RULAH BORE HIM TO HER DEN.

WHERE AM I? IN CROM'S NAME, WOMAN, WHO ARE YOU?



I KNOW THAT MY NAME WAS ONCE RULAH. NOW I AM JUST CALLED OUR LADY OF THE WOLVES. I HAVE HAD NONE OTHER BUT THEY AS MY COMPANIONS FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, THERE WERE MANY MEN LIKE YOU. THEY TALKED MUCH AND MANY WERE FAT AND WITHOUT HAIR. THEN THERE WAS A GREAT REDNESS AND I WOKE ALONE.





**ROLAH**, THE LADY OF THE WOLVES, HAD THOUGHT OF NOTHING DURING THAT LONG TIME BUT THE NEED FOR FOOD, THE DESIRE TO KEEP HERSELF AND HER COMPANIONS FROM DEATH.

YOU ARE A MAN, SOMETHING LIKE THOSE I REMEMBER. BUT, YOU ARE NEITHER BALD NOR FAT. WHY WOULD MY WOLVES NOT EAT YOU? WHY MUST I GAZE AT YOU IN THIS WAY?

I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT ME... ABOUT LIFE... ABOUT LOVE... ABOUT EVERYTHING. DON'T BE AFRAID. TRUST ME.

IN THE WARM, SOFT DARKNESS OF **ROLAH**'S BED-CHAMBER, THE DAYS AND NIGHTS HAD RUN INTO EACH OTHER AND THEY HAD LIVED OUTSIDE TIME.

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT WHEN... WHEN... NO, I CANNOT TELL YOU. BUT, YOU MUST LEAVE. FLEE THIS PLACE!

MY DARLING, IN THE TIME YOU HAVE BEEN WITH ME I HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE. DON'T EVER LEAVE ME. BUT... NO... YOU MUST GO. I HAD FORGOTTEN. TONIGHT IS...

WHAT...? WHAT IS THIS? WHY? **ROLAH**! TELL ME!

WAS IT POSSIBLE SHE COULD BE SO IN LOVE AND YET STILL WANT TO REJECT THE MAN SHE LOVED? WHY WAS **ROLAH** SO FEARFUL FOR **WOLFF**'S LIFE IF HE STAYED? WHAT DID THE NIGHT MEAN?

WHEN **WOLFF** WOKE FROM HIS SUDDEN SLEEP, HE FOUND HIMSELF CAGED BY THE WOMAN HE HAD LOVED.

ASK ME NOTHING, BELOVED. FOR TONIGHT, IT IS BETTER THAT YOU DO NOT SEE ME. AT LEAST FOR THIS ONE NIGHT WHEN THE MOON...



IGNORING THE CRIES OF THE IMPRISONED WARRIOR, THE WEeping **RULAH** WENT WITH HER BEASTS INTO THE COLD LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.



**RULAH!!**  
I'LL FOLLOW YOU.  
I'LL SNAP THESE  
BARS!  
WAIT!!



**RULAH** HAD TRIED DESPERATELY TO HIDE HER SECRET FROM THE MAN SHE HAD COME TO LOVE. SHE WAS A SHAPE-CHANGER, A WEREWOLF, AND FOR ANY MAN TO COME NEAR HER AT SUCH A TIME MEANT A HIDEOUS RENDING DEATH. AS SHE LOPED WITH HER PACK SHE WAS BROUGHT UP SHORT, HACKLES RISING, BY A MAN. A **WOLFMAN!!**



THE FIGHT WAS SAVAGE AND BLOODY. SUDDENLY, **RULAH** REALIZED THAT HER ANTAGONIST WAS **WOLFF**, HIMSELF CHANGED BY THE MOON INTO A CRUEL, VULPINE FIGURE. IT MATTERED NOT, THE RITUAL OF THE FIGHT MERGED INTO THE RITUAL OF LOVEMAKING. THE PACK OF WOLVES WATCHED SILENTLY AS THEIR MISTRESS JOINED HERSELF TO THE MAN SHE LOVED. THE NIGHT WAS ENDLESS!





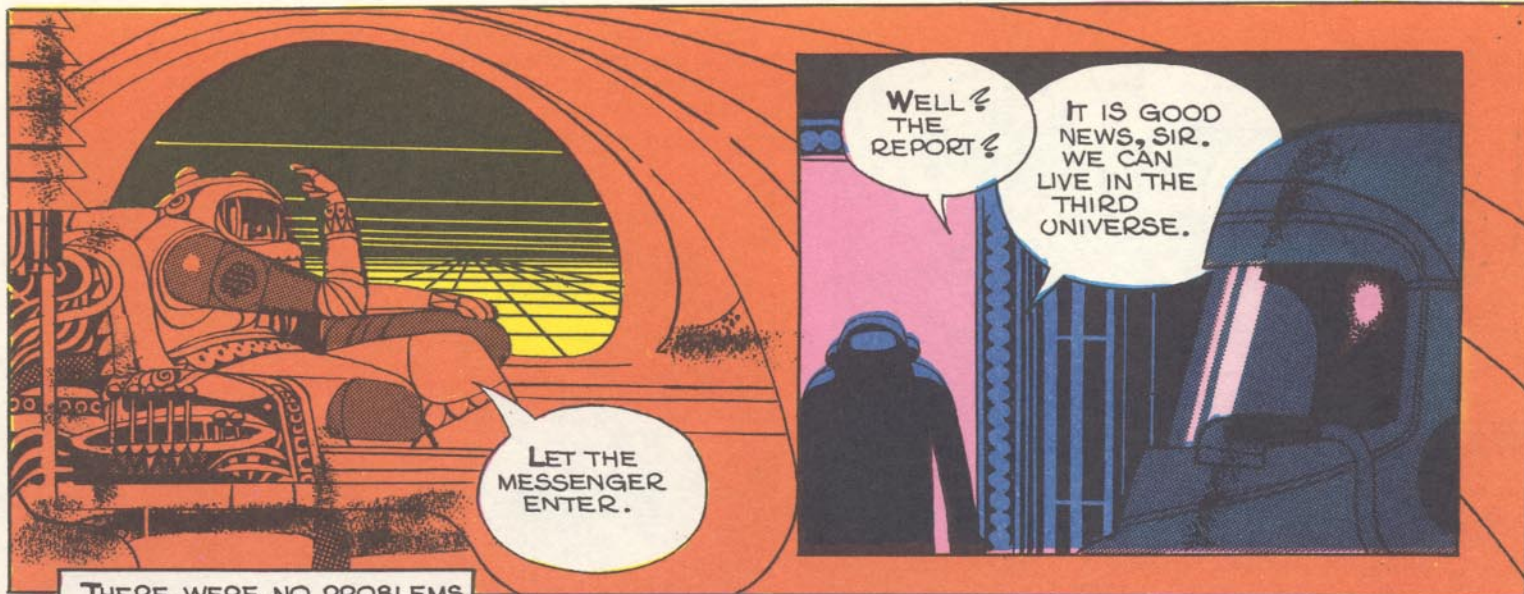


# Invasion

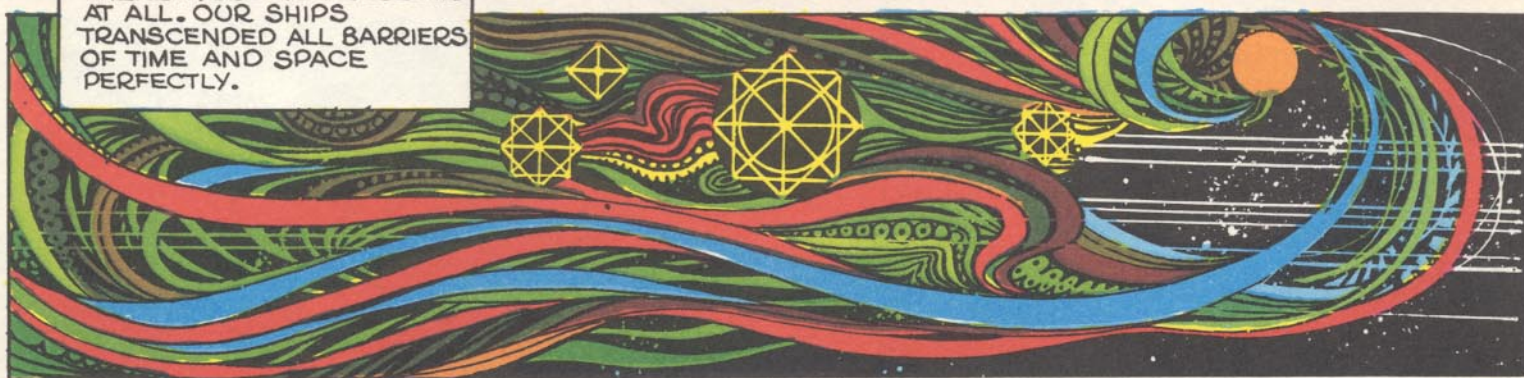
THE BODY OF MAN, A COMPLEX UNIVERSE OF HUMAN TISSUE. AFTER MANY CENTURIES, MAN IS AT LAST BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND SOME OF THE MYSTERIES OF HIS OWN BODY. A WORLD OF INNER SPACE. INHABITED BY A HOST OF CREATURES OF INFINITESIMAL SIZE, BOTH BENIGN AND MALIGN. THE ENDLESS PROCESS OF BIRTH, PROCREATION AND DEATH ALL IN A MICROSCOPIC WORLD. THAT IS THE BODY OF MAN.

JMBA

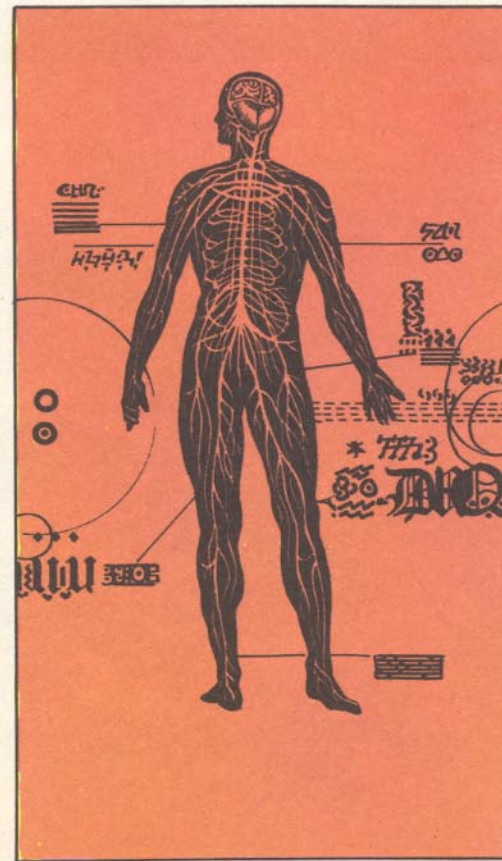
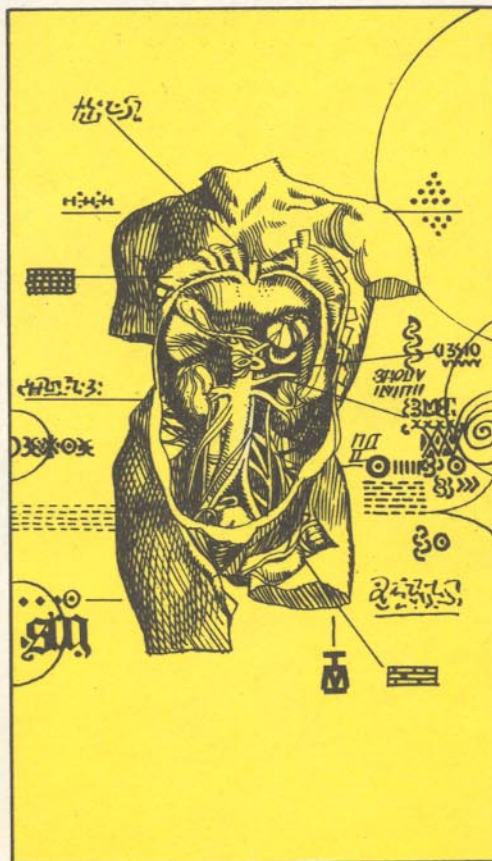
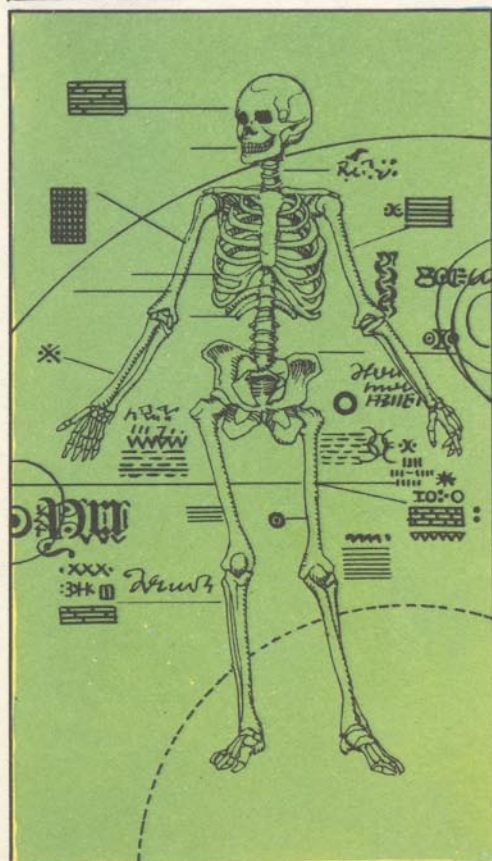




THERE WERE NO PROBLEMS AT ALL. OUR SHIPS TRANSCENDED ALL BARRIERS OF TIME AND SPACE PERFECTLY.



THE INHABITANTS OF THIS UNIVERSE ARE PHYSICAL GIANTS, BUT THEY APPEAR DEVOID OF INTELLIGENCE. WE WERE UNABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEM. AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY HAVE A SUPREMELY SOPHISTICATED ORGANIC SYSTEM, IDEAL FOR OUR LIFE-SUPPORT METHODS.

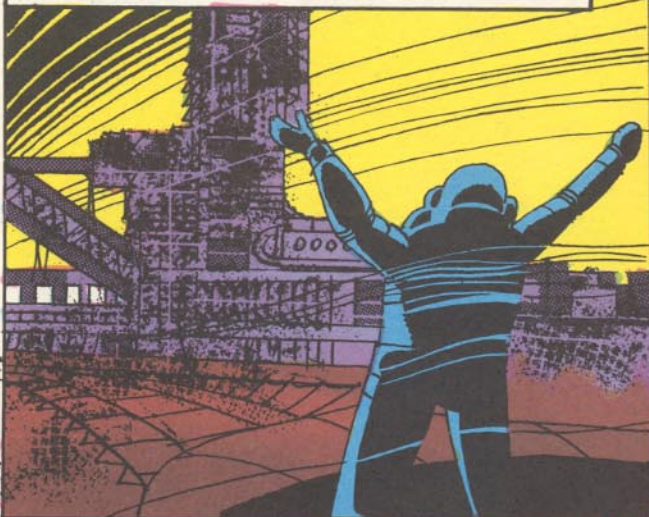




I ORDERED SOME OF OUR SCOUT UNITS TO PENETRATE INTO THEIR UNIVERSE.



ONCE WE HAD DISPOSED OF OUR ENEMIES, I GAVE THE ORDERS FOR THE REST OF OUR SHIPS TO BE ABANDONED AND THE EXPEDITION TO BEGIN TO SPREAD OUR CULTURE THROUGH THE NEW UNIVERSE.



EVERY NOW AND THEN SOME OF OUR PEOPLE HAD TO CHANGE THEIR POSITION.

THERE WAS BUT LITTLE RESISTANCE FROM THE INHABITANTS. SOME SMALL CELLS OF PRIMARY VALUE OPPOSED OUR ATTACK. THEY WERE EASY TO DEAL WITH.



NEVERTHELESS, WE NOTICED SOME DECREASE IN THE EXISTENTIAL COEFFICIENTS OF SOME INDIVIDUALS.





IN A SMALL NUMBER OF SEVERE CASES, A FEW UNITS WERE TRAPPED.



WHEN THE FAILURE OF THEIR ENVIRONMENTS WAS SUDDEN THERE PROVED TO BE INSUFFICIENT WARNING FOR THEM TO MOVE.



WE MADE EVERY EFFORT TO ESTABLISH TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATION WITH SOME OF THE GIANTS, BUT THEY WERE TOO STUPID.



THEY SEEMED TO BE AWARE OF US, BUT THEY DID NOT SEEM TO MAKE ANY EFFORT TO GET INTO CEREBRAL CONTACT WITH US.



THERE IS NO OTHER DANGER FOR US?

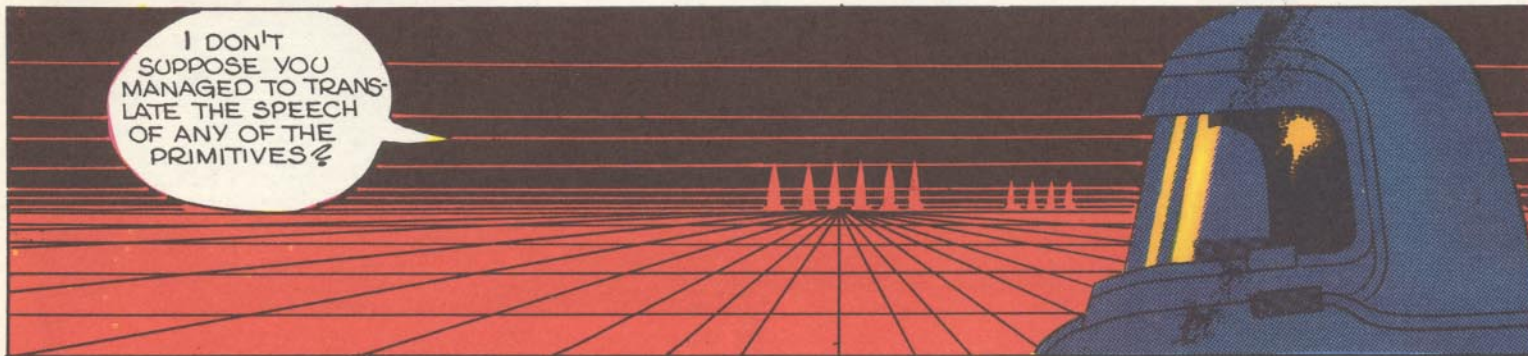
NO. OUR FIRST EXPEDITION HAS FOUND NO MAJOR PROBLEMS.





IN THAT CASE,  
I THINK WE CAN  
PROCEED WITH  
THE NEXT  
PHASE.

I CAN SEE  
NO OBSTACLE  
AT ALL.



I DON'T  
SUPPOSE YOU  
MANAGED TO TRANS-  
LATE THE SPEECH  
OF ANY OF THE  
PRIMITIVES?

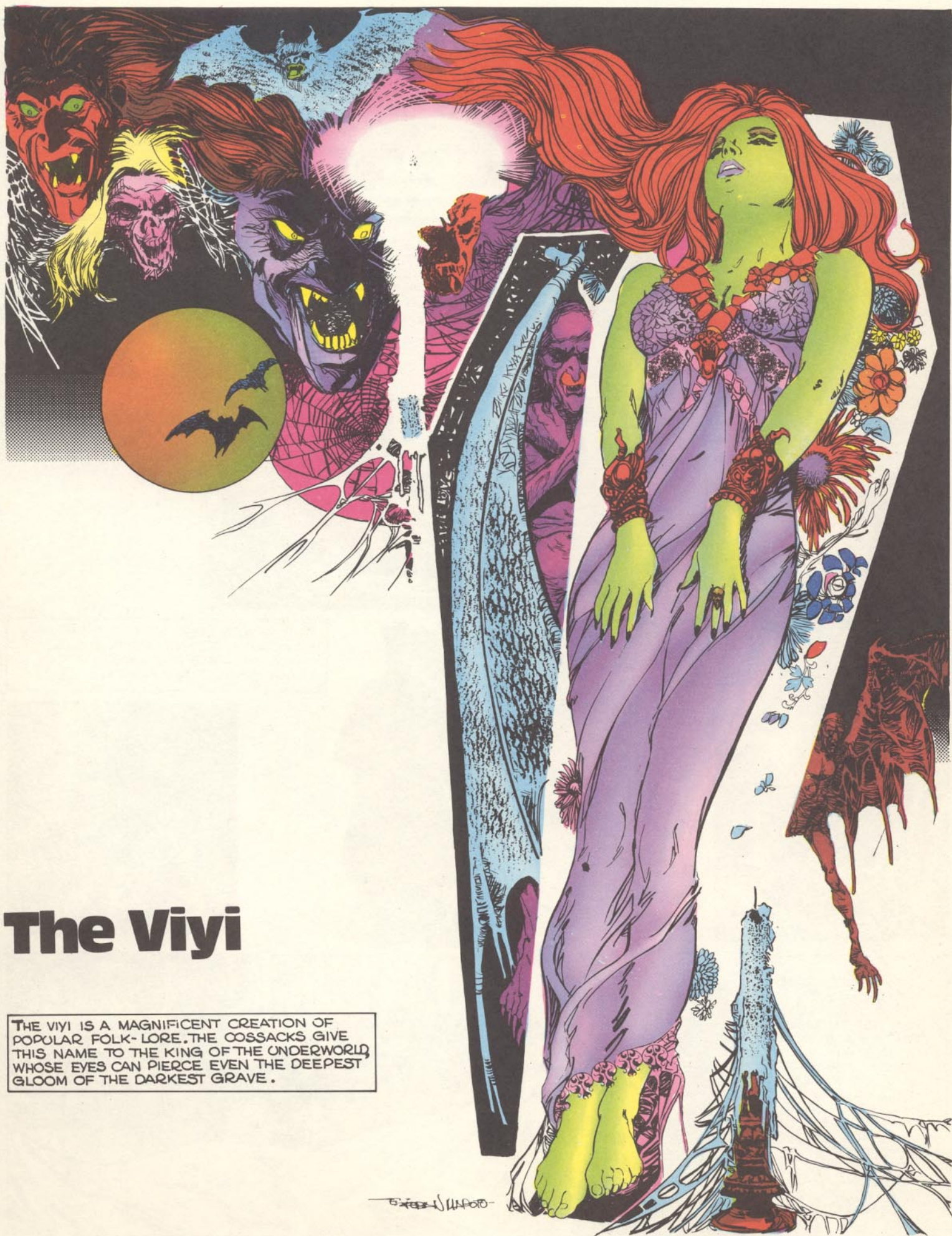


FOR A MOMENT, THE QUESTION  
HANGS LIMPIDLY IN THE CABIN  
OF THE ALIEN SHIP.



YEEES...THERE  
IS ONE THING. IT  
APPEARS THAT  
THEY HAVE A NAME  
FOR US. THEY  
CALL US  
**CANCER !**





# The Viyi

THE VIYI IS A MAGNIFICENT CREATION OF POPULAR FOLK-LORE. THE COSSACKS GIVE THIS NAME TO THE KING OF THE UNDERWORLD, WHOSE EYES CAN PIERCE EVEN THE DEEPEST GLOOM OF THE DARKEST GRAVE.





WRAPPED  
IN A MUSTY  
SILENCE,  
THE TWO  
MEN  
CONTINUE  
TO THE  
PLACE OF  
DEATH.



KEEP CLOSE.  
SHE TOLD ME TO DO  
IT THIS WAY. SHE SAID:  
"FATHER, DON'T LET THEM  
PUT ME IN THE GROUND  
WITH PRAYERS. GET AN  
EMBALMER."

THE WORDS HUNG LIMPLY IN THE AIR.  
SOMETHING SLUMBERED IN THE CRYPT,  
WHILE THE RATS DREAMED OF A  
FEAST OF ROTTING FLESH.

WHAT BEAUTY!  
WHEN I HAVE  
FINISHED, THE WORLD  
WILL WONDER AT HER.  
THEY WILL WAIT  
FOR HER TO  
WAKE.

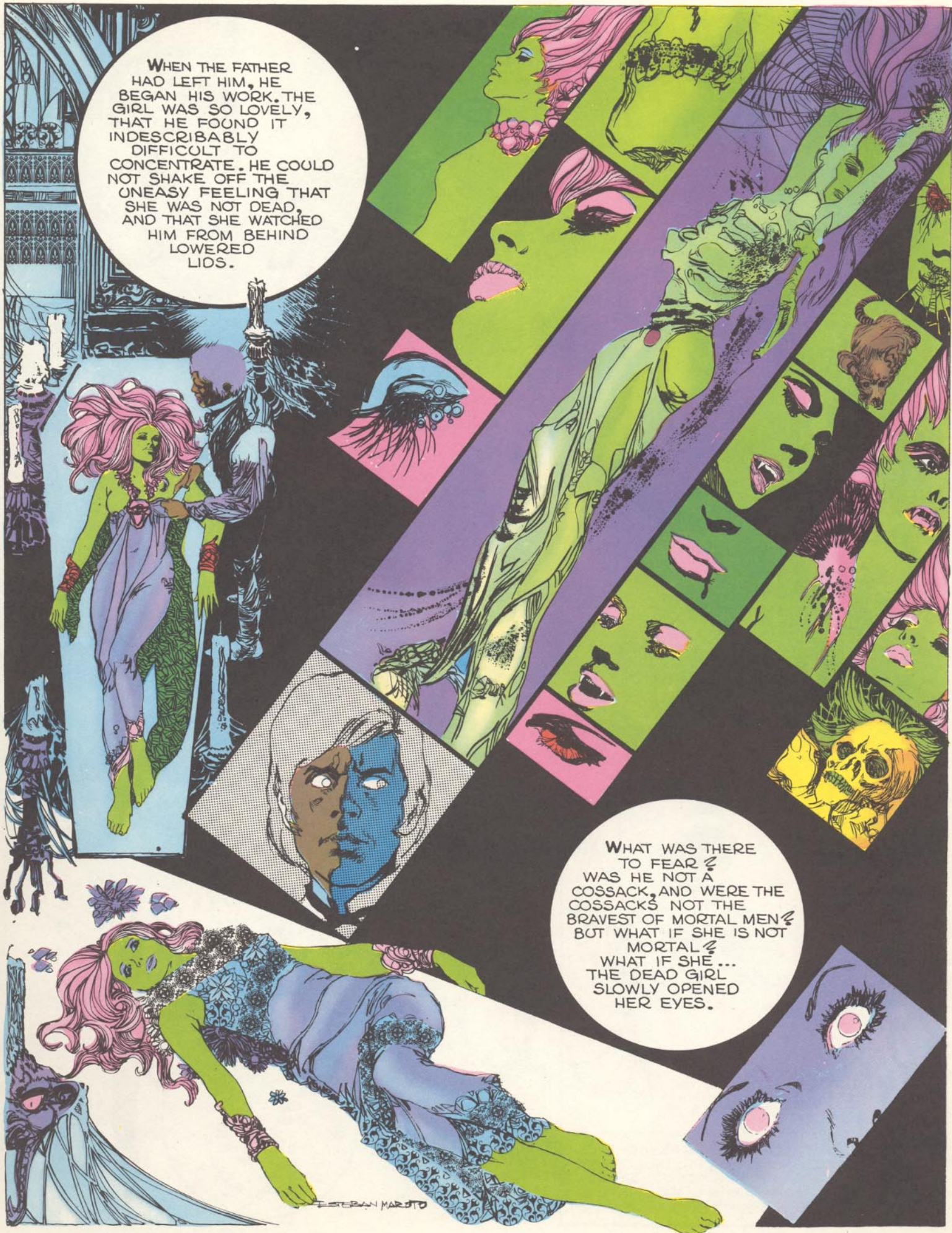


A SHUDDER RAN  
THROUGH HIS  
VEINS. THE BODY  
BEFORE HIM WAS  
THAT OF A WOMAN  
OF UNEARTHLY  
BEAUTY. SHE RESTED  
AS IF SHE WERE  
STILL ALIVE.  
BUT, SOMETHING  
IN HER FACE  
WAS OUT OF  
PLACE, AS  
THOUGH  
SOMEONE HAD  
GIGGLED AT A  
FUNERAL.



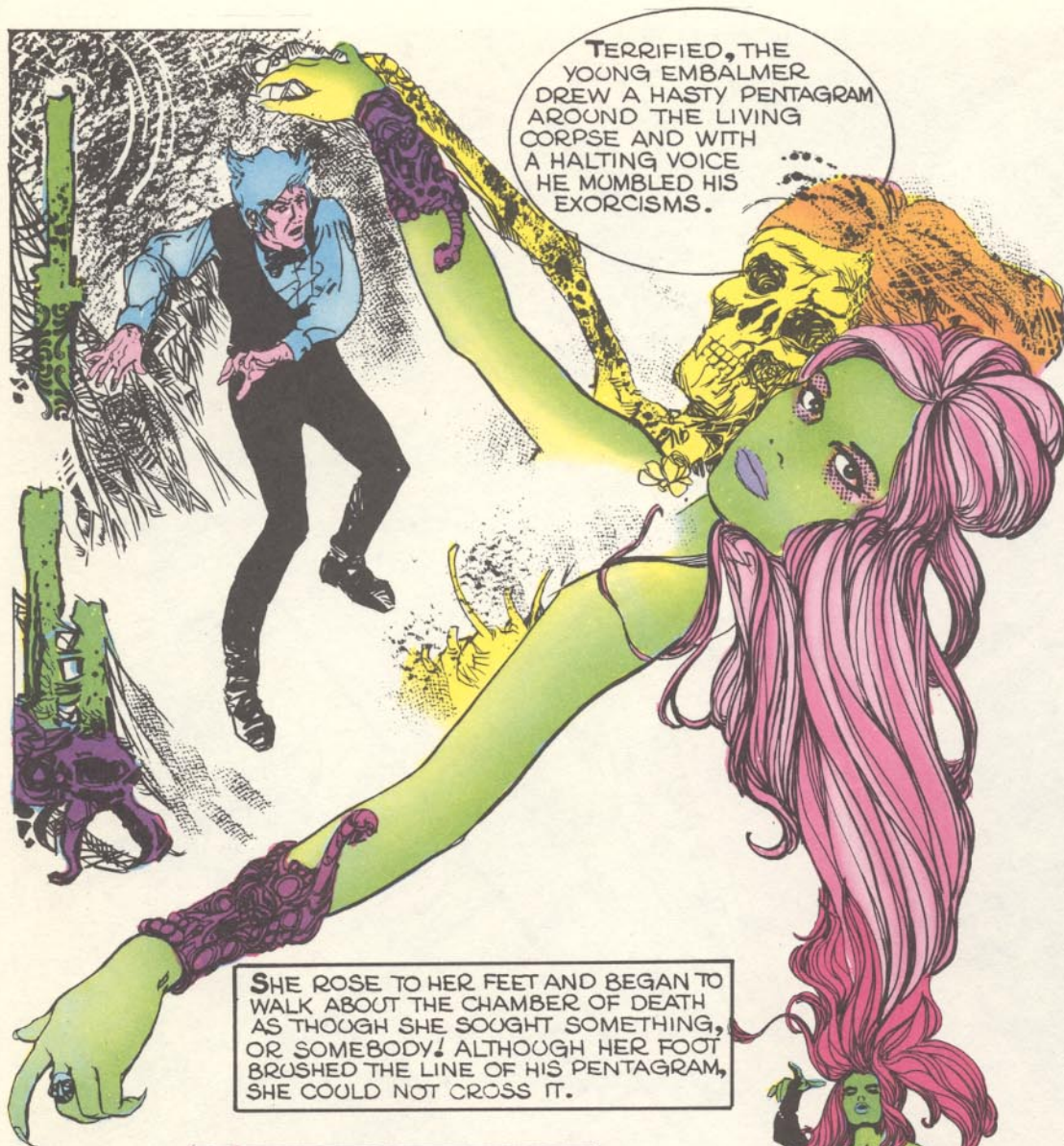


WHEN THE FATHER  
HAD LEFT HIM, HE  
BEGAN HIS WORK. THE  
GIRL WAS SO LOVELY,  
THAT HE FOUND IT  
INDESCRIBABLY  
DIFFICULT TO  
CONCENTRATE. HE COULD  
NOT SHAKE OFF THE  
UNEASY FEELING THAT  
SHE WAS NOT DEAD,  
AND THAT SHE WATCHED  
HIM FROM BEHIND  
LOWERED  
LIDS.



WHAT WAS THERE  
TO FEAR?  
WAS HE NOT A  
COSSACK, AND WERE THE  
COSSACKS NOT THE  
BRAVEST OF MORTAL MEN?  
BUT WHAT IF SHE IS NOT  
MORTAL?  
WHAT IF SHE...  
THE DEAD GIRL  
SLOWLY OPENED  
HER EYES.

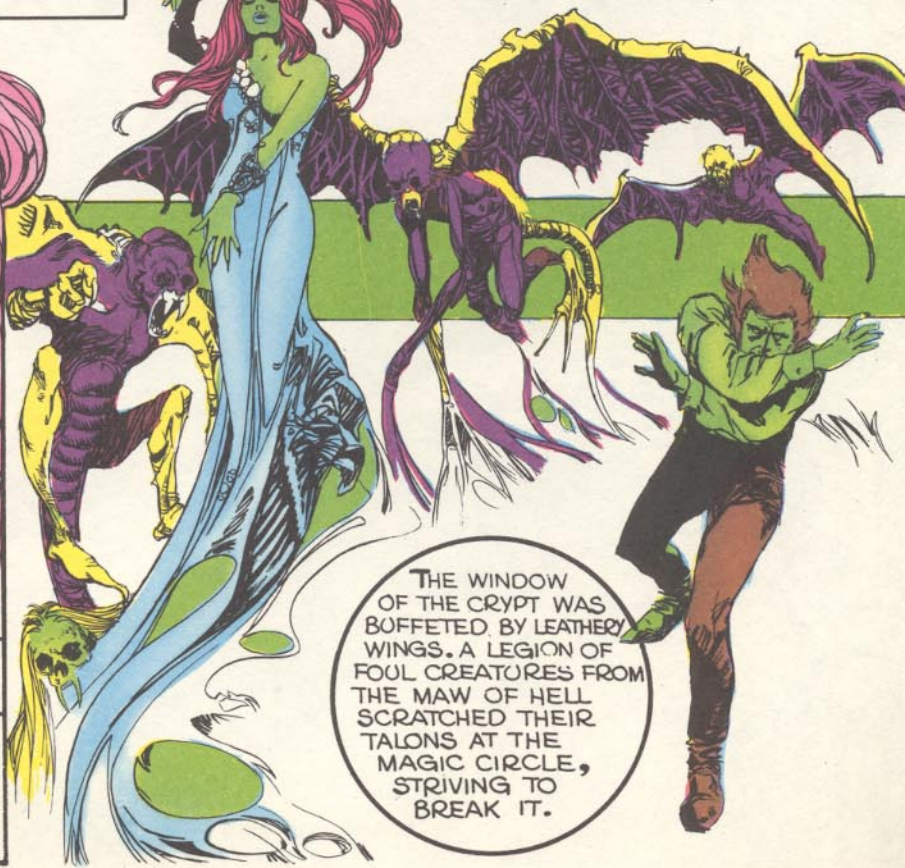




SHE ROSE TO HER FEET AND BEGAN TO WALK ABOUT THE CHAMBER OF DEATH AS THOUGH SHE SOUGHT SOMETHING, OR SOMEBODY! ALTHOUGH HER FOOT BRUSHED THE LINE OF HIS PENTAGRAM, SHE COULD NOT CROSS IT.



IN A VOICE CROAKING WITH THE SOUNDS OF THE PIT, THE CORPSE BEGAN TO TALK. HORROR-STUCK, THE YOUNG MAN REALISED IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF AN INCANTATION.



THE WINDOW OF THE CRYPT WAS BUFFETED BY LEATHERY WINGS. A LEGION OF FOUL CREATURES FROM THE MAW OF HELL SCRATCHED THEIR TALONS AT THE MAGIC CIRCLE, STRIVING TO BREAK IT.





THE DEMONS CHEEPPED AND MUTTERED AS THEY SOUGHT THEIR VICTIM. THEN THE STARE OF THE SHROODED GIRL BECAME MORE FIERCE. SHE RAISED HER ARMS. BRING ME VIYI. GO, BRING VIYI!

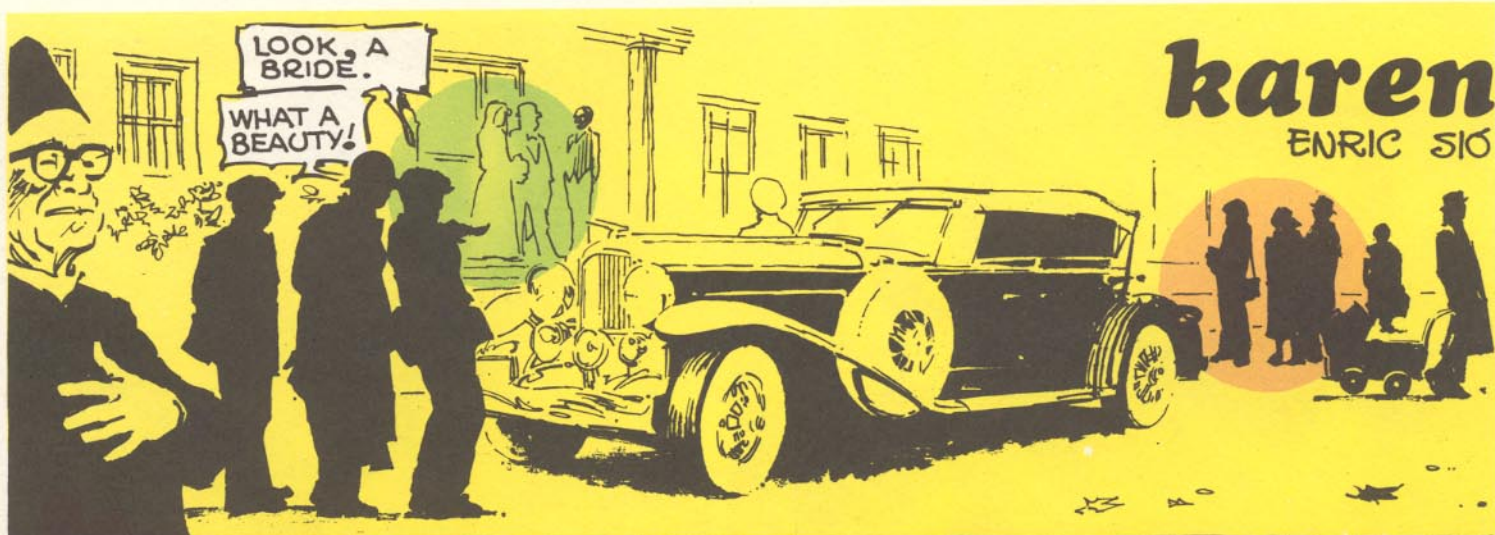


THEN SHE ROSE ABOVE THE DARKNESS, OVER THE HASTILY-DRAWN DEFENCE AND PLUNGED DOWN UPON THE MAN, WHO STOOD DUMB AND HELPLESS. AWAITING HIS FATE. HE WAITED BUT A LITTLE TIME!!

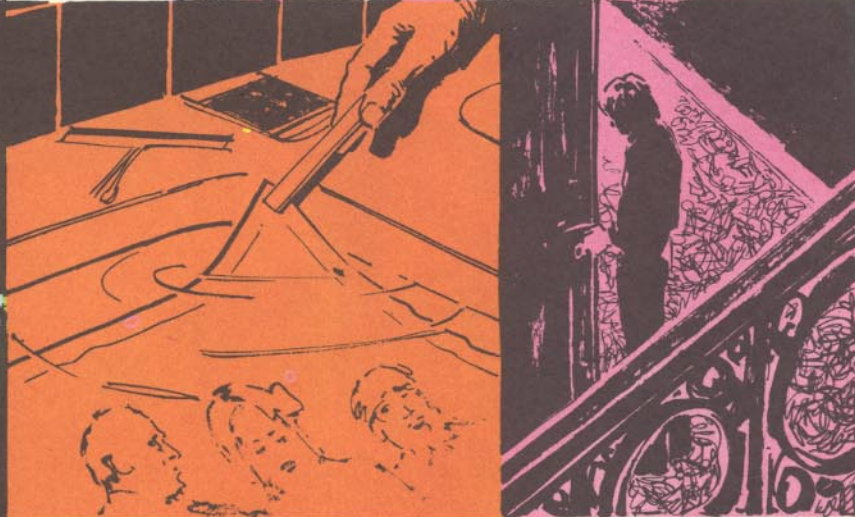
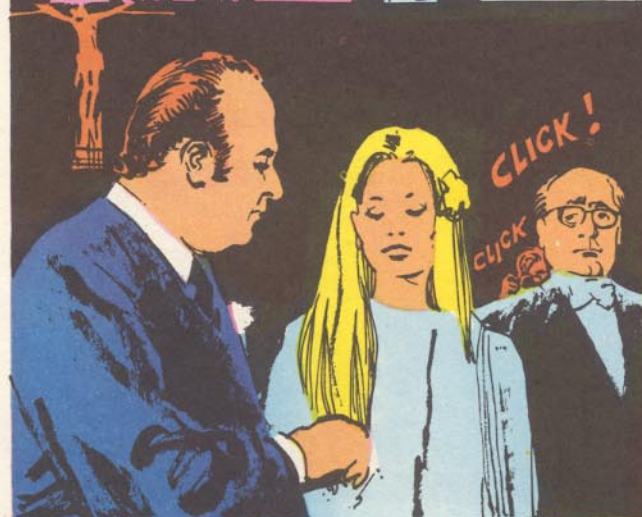
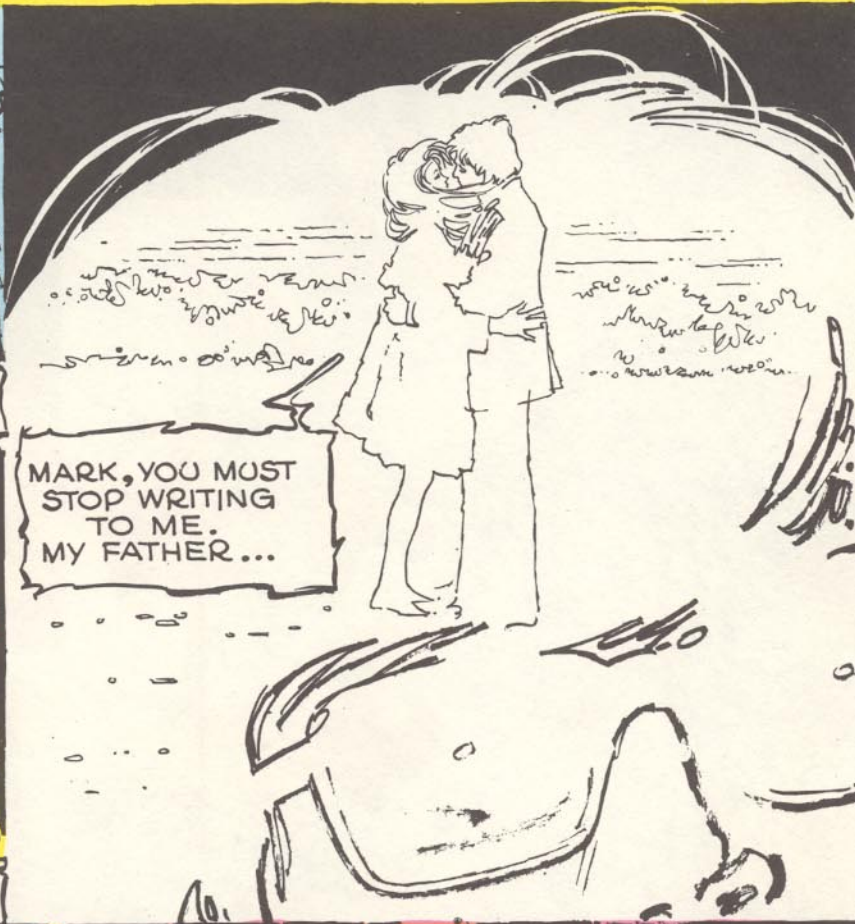
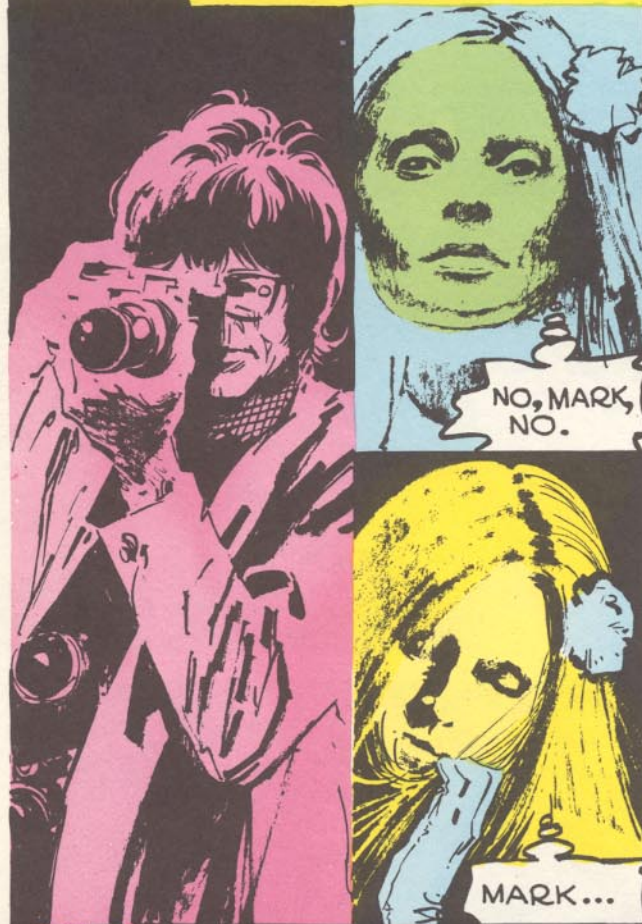


ESTEBAN HAROTO





**karen**  
ENRIC SIO

















MARK, DON'T BE SILLY.  
WE LOVE EACH  
OTHER.

YOU DON'T COUNT ANY MORE. I WANT  
TO STAY IN LOVE WITH MY  
DREAM.

AND THIS GAME, KAREN,  
HAS ONLY GOT ONE  
PLAYER. ME!

MARK!!

NO MORE!!  
NO MORE!!

STOP!!!

NO. NOOO!

NOW, MARK.  
NOW!

YOU DON'T  
DESERVE IT... KAREN!

KAREN!

MY LOVE! FOR EVER

ERIC SIO



AT FIRST LIGHT, THE  
MALIGN SPELL WAS  
BROKEN.

I FOUND YOU, TORN  
AND BLEEDING, SORROUNDED  
BY A PACK OF WOLVES,  
LYING ACROSS THE MUTILA-  
TED BODY OF A LOVELY  
GIRL. WHO ARE  
YOU?

I WAS HUNGRY  
AND I FED AND  
NOW I WISH  
ONLY TO  
FORGET. WHO  
ARE YOU?



I AM CALLED  
GALADRA OF THE  
MOON AND I MUST  
LIVE FOR EVER HIDDEN  
FROM THE WITCHES,  
FOR MY FLESH HAS  
ONCE KNOWN THEIR  
POWER. I HAVE KNOWN  
THEM ONCE AND,  
SO, I KNOW  
FEAR.

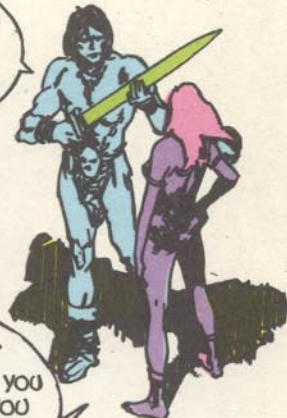


I ESCAPED  
FROM THEM,  
MITRA KNOWS  
HOW, AND MY  
LIFE HAS BECOME  
A HUNT WITH  
ME THE QUARRY.  
HELP ME!



I FEAR NO  
MAN LIVING, NOR NO  
THING OF FLESH. MY  
SWORD WILL SLICE  
THROUGH ANY WITCH  
OR WIZARD.

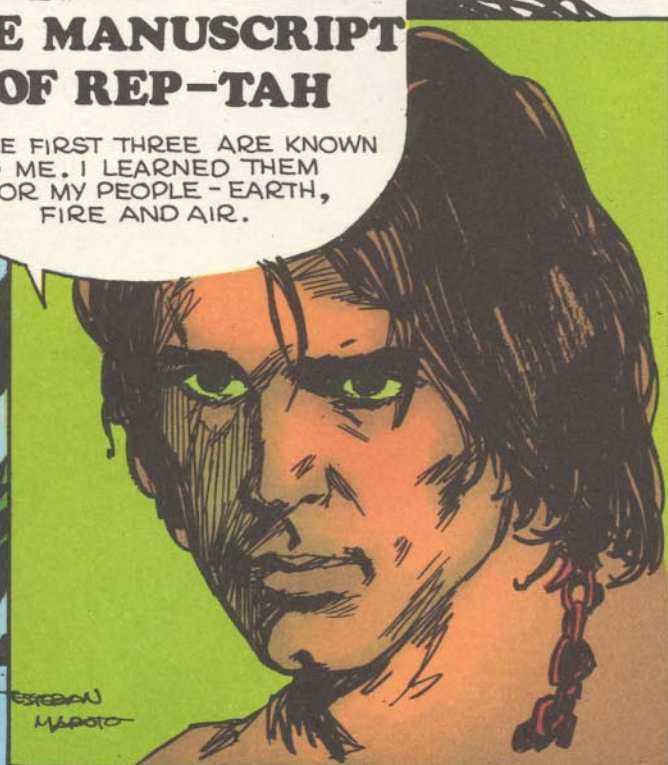
FOOLISH MAN.  
YOUR PRIDE AND  
VANITY WILL BRING YOU  
LOW BEFORE THEM. YOU  
DO NOT EVEN HAVE  
THE MANUSCRIPT!



# WOLFF

## THE MANUSCRIPT OF REP-TAH

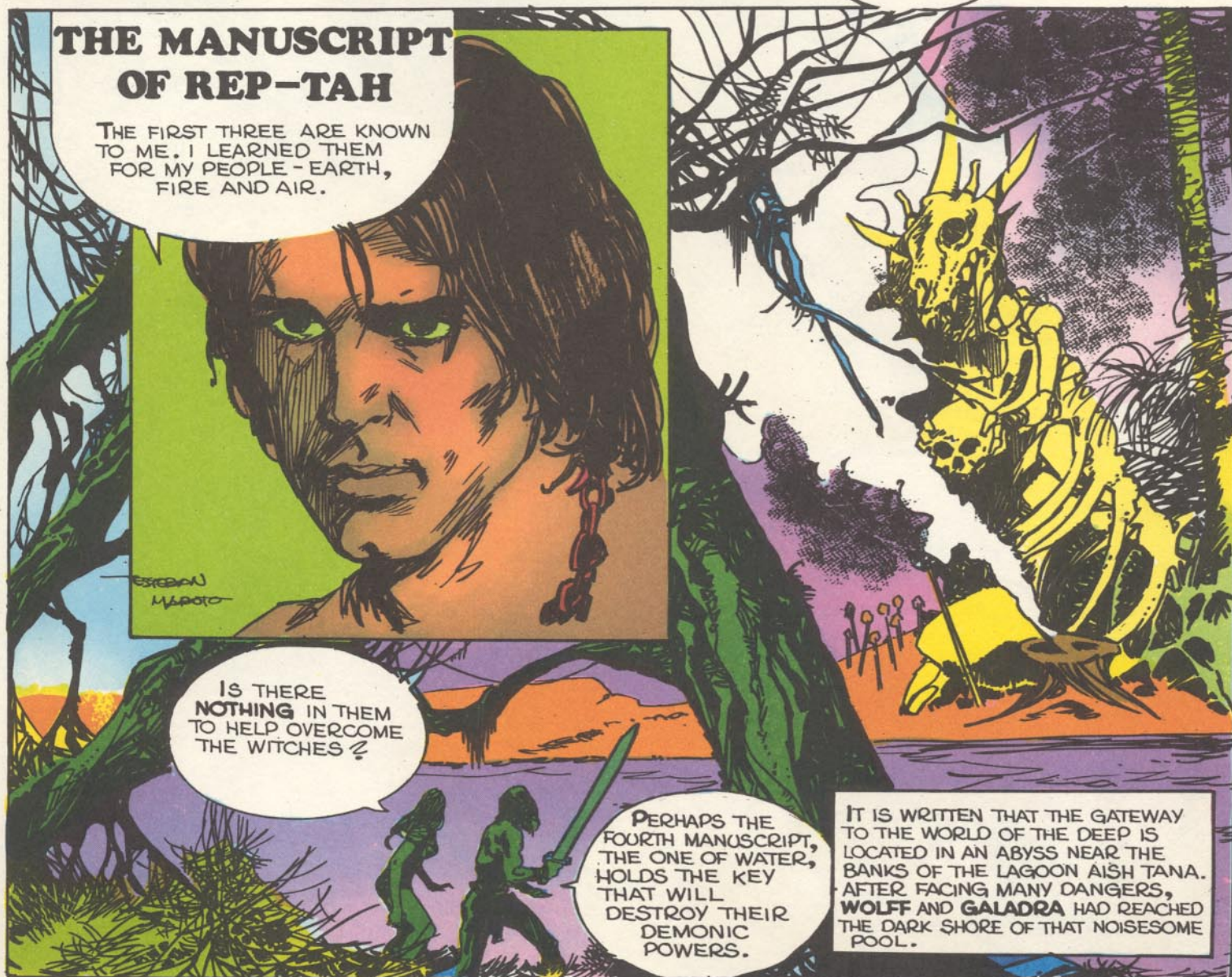
THE FIRST THREE ARE KNOWN  
TO ME. I LEARNED THEM  
FOR MY PEOPLE - EARTH,  
FIRE AND AIR.



IS THERE  
NOTHING IN THEM  
TO HELP OVERCOME  
THE WITCHES?

PERHAPS THE  
FOURTH MANUSCRIPT,  
THE ONE OF WATER,  
HOLDS THE KEY  
THAT WILL  
DESTROY THEIR  
DEMONIC  
POWERS.

IT IS WRITTEN THAT THE GATEWAY  
TO THE WORLD OF THE DEEP IS  
LOCATED IN AN ABYSS NEAR THE  
BANKS OF THE LAGOON AISH TANA.  
AFTER FACING MANY DANGERS,  
WOLFF AND GALADRA HAD REACHED  
THE DARK SHORE OF THAT NOISESOME  
POOL.







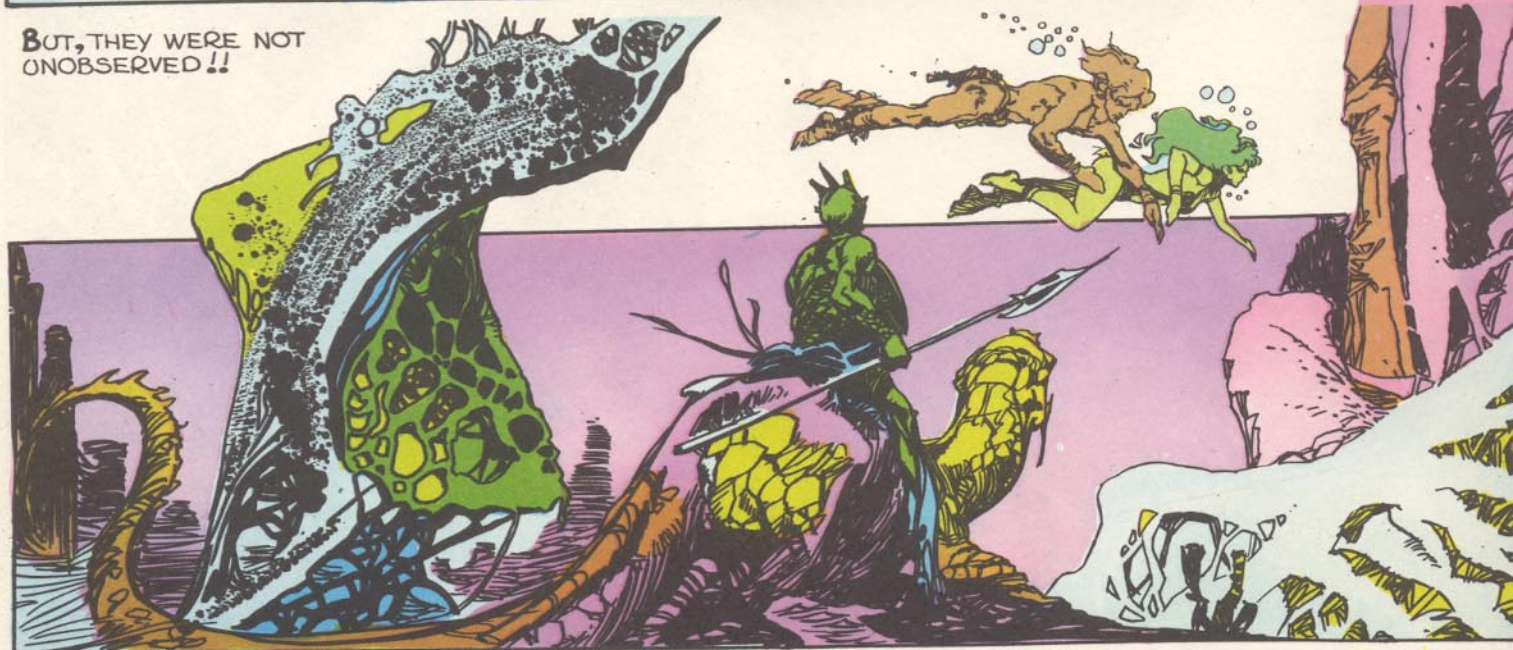
GALADRA AND WOLFF PLUNGED INTO THE UNKNOWN DEPTHS OF THE LAKE.



ALL AROUND THEM LAY THE WONDERS OF THE UNDERWATER WORLD.



BUT, THEY WERE NOT UNOBSERVED !!





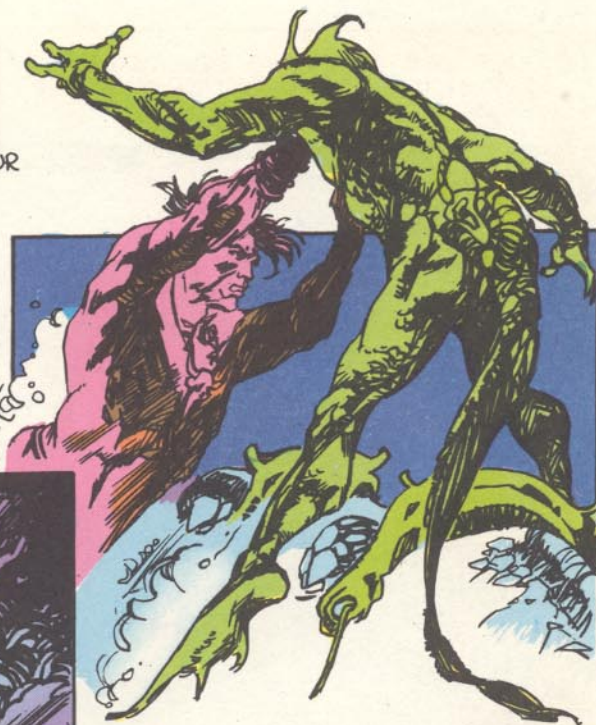


HIS SWORD LEFT  
ON THE EDGE  
OF THE LAGOON,  
**WOLFF** MUST  
FACE HIS ENEMY  
WITH HIS BARE  
HANDS.

IT WAS A BLOODY  
BATTLE WITH  
EVERYTHING IN FAVOUR  
OF THE AQUATIC  
CREATURE.



ALTHOUGH HIS FINGERS  
SLIPPED ON THE WET  
SCALES OF HIS  
ADVERSARY, THE BARBA-  
RIAN NEVER SLACKENED  
HIS HOLD FOR A  
MOMENT.



AS THE MONSTER SANK TO THE  
SLIME, **WOLFF** AND **GALADRA**  
SWAM FOR THE SURFACE,  
LUNGS BURSTING.





BREATHLESS FROM THE STRUGGLE, THEY LAY PANTING IN AN UNDERWATER CAVERN OF TOTAL SILENCE.

IT'S FANTASTIC!  
IT'S SO QUIET.  
EVEN OUR VOICES  
FALL DEAD  
WITHOUT  
ECHO.

WOLFF, YOU'RE  
STRONG AND CONNING.  
I'M SORRY I WAS SO  
HARD ON YOU. YOU'RE  
NEITHER PROUD NOR  
VAIN. YOU ARE TRULY  
A MAN WITH WHOM A  
WOMAN CAN FEEL  
SAFE.

THERE'S A  
TIME FOR TALK  
AND A TIME FOR  
QUIET. I CAN'T STAND  
CHATTERING WOMEN.  
DIDN'T YOU  
KNOW?

GALADRA!  
LOOK, DOWN  
THERE, BY CROM  
AND MITRA,  
LOOK!

LEGEND SAID THAT THE  
FOURTH MANUSCRIPT LAY  
IN THE WORLD OF DEEP  
WATER, BUT WHERE?  
WOLFF AND GALADRA  
WALKED FEARFULLY  
THROUGH THE STRANGE  
AND TOTAL SILENCE.




FINALLY AND HORRIBLY,  
THE WORLD OF THE LAGOON  
REVEALED ITS DREAD  
SECRET TO THE WARRIOR  
AND THE MAIDEN. IT WAS  
THE MOTHER OF ALL  
WATER, CREATOR AND  
GIVER OF LIFE.

INTRUDERS!  
WHO ART THOU? THOU  
ART NOT OF MY MAKING.  
LITTLE PEOPLE, WHAT  
DOST THOU DO IN THE  
WORLD OF LIFE? WHAT  
DOST THOU  
SEEK?

MOTHER OF  
WATERS!!  
SHE IS HUGE AND  
FRIGHTFUL! YET, SHE  
IS... SHE IS  
BEAUTIFUL!!





*Greetings Excellency:  
Due to the strange and  
inexplicable disappearance  
of my envoys, my best  
mail bears this to you.*

## The Messenger

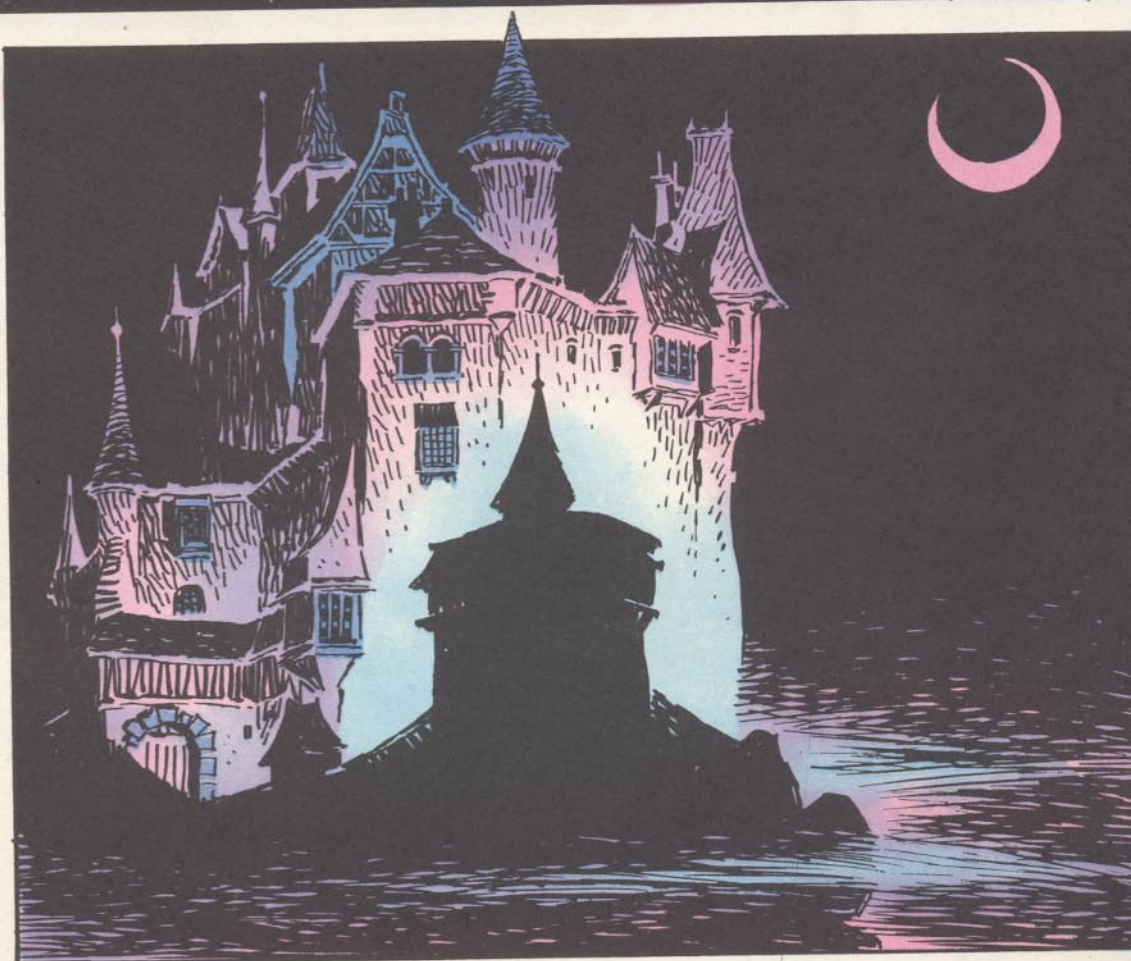
*As you know, my lord,  
the honour of myself and  
my department is based  
on our proud boast that  
we always deliver  
letters entrusted to us.  
Whatever the hazard,  
whatever the danger.  
We never fail!!*



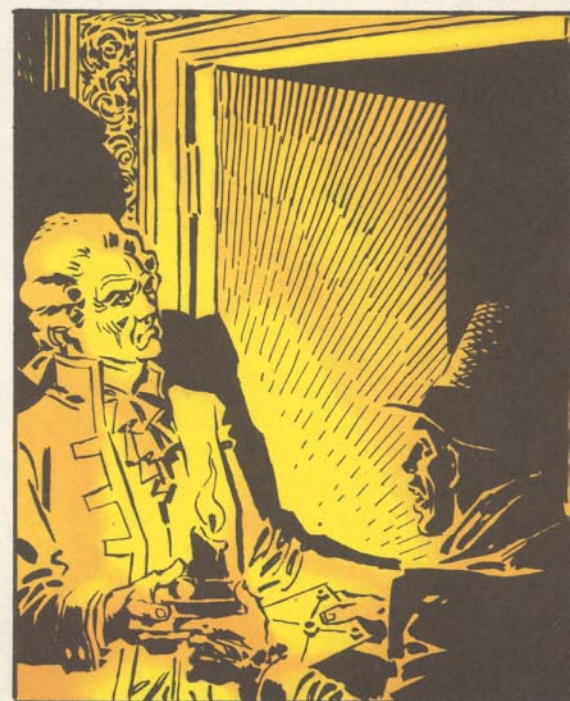


















# AGAR-AGAR The Harem of Bacchus



GOODBYE GANDOR,  
WITH YOU, NIGHT  
AND DAY ARE  
ONE.

FAREWELL  
AGAR-AGAR.  
YOU WILL BE MY  
LOVE FOR  
EVER.

AGAIN THE LOVELY SPRITE IS FREE OF A  
LOVER. AGAIN SHE CAN SEEK A NEW  
INFATUATION.



WHAT A  
STRANGE THING  
LOVE IS. IT FADES  
AWAY LIKE THE  
MORNING  
DEW.

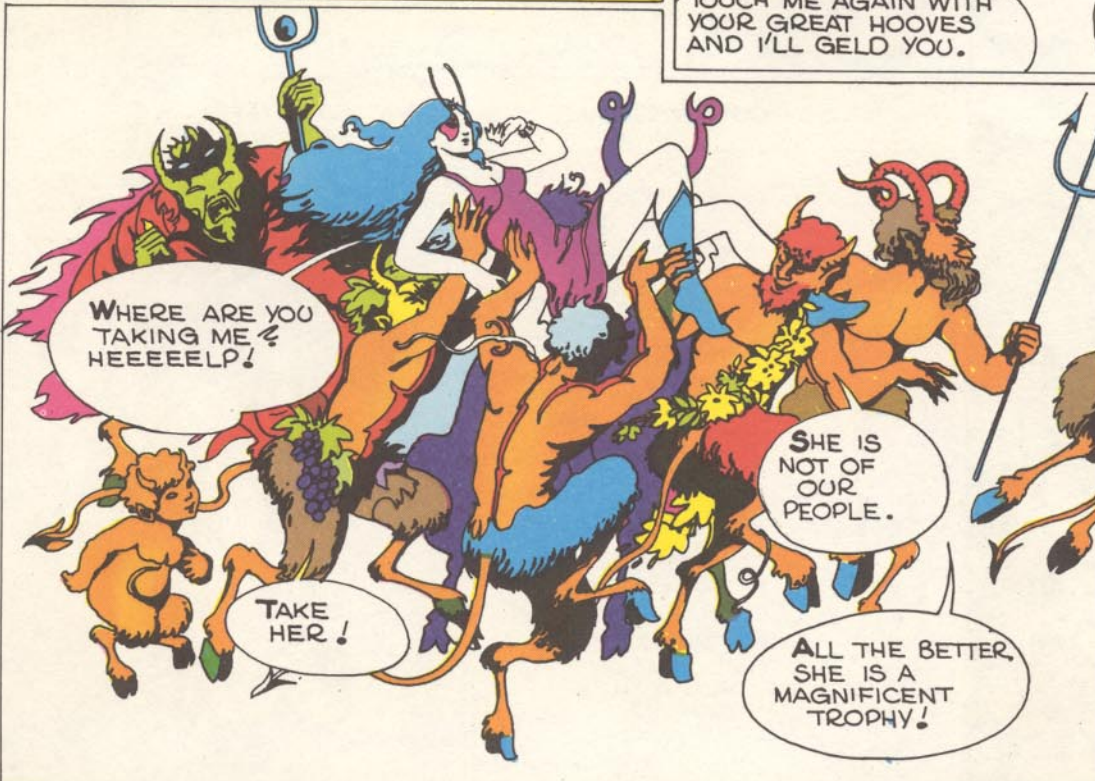
MMMM. WHAT A  
STRANGE AND  
ENCHANTING  
CREATURE!

BEWARE LADY, FAUNS ARE INFAMOUS FOR THEIR LUSTS.



INSOLENT BEAST!  
TOUCH ME AGAIN WITH  
YOUR GREAT HOOVES  
AND I'LL GELD YOU.

YOU MAY BE TOUGH  
OUTSIDE, BUT I'LL  
WAGER YOU'RE SOFT  
INSIDE.



WHERE ARE YOU  
TAKING ME?  
HEEEEEELP!

TAKE  
HER!

SHE IS  
NOT OF  
OUR  
PEOPLE.

ALL THE BETTER,  
SHE IS A  
MAGNIFICENT  
TROPHY!



THEY ARE HORRID.  
ALL FLABBY!  
WHO WILL HELP ME?



AFTER A LONG AND UNCOMFORTABLE JOURNEY, AGAR-AGAR REACHES THE CITY OF THE FAUNS.



HOW LOVELY!  
A CITY SET IN  
THE MIST OF A  
FOREST.

IT IS THE  
HOME OF OUR  
LORD AND  
MASTER.

CLIMB THE  
STAIRS AND MEET  
YOUR DESTINY.  
OUR LORD,  
BACCHUS!

THE GOD,  
BACCHUS!!!



RARE BIRDS AND EXOTIC VINES DECORATE THE THRONE OF BACCHUS.

WINE AND  
WOMEN!  
I THOUGHT  
AS MUCH!



WHAT A PRETTY  
LITTLE DOVE!

THE GROSS GOD GIVES A SHARP ORDER



BATHE HER!  
PERFUME HER!  
GARLAND HER WITH  
WILD FLOWERS!  
AND THEN.....

WHAT A PRETTY  
BAUBLE!  
GIVE IT  
TO ME!

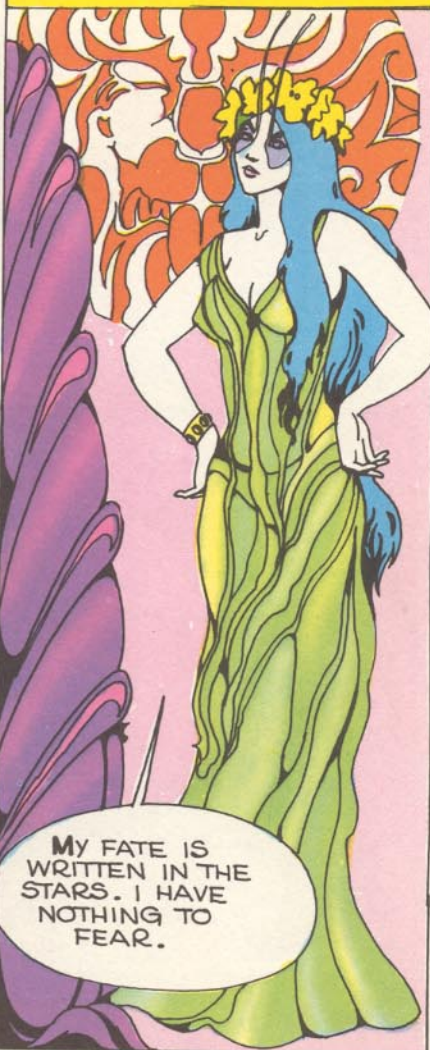
LITTLE  
MINX! GIVE  
IT BACK!  
IT'S MY  
WAND.







THE HANDMAIDENS ADORN AGAR  
AGAR WITH FINE FLOWERS  
AND CLOTHES OF SPUN SILK.  
AS THOUGH FOR A WEDDING  
... OR A SACRIFICE!



EVERY STEP BRINGS OUR HEROINE CLOSER TO THE FOUL DOMAIN OF OLERI.



A TIME OF HUMILIATION AND  
TORTURE BEGINS FOR THE  
LOVELY SPRITE.



CAME THE DAWN! IN SILENCE AND  
PITY, SOMEONE WATCHED.







I AM THE ONLY  
PURE PERSON IN  
THE  
DEN OF  
FORNICA-  
TORS.

ENDYMION, THE CENTAUR. A LONE REBEL.



YOU CAN HELP ME.  
BUT, YOU MUST  
BE QUICK!

THEY'VE  
STOLEN MY  
MAGIC WAND.



IT WAS THE NYMPH  
CALLED **HILARI**.  
DO YOU KNOW  
HER?

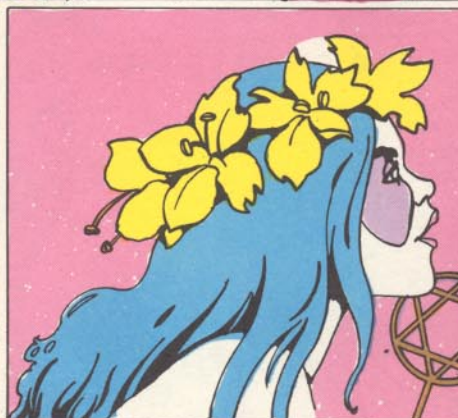
ALL OF BACCHUS' FAVOURITES SLEEP IN THE HAREM.



LOVE IS A SIN  
AND WOMEN ARE  
THE TOOLS OF  
CORRUPTION!



THIS MUST  
BE THE WAND.  
NOW, IF ONLY  
THEY'LL STAY  
ASLEEP.



YOU MUST  
NOT TOUCH ME!  
YOUR HANDS  
BURN ME.

THANK YOU,  
MY DEAR ENDYMION.  
BUT, YOU MUST LEARN  
NOT TO REJECT  
ME.

HAVING DELIVERED THE WAND TO THE SPRITE, THE CENTAUR VANISHES.

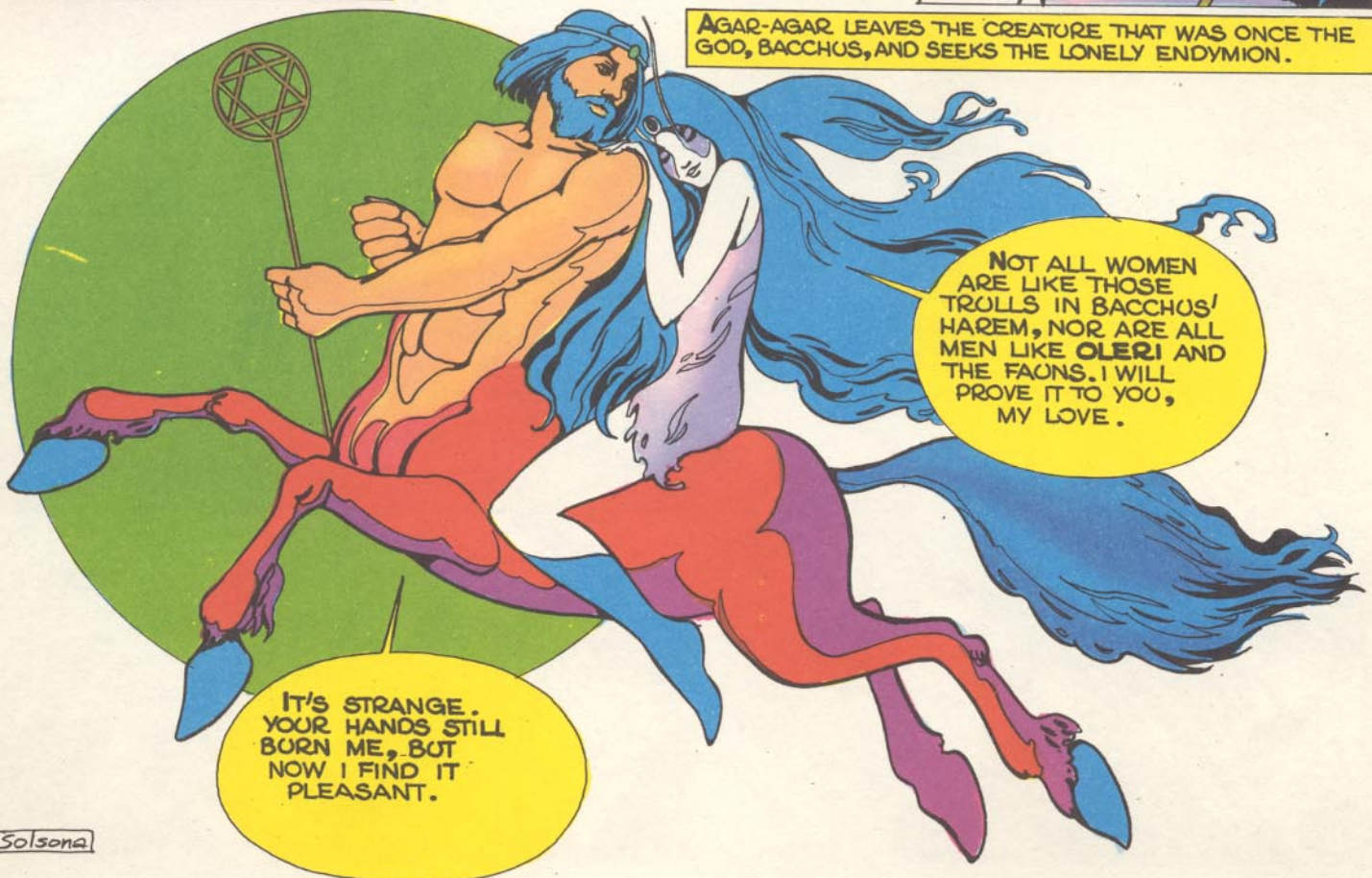




BACCHUS SENDS FOR AGAR-AGAR, WHO HE THINKS BROKEN BY THE NIGHT OF TORTURE.

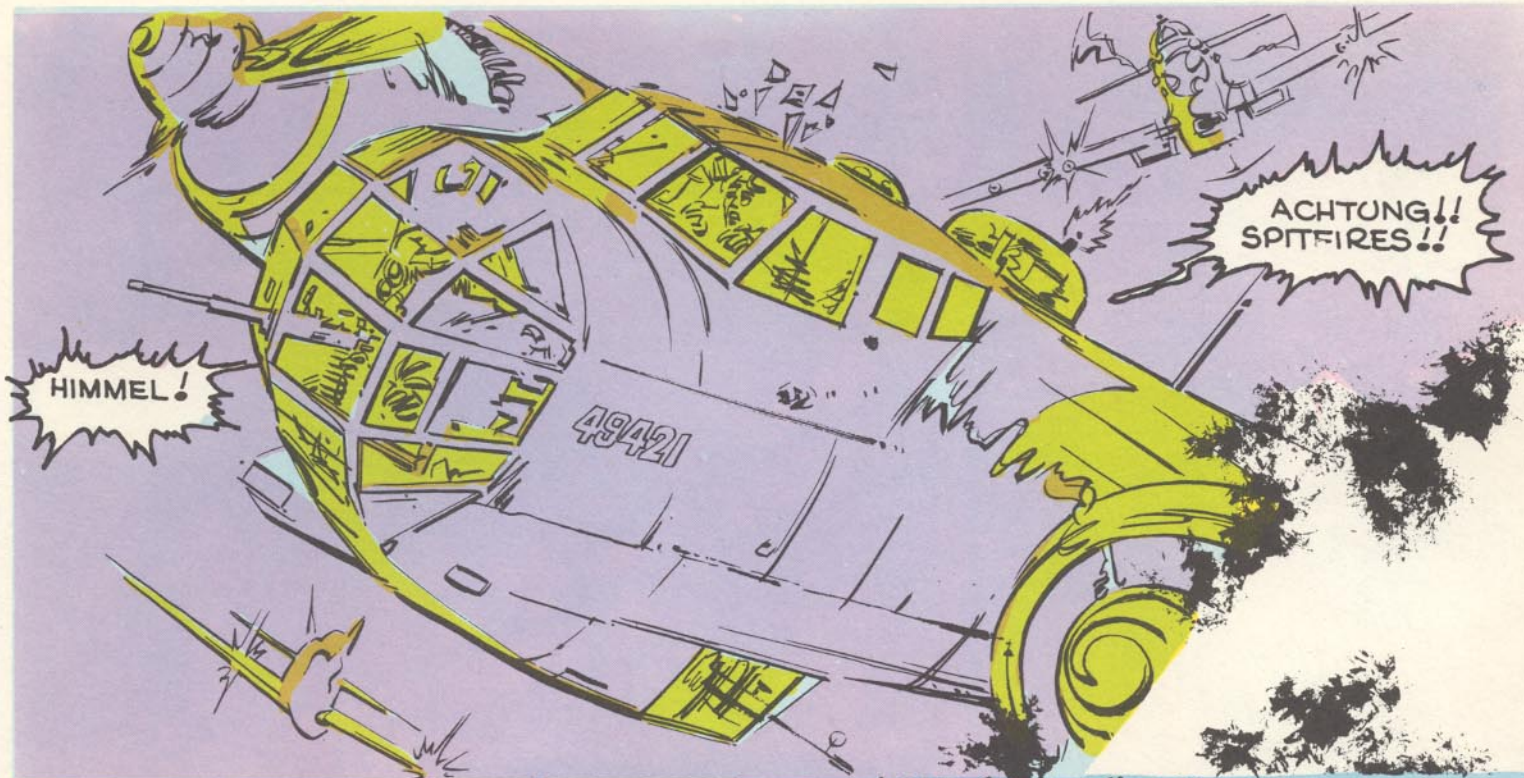


AGAR-AGAR LEAVES THE CREATURE THAT WAS ONCE THE GOD, BACCHUS, AND SEEKS THE LONELY ENDYMION.



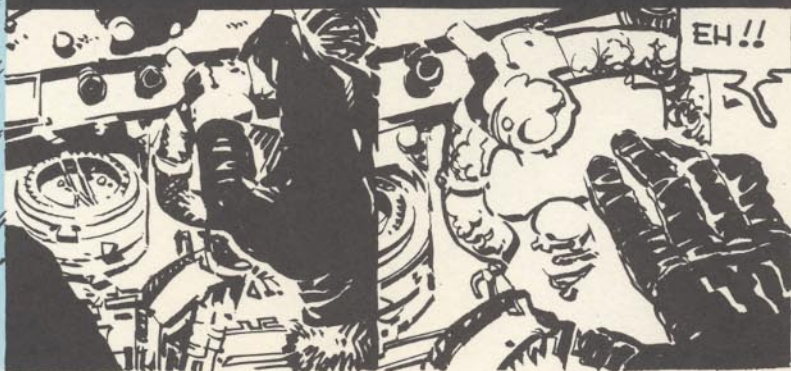
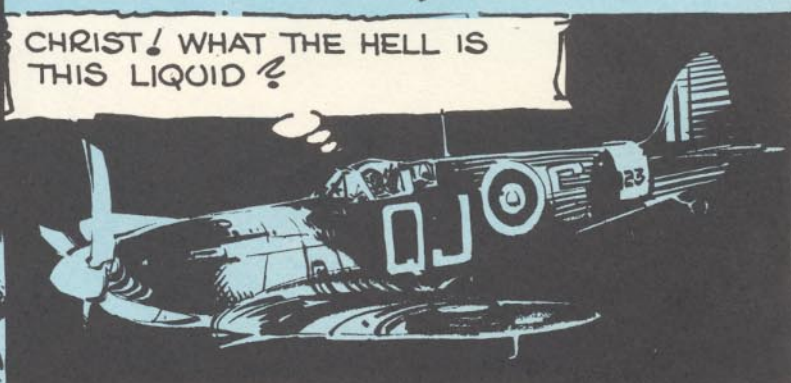
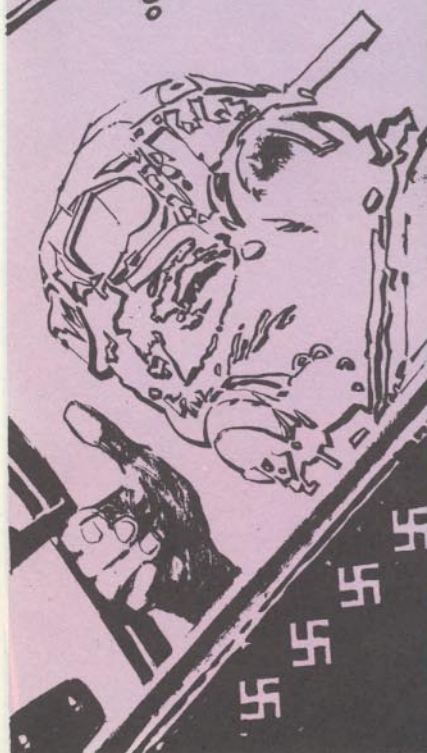
Solsona





ENRIC SIO  
**Squadron  
 —Leader  
 Braddock**

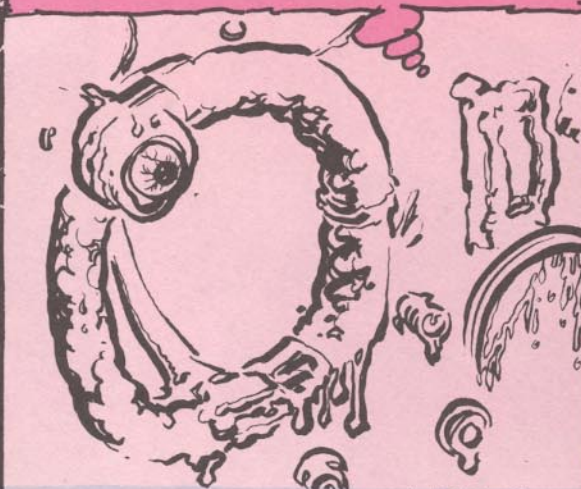
THAT'S A FEW LESS BOCHES.  
 NOW FOR HOME.







THE CONTROLS ARE  
MELTING!



IT CAN'T BE. I'M  
GOING MAD!!



FURIC  
SIS



RED LEADER  
TO BASE!

IT'S A NIGHTMARE. IT MUST BE!!



ALL THE METAL IS  
GOING SOFT!



RED LEADER TO  
BASE. RED LEADER  
TO BASE. DO YOU  
READ ME?



RED  
LEADER!



CAN'T ANYONE HEAR ME ?  
CAN'T YOU SEE ME ?  
JOHNNY ! PETE !!



MUSTN'T PANIC. HAD  
IT IF I DO.



ERIC  
SIO



GOD ! THIS LIQUID  
BURNS !

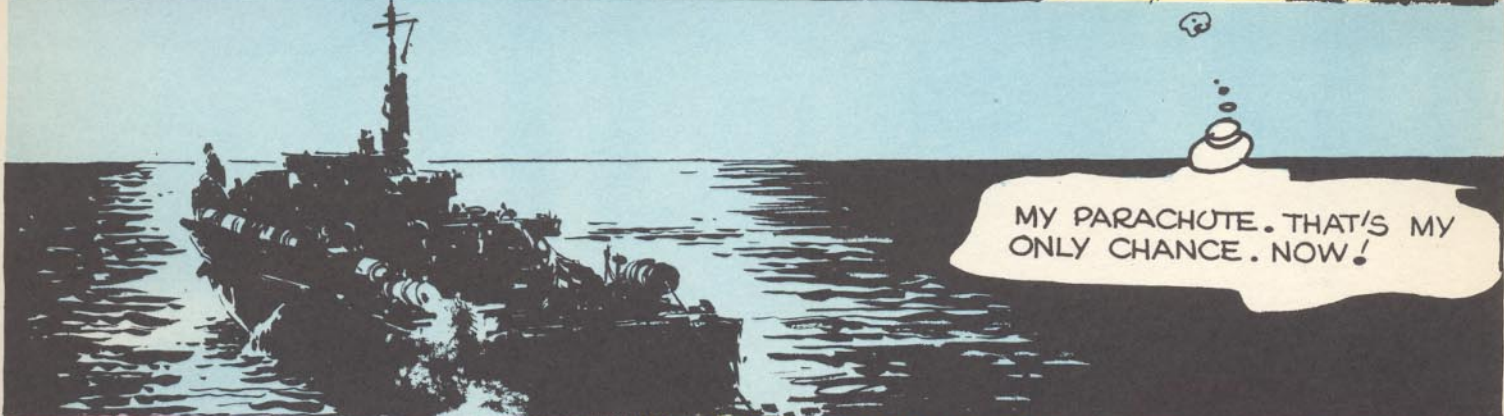
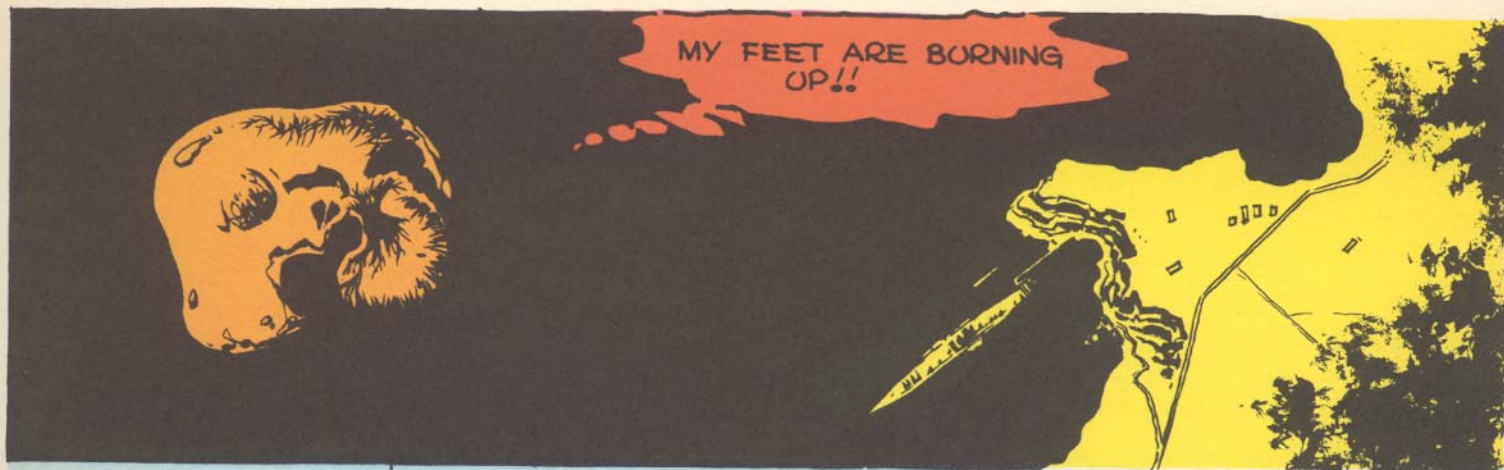
SOFT... MELTING...  
BURNING... NOOO !!



IT'S...IT'S LIKE FLESH !!















WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY